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Vol. X. AUGUST. No. 1.

NORTH-CAROLINA  
UNIVERSITY  
MAGAZINE.

EDITORS:

THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

JOHN T. JONES,  
JAMES T. PARKS,  
DAVID W. SIMMONS, JR.

OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

THOMAS T. ALLEN,  
ROBERT S. CLARK,  
JOEL P. WALKER.

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March, 1860.

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March, 1860.





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*Very Truly Yours*

*A. D. Murphy.*

JUDGE OF THE CIRCUIT COURT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

*By order of the Editors of the N. C. Univ. Magazine for 1860.*



# NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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Vol. X.

AUGUST, 1860.

No. 1.

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### MEMOIR OF HON. ARCHIBALD D. MURPHEY,

LATE A JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY HON. WILLIAM A. GRAHAM, LL.D.

ARCHIBALD D. MURPHEY, whose portrait appears on our frontispiece, was in the generation immediately preceding our own one of the most eminent characters in North Carolina. In many attributes of a statesman and philosopher he excelled all his contemporaries in the State, and in every department of exertion to which his mind was applied he had few equals or seconds. As an advocate at the bar, a judge on the bench, a reporter of the decisions of our highest court of justice, a legislator of comprehensive intelligence, enterprize and patriotism, a literary man of classic taste, attainments and style in composition, his fame is a source of just pride to his friends and his country. But for the paucity of our information, and the pressure of time and circumstances in the preparation of this notice, it would be a labor of love to review his earlier years, and trace the developments and progress of his career in youth. Neither materials nor leisure for this topic, however, are now at our command.

His father, Colonel Archibald Murphey, was a conspicuous citizen of the county of Caswell, and bore a part in the military service in the War of the Revolution for which the citizens of that county and especially of his vicinity were greatly distinguished. The residence of his father was about two miles from Red House in the congregation of the Rev. Mr. M'Aden, a Presbyterian minister, whose son, the late Dr. John M'Aden, married the daughter of Colonel Murphey, by whom he left descendants who still survive. At this place, some seven miles from Milton, Archibald DeBow Murphey, the subject of our memoir, was born, we believe, in the year 1777. Of the other children of his parents there were two brothers and four sisters. His education, preparatory to admission into the infant

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University of the State at Chapel Hill, was received in the school of the Rev. Dr. David Caldwell, of Guilford country. Of the opportunities for education during his youth, Mr. Murphey himself informs us that before the University went into operation, in 1795, there were not more than three schools in the State in which the rudiments of a classical education could be acquired, and that the most prominent and useful of these was that of Dr. Caldwell—that the deficiency of books for literary instruction, except in the libraries of a few lawyers in the commercial towns, was still greater, and by way of illustration he relates that after completing his course of studies under Dr. Caldwell he spent nearly two years without finding any books to read except some old works on Theological subjects, and that then chance threw in his way Voltaire's History of Charles XII. of Sweden, an odd volume of Roderick Random, and an abridgement of Don Quixote. These constituted his whole stock of literary furniture when he entered College in 1796. When we remember that he afterwards became capable of writing like Goldsmith, and with an ease and rapidity that Goldsmith could not have equalled, we can but recall these reminiscences of earlier times and encourage the diligent student by his example. With a mind delighted by a consciousness of advancement in knowledge, and spirit of emulation, he profited greatly by three years of study in the University, and graduated with the highest distinction in 1799.

Such was the reputation acquired by him in this period that he was at once appointed to the Professorship of Ancient Languages in his *Alma Mater*—a situation in which he continued the three succeeding years, and in which he matured that scholarship and taste for liberal studies which so much distinguished him among his professional brethren and the educated gentlemen of the State. His admission to the bar took place in 1802 after a course of professional reading so limited that the first Judge to whom he applied (the signatures of two being then necessary for a license,) refused to examine him; and (as he was accustomed to amuse his friends by relating) his success, only a few months later, in gaining admission to the practice in all the courts at once, was owing to the good fortune of bearing a letter from a friend, at the succeeding term of the Court of Conference, to one of the Judges, a gentleman of proverbial benevolence and kindness, who conducted the examination, or interview, in his own chamber, and procured the signatures of his brethren without so much having been requested or expected—so little strictness was observed towards the few applicants then entering the profession.

But if he was allowed admission *ex gratia*, and without the requisite amount of learning, he was not long in supplying the deficiency. The powers of mind and eagerness in quest of knowledge, which had been exhibited in his scholastic studies, enabled him to make rapid progress in



the Law. His professional studies were directed by William Duffey, Esq., an eminent lawyer, then residing in Hillsboro', to whom he was ever afterwards affectionately attached, and to whose memory he paid a grateful tribute among his sketches of public and professional men of North Carolina, in an oration before the Literary societies of the University in his latter years. Mr. Murphey advanced rapidly to the first rank of the advocates of his day—and notwithstanding his turning aside, to the indulgence of his tastes for general literature, his enlightened labors and bright career in legislation, his promotion and service on the Bench for two years, his decayed health and irregular attendance on the Courts in his latter days, he maintained this position in the public estimation, even to the end of his life. When it is remembered that among his competitors at one time or another for more than a quarter of century, were Archibald Henderson, Cameron, Norwood, Nash, Seawell, Yancy, Ruffin, Badger, Hawks, Mangum, Morehead, and others, it must be admitted that he was at a bar, where the remark of Pinckney that “it was not a place where a false and fraudulent reputation for talents can be maintained” was fully justified. His practice for many years was not exceeded by that of any gentleman in the State, and his success corresponded with its extent. Both his examination of witnesses and argument of causes before juries on the circuit could not be excelled in skilfulness. He had a Quaker like plainness of aspect, a scrupulous cleanness and neatness in an equally plain attire, an habitual politeness, and a subdued simplicity of manner which at once won his way to the hearts of juries, while no Greek dialectician had a more ready and refined ingenuity or was more fertile in every resource of forensic gladiatorship. His manner of speaking was never declamatory or in any sense boisterous—but in the style of earnest and emphatic conversation; so simple and apparently undesigning that he seemed to the jury to be but interpreting their thoughts rather than enunciating his own, yet with a correctness and often elegance of diction which no severity of criticism could improve. A pattern of politeness in all his intercourse, public and private, he could torture an unwilling or corrupt witness into a full exposure of his falsehood, and often had him impaled before he was aware of his design; and no advocate had at his command more effective raillery, wit and ridicule to mingle with his arguments. Many of his speeches in the *Nisi Prius Courts* are still recollected among the profession and the people of middle age in the fourth circuit, and are spoken of with great admiration. One of the last of these in which, though he was then broken down by misfortune and enfeebled by disease, the fires of his genius and eloquence shone out in the lustre of his palmiest days, was made in the case of *Burrow v Worth* in the Superior Court of Randolph in 1830 or 1831. It was an action for a

malicious prosecution against Dr. David Worth, a prominent physician, charging him with having falsely and maliciously caused the plaintiff, Burrow, to be presented for the murder of one Carter, of whose wife it was pretended he was the paramour. The plaintiff sought to show that not only was the accusation against him false but that Worth was himself accessory to the murder which he alleged had been committed by the wife of Carter, by poison, which he (Worth) had furnished to her for that purpose, with the guilty motive on his own part which he attributed to the plaintiff; and he supported his complaint with a well combined scheme of perjury and fraud which it required no ordinary skill and courage to baffle. His chief witness was a married woman who was found to be a member of a church, whose general character was vouched by her acquaintances to be good, and who deposed in the plaintiff's examination to a conversation between Worth and the wife of Carter, in which it was agreed that for a base motive he would provide her with arsenic with which she should poison and take the life of her husband. It was further shown, and this was true, that Worth had attended the deceased as a physician at the time of the alleged conspiracy against his life, so that the opportunity, at least, was not wanting. Such was the aspect worn by the case when this witness was tendered to Mr. Murphey as the defendant's counsel for cross-examination. By a series of questions as to the time, place and circumstances, the furniture in the room in which the conversation was located, the relative positions of the parties and the witness, their previous acquaintanceship, the course of the dialogue between them, *et cetera*, he involved her in a maze of inconsistencies, contradictions and improbabilities so as to expose the whole story as a base fabrication. The privilege of cross-examination is often abused, though there is a consistency in truth and incongruity in falsehood which even in the case of the least resolute witnesses rarely allows such abuse to do much harm. All perceived in the case in question that it was one of the great tests of truth in the common law, and cannot safely be dispensed with in judicial proceedings. The evidence, as usually happens in such cases, was quite voluminous; we have but delineated its most prominent feature. Having for his client a personal friend, threatened to be victimized by a foul conspiracy for daring to perform one of the highest duties of a citizen, in bringing at least a supposed murderer to justice, Mr. Murphey in his defence, inspired by the theme, is said to have delivered a speech which has never been surpassed in the forensic displays of the State. Analysis, denunciation, wit, ridicule, pathos, invective were in turn poured forth with such telling effect that not only was the defendant triumphantly acquitted, but it would have been dangerous for the plaintiff had the question of his life or death been in the hands of the jury.



The audience alternately convulsed with laughter, bathed in tears, or burning with indignation were enraptured with his eloquence and could not be restrained from demonstrations of applause.

Mr. Murphey delighted in the Equity practice of his profession, and was accustomed to speak of this branch of our Jurisprudence as the application of the rules of Moral Philosophy to the practical affairs of men. More of the pleadings in Equity causes within the sphere and time of his practice will be found in his handwriting, than in that of any other solicitor, and with two or three exceptions, among those named above, he was by far the most adept as an Equity Pleader. He wrote with facility and accuracy, even amid the crowd of courts, and confusion of clients, and his neat and peculiar chirography, to those a little accustomed to it was as legible as print.

In the year 1818, he was elected by the General Assembly a Judge of the Superior Courts, and rode the circuits in that capacity for two years, when he resigned and returned to the practice of his profession. Under a clause in the criminal law establishing the present Supreme Court system, passed that session, which authorized the Governor by special commission to detail a Judge of the Superior Court to sit in stead of a Judge of the Supreme Court, in causes where any one of their number had been of counsel or had an interest in the result, he was commissioned by the Governor for this service, and presided in the Supreme Court in several causes, in place of Judge Henderson, who had been recently elected from the bar. This provision of the law, being afterwards thought to be in conflict with that clause of the constitution which requires the Judges of the Supreme Court to be elected by the General Assembly, was repealed. In his office as a Judge he well sustained his reputation for learning and ability which had been so well established at the bar, and attracted the admiration of the profession and the people by the courtesy, patience, dignity and justice, which characterized his administration of the laws. Before taking leave of his career as a lawyer it is proper to mention his tribute to his profession in three volumes of reports of the Supreme Court of the State, embracing the decisions of cases of interest from 1804 to 1819.

From 1812 to 1818, inclusive, Mr. Murphey was continually a senator from the county of Orange in the General Assembly, and on this new theatre shone more conspicuously than he had done in his profession. He inaugurated a new era in the public policy of the State, and for many years exerted a greater influence in her counsels than any other citizen. Judging from the public documents which he has left behind him in advocacy of this policy, no man has ever brought into our Legislative halls a more ardent spirit of patriotism, a more thorough survey and

comprehension of her situation and wants, or proposed bolder or more intelligent measures for her relief. Whether these measures failed from error in their conception or timidity in his contemporaries to meet and boldly sustain them, the historian must pronounce that his reports and other writings in regard to them are the noblest monuments of philosophic statesmanship to be found in our public archives since the days of the Revolution. From 1815 to 1823, either as chairman of a committee in the Legislature or of the Board of Internal Improvement, he annually prepared a report on the public policy of the State, in relation to her improvement in the means of transportation, and in 1819 he published "a Memoir on Improvements contemplated, and the resources and finances of the State," dedicated to his friend John Branch then her Governor; any one of which papers would have done honor to DeWitt Clinton or J. C. Calhoun, the champions of Internal Improvement in the State and Federal Government, respectively, during this period. Fully appreciating the condition of the world, resulting from the general peace consequent on the battle of Waterloo and the overthrow of the first Napoleon, since which time there has been a greater advance in all the useful arts, and diffusion of the comforts of life among mankind than in any five preceding centuries; he applied all the energies of his intrepid and well furnished mind to the task of devising how his native State should most profit in this universal calm, confer the greatest good on the greatest number of her people, and resume her proper rank in the Union, of which she was a member. His solution of this important problem, he seems to have summed up in three propositions, namely: First, by improving her means of transportation, in deepening her inlets from the ocean, opening her rivers for navigation, connecting these rivers by canals, and turnpike or McAdamized roads so as to concentrate all her trade at two or three points within her own limits. Second, by building up commercial cities of her own at these points, with a view to commercial independence of other States, to the better regulation and control of her currency and exchanges, and to cherish and stimulate a just State pride. Third, by a system of education commensurate with her necessities, embracing first—primary schools—second, academies for instruction in the higher branches—third, fostering the University and greatly enlarging its accommodations and course of instruction—fourth, by an asylum for the deaf and dumb. On this last subject of education, he made a report to the General Assembly in 1817 comprehending these several topics from which, since our limits will not permit us to recur to it again, we make one or two brief extracts as exhibitions of his style, his public spirit and his noble benevolence. For the University then from causes which he details in a state of extreme depression he says: "when the pride of the State is awakening and an honorable ambition is



cherished for her glory, an appeal is made to the patriotism and generous feelings of the legislature in favor of an institution, which in all civilized nations has been regarded as the nursery of moral greatness and the palladium of civil liberty. That people who cultivate the sciences and the arts with most success, acquire a most enviable superiority over others. Learned men by their discussions and works give a lasting splendor to national character: and such is the enthusiasm of man, that there is not an individual, however humble in life his lot may be, who does not feel proud, to belong to a country honored with great men and magnificent institutions. It is due to North Carolina, it is due to the great men who first proposed the foundation of the University, to foster it with parental fondness, and to give to it an importance commensurate with the high destinies of the State." We may here remark that although much improvement has been made, in the interim, even after the lapse of forty-odd years, the outline of a system of studies in the University, which he therein proposed, has not yet been filled up. Of the necessity of public instruction for poor children, he says: "Such has always been and probably always will be the allotment of human life that the poor will form a large portion of every community; and it is the duty of those who manage the affairs of a State to extend relief to the unfortunate part of our species in every way in their power. Providence in the impartial distribution of its favors, whilst it has denied to the poor many of the comforts of life, has generally bestowed upon them the blessing of intelligent children. Poverty is the school of genius; it is a school in which the active powers of man are developed and disciplined, and in which that moral courage is acquired which enables him to toil with difficulties, privations and want. From this school generally come forth those men who act the principal parts upon the theatre of life; men who impress a character upon the age in which they live. But it is a school, which, if left to itself, runs wild—vice in all its depraved forms grow up in it. The State should take this school under her special charge, and nurturing the genius which there grows in rich luxuriance, give to it an honorable and profitable direction. Poor children are the peculiar property of the State, and by proper cultivation, they will constitute a fund of intellectual and moral worth, which will greatly subserve the public interest."

His greatest and most persevering exertions, however, were devoted to the subject of internal improvement. His reports and memoir on that and kindred topics were examined with high commendation in the year 1822, in an article in the *North American Review*, then under the editorial charge of the Hon. Edward Everett. It must be borne in mind that in that day the modern resource of the Railroad for transportation at long distances had entered the contemplation of no one in Europe or

America—sluices, canals, and turnpike roads were the only improvements deemed to be practical. To effect these in the most approved methods Mr. Hamilton Fulton, an engineer of much reputation, was brought into the service of the State from Europe, at a salary of twelve hundred pounds sterling (\$6,000) per annum, who made surveys of all the harbors and rivers, and of many routes for roads in all sections of the State. The main features of the plan of Mr. Murphey, and to which he obtained the approbation of Mr. Fulton, after the improvement of inlets, at Nag's Head (if practicable), Ocracock, Beaufort, Swansborough and Wilmington, consisted in opening for batteau navigation the rivers Roanoke, Tar, Neuse, Cape Fear, Yadkin, Catawba, Broad and sundry tributaries, and by canals to join the Roanoke and Tar or Pamlico, and Neuse so as to ship the productions of the country watered by each of them from Beaufort; and to unite by similar means the Cape Fear with Lumber river, and at a more northerly point with the Yadkin, and the Yadkin with the Catawba, so as to bring to the mouth of the Cape Fear the commerce of our whole watershed trending from the Blue Ridge, except that of Broad river (which was to be opened into South Carolina,) and thus making commercial marts of Fayetteville and Wilmington. Places and sections more remote from these waters were to be supplied by roads. The boldness and comprehensiveness of this plan, providing as it proposed to do, for the whole State, with the only facilities then known to science, must be seen by all. Whether it was practicable, and if so at what cost, was a question for engineers. It was in all probability practicable at a cost not exceeding the amount which up to this time the State has invested in Railroads, and if accomplished it would evidently have been a great advance beyond the cart and wagon, then the only means of transportation in use. Its very comprehensiveness, however, was probably the reason of its failure. To conciliate favor, inadequate appropriations for various parts of it in all sections of the State were made at once, and work was commenced under incompetent supervision, which resulted in failure. After a few years' trial the whole was abandoned, and the Engineer, whose salary had at no time been less than twice that of the Governor of the State, was discharged. Its miscarriage is the less to be regretted since the iron rail and steam car, then undeveloped in the womb of time, would have superseded, if not supplanted, the most perfect works which it contemplated so far as regards inland transportation at least. But the fame of its author as a patriot, statesman and sage should be not dimmed by mistakes or failures in the details of its execution, or the advances made in the science of engineering in a subsequent age. The expenditures upon it from the State treasury, including the salaries of the principal engineer and assistants, did not exceed \$50,000, and this was repaid tenfold in the topo-



graphical and statistical information which it elicited and caused to be published, and in the loyal and true North Carolina patriotism aroused by Mr. Murphey's discussions of the subject in the hearts of her people. We have recurred to this matter of expenditure with some care, for the reason, that before the subject of internal improvement became popular in the State, it was the custom of its opponents to hold up Mr. Murphey's scheme of improvement as a kind of South-sea bubble, from which the Treasury had been well nigh rendered bankrupt.

While immersed in endeavors to press forward these projects of improvement, and at the same time assiduously laboring in his profession, either as a Judge on the Bench or a lawyer at the bar, Mr. Murphey conceived the purpose of writing the history of his native State. He had studied her interests by every light of political economy, and every record of the past within his reach—was personally acquainted with nearly every citizen of intelligence, and his talents, public spirit and engaging manners, had rendered him a favorite among the surviving officers and soldiers of the Revolution. This latter circumstance had made him acquainted with the traditions of that period, and the great injustice by omission and commission which the State had suffered at the hands of the writers of history. He seems to have undertaken this task with the same motives of zealous patriotism, which had inspired his legislative action. In a letter to Gen. Joseph Graham, of Lincoln, dated July 20th 1821, he says:

“Your letter to Colonel Conner first suggested to me the plan of a work which I will execute if I live. It is a work on the history, soil, climate, legislation, civil institutions, literature, &c., of this State. Soon after reading your letter, I turned my attention to the subject in the few hours which I could snatch from business, and was surprised to find what abundant materials could, with care and diligence, be collected—materials which if well disposed would furnish matter for one of the most interesting works that has been published in this country. We want such a work. We neither know ourselves nor are we known to others. Such a work, well executed, would add very much to our standing in the Union, and make our State respectable in our own eyes. Amidst the cares and anxieties which surround me, I cannot cherish a hope, that I could do more than merely guide the labors of some man, who would take up the work after me, and prosecute it to perfection. I love North Carolina, and love her the more because so much injustice has been done to her. We want pride. We want independence. We want magnanimity. Knowing nothing of ourselves, we have nothing in our history to which we can turn with conscious pride. We know nothing of our State, and care nothing about it. We want some great stimu-

lus to put us all in motion, and induce us to waive little jealousies, and combine in one general march to one great purpose."

His habits of labor, his readiness as a writer, and addiction to literary exercises as a pleasure, the philosophical cast of his mind, and above all his sentiment of devotion to North Carolina, eminently fitted him for this enterprize; and he seems to have entered upon it with his characteristic industry and zeal. He gathered materials for the work from a great variety of sources, public and private, within and without the State. At his instance the Legislature, through the intervention of Mr. Gallatin, then the Minister of the United States in Great Britain, caused the office of the Board of Trade and Plantations and the State Paper office in London to be explored, and an index of the documents therein pertaining to our colonial history, to be furnished—literary men in other States, including Mr. Madison and Mr. Jefferson, readily seconded his efforts by supplying information sought of them—the families of deceased public men in the State, including those of Governor Burke, Governor Samuel Johnston, Mr. Hooper, &c., opened all their papers to his inspection, and many officers of the Revolution, then living, among whom were Col. William Polk, Gen. Lenoir, Major Donoho, of Caswell, Gen. Graham, and divers others undertook to contribute to him their personal reminiscences of the war. The memoranda of the gentleman last named, prepared in accordance with the request of Mr. Murphey, were given to the public in the pages of our Magazine in the year 1856. Upon application of Mr. Murphey, by memorial, the General Assembly at the session of 1826 granted him authority to raise by lottery a sufficient sum, for the publication of his contemplated history, the plan of which he set forth in detail. We regret, that we have not at hand a copy of this memorial, to lay before our readers, the outline of the work as then prepared. It was more voluminous, and embraced a greater variety of topics, than would have been preferred by the generality of readers, but its very magnitude showed the comprehension of his genius and the intrepidity of his mind. Beyond one or two chapters on the Indian tribes of the State, he appears to have done but little towards its composition, though his collection of materials, directing attention to the subject, and rescuing from oblivion much that was passing away, rendered the undertaking itself a great public benefit. Decayed health and a ruined fortune arrested him in mid career, put a stop to his favorite enterprize, and clouded with poverty and adversity the evening of his days.

Among his public employments may be classed his mission to Tennessee as the representative of the University in 1822. The chief endowments of the University from the State, consisted in escheats, or the estates of persons dying without heirs or next of kin, which passed to the



State by a prerogative of sovereignty. In her deed of cession to the United States of her Tennessee territory, North Carolina had reserved the right to satisfy the claims of her citizens for military service in the army of the Revolution, by grants of land in the ceded territory, and where her soldiers had died leaving no heirs, or none who appeared and made claim within a limited period, their titles were considered as escheats, and vested by law in the Board of Trustees, and warrants were issued by the authorities of North Carolina, in the names of such soldiers for the benefit of the institution. The State of Tennessee took exception to these proceedings of North Carolina, alleging that they were in conflict with the provisions of the deed of cession, and since her admission into the Union, with her sovereign rights as an independent State. The controversy became a serious one, and Mr. Murphey was sent to confer with the legislature of Tennessee respecting it, in the year 1822. He was received with the courtesy due to his high character, and the important interest he represented, and was heard upon the subject at the bar of the legislature, on two successive days. An adjustment of the dispute succeeded, by which a portion of the claims of the University were yielded for the benefit of a similar institution at Nashville, and the residue were confirmed. From the sales of the lands thus acquired, have arisen a large portion of the investment in bank stocks, on which this institution is at present maintained.

As a literary character, Mr. Murphey deserves to be classed among the first professional and public men of the State, and among those who, like himself, devoted their time laboriously to professional and public employments, he has had few superiors in literature in the nation. In the Latin, Greek and French languages, he attained such proficiency, that till the close of his life he read the standard authors, with pleasure and for amusement, and with the best of the English classics, few were more familiar. To this, though self-taught, he added no inconsiderable attainments in science. As an epistolary writer, he had no equal among his contemporaries, and in all his compositions there was an ease, simplicity, and at the same time, choiceness of expression, which showed him to be master of his native tongue. When it is known that a large part of his life was passed in taverns on the circuit, where he was immersed in business, or when not engaged in business, such was his proverbial urbanity and kindness of nature, that his rooms were the resort of all whether of those seeking advice and consultation within or without the sphere of his profession, or of his circle of friends in every county, attracted by the charms of his conversation, his acquirements are a marvel to those less studious, or less imbued with a true love of letters. His oration before the two Literary Societies of the University in 1827, is a fair exponent of his style in writing, his favorite studies, the subjects of his admiration,

his enthusiastic American sentiment, his characteristic benevolence and kindness towards young men, and that unaffected modesty, which was so remarkable a virtue in his character. Yet it is tinged with a vein of sadness, as if life for him was approaching its twilight, and he were walking among the graves of the dead, some of them his comrades whom he was soon to follow. Notwithstanding it was the first in the series of these discourses before the societies, it has never been surpassed in appropriateness and interest by any of his successors, though among them have been many of the most distinguished scholars in the State. Its commendation by Chief Justice Marshall, in a letter to the author published with the second edition, stamps its portraits of public characters with his approbation and renders it historical.

To the possession of genius in an eminent degree, he united some of its infirmities. A sanguine temper, a daring confidence in results, a reliance on the apparent prosperity of the times, involved him in pecuniary obligations, many of them perhaps on speculation, which eventuated in disaster and swept away his estate. But a little later came an attack of chronic rheumatism, from which he suffered much, and was often incapacitated for business during the last half dozen years of his life. But during this season of adversity he struggled with a brave heart against the storms of fate. With a pallid cheek and disabled limbs, he made his appearance in the Courts where, as we have seen, his gifted mind occasionally shone out in all its meridian splendor, and when this was not practicable the hours of pain and misfortune were beguiled if not solaced by the pursuit of those noble studies which had been the delight of his leisure in the days of his prosperity.

He died in Hillsborough, then his place of residence, on the 3d of February, 1832, and is interred in the grave yard of the town, a few feet from the door of the Presbyterian Church, and nearly in front of it. No monument marks his resting-place. His sons, Dr. V. Moreau Murphey, of Macon, Mississippi, and Lieutenant P. U. Murphey, of the Navy of the United States, are his only surviving children.



## COLLEGE REBELLIONS.

[THE following letter from a father to his son, then a member of the Sophomore Class in this Institution, is replete with such good sense, expressed in clear, energetic, kind and appropriate terms that we are gratified to place it before our readers.—EDS. MAG.]

SAMPSON, Sept. 12, 1840.

MY DEAR JOHN:—I have learned, with not less regret, than surprise, the late occurrences at Chapel Hill—I had hoped, I had so often lectured you on the indispensable necessity of application to your studies and obedience to the regulations and rules of College, that I should not hear of your neglecting the one, or infringing the other.

I am much mortified in finding I have been mistaken—you surely cannot but know, that your education is to be *your* fortune, and the only inheritance *you* will ever receive. How, then, can you excuse your conduct in the late combination, which you and others of your class, entered into, to set at defiance and openly violate a law of the College?

The *lenity and good feelings* of the Faculty, in permitting you to remain, on your promise of future obedience, have saved you from disgrace and probably from ruin. I am aware of the grounds on which some, and perhaps all of you, attempt to excuse yourselves, viz: that the regulation was novel—unnecessary, and oppressive. These are false assumptions, to *my knowledge*. The same regulations existed (I know) thirty-five years ago.

They are not only necessary, but indispensable in ascertaining whether a student really *knows his lesson*, or not:—and it follows as a consequence, that a law of long standing and of imperious necessity cannot be oppressive.

In my day, a boy who would carry his book into the recitation room, with the view of skimming over the parts which would probably come to him would have been considered as forfeiting all pretensions to honorable distinction. And so it should always be. From the standing you held in the Freshman year, I hope at least, with you, there was no necessity for resorting to such a course. Why then should you with a view of countenancing the idle or the stupid, enter into a combination to violate a law, and incur the hazard of ruining your prospects in life? I name the *idle*, and stupid, because, I consider it *perfectly certain*, that every youth who *is* industrious and *is not* stupid *can* get the lessons prescribed in College, so as to make a *respectable* recitation. If he is too idle to get his lessons, he *is not* worth the pains and money bestowed on his education. If with industry he *cannot* get them, he is to be pitied and the sooner he is taken from school

and put to some manual occupation, the better. You are now seventeen years old; and therefore old enough to reflect and to know, that if you have even a medium capacity with proper industry, you can make yourself respectable in any profession, and in time, enable yourself to make a decent living, and perhaps a fortune. You cannot be so unobserving as not to know the *vast* difference between the respectability, as well as the ease of making a fortune of the man whose mental acquirements are his working tools, and the man who depends upon manual labor. *Mental* labor acquires distinction which *manual* labor can never attain. *Mental* labor acquires fortune in a ratio, and with a facility which manual labor can never approach. You ought *never* (for a moment) to forget you have your own living to make. When I have educated you, and given you the *opportunity* to fit yourself for usefulness in life, I have done with you, all therefore depends on yourself. You have the choice of becoming a *respectable professional* man, or of drudging through life at the tail of a plough or the helve of a grubbing-hoe. I trust you can, and will see the vast difference. Let me once more remind you of some rules for conduct which I have heretofore endeavored to impress on you. Remember, my child, this advice comes from your father, and of course can proceed from no motive but a wish for your welfare. Remember, too, it comes from a father who has seen much of the world, and has the experience of more than fifty years to guide his judgment.

In the first place, you *must* assume and maintain that firmness and decision of conduct which will enable you to do what you know to be right, and to refuse to do anything which you believe to be wrong. Often this among the vicious, the idle and the thoughtless of those around you, will throw odium on you. You must not care for that. The virtuous and the reflecting portion of even your young companions will approve of it. All thinking *men* will commend you. All *respectable* and *experienced* men will praise you. Their commendation is worth all the ephemeral popularity which College can bestow. In the next place attend to your own business, and let nothing tempt you from it. Let other boys' affairs alone. This will of course keep you out of all combinations and free from the troubles and difficulties in which others may involve themselves; this again may bring odium on you, but your firmness must disregard it. You have a satisfactory answer in saying *my father orders it*—my welfare depends on it.

You *must* avoid the company of the vicious, the dissipated and the idle. It is better for you, it is honorable to you, to be unpopular, with the vicious, the dissipated and the idle. It is evidence of your own good conduct. They may dislike you, and even hate you, but they cannot avoid respecting you, for the very conduct, which begets their dislike. Bad



company is the root of all evil, especially in College life. There, no company, is better than the idle. Here again you will need all your firmness. No matter where he comes from, no matter what his standing is, if he is dissipated, if he is idle, never be intimate with him, never associate with him, beyond what politeness indispensably requires. You have always a reason, which *ought* to be satisfactory, for avoiding them; your *business*, your *studies*, require your attention.

By observing these rules, maintaining studious habits, and a strict observance of the laws of College, you cannot fail to make yourself a good scholar and insuring the *respect* of all who know you. Even of those who may dislike you, for your course. To you in after life, it is a matter of momentous consequence.

Let me again remind you never seek to be *popular* in College, in the usual acceptation of the word. Let your conduct be such as to *command* respect, and you will have attained all that is desirable in that regard.

I have seen your cousin Thomas' letter to his father regarding this matter; the grounds he assumes are perfectly untenable, and such as he ought to be ashamed of, and of which I hope he will repent. I fear he needs some of the above advice as to the company he keeps, and you may show him this letter. His course and conduct has given his father and mother great mortification and chagrin, as has yours me and your mother.

I am glad you have changed your room and gone into the village. You have not said in your letter to your mother, if you have a room-mate. You have been remiss and culpable in not having written me any account of this occurrence, and leaving me to find out its history as I could. I trust you will never again go into the West building, and if you cannot get a good room elsewhere you will always room in the village. The necessary additional expense of a few dollars is no consideration when put in competition of your being thrown into a bad neighborhood. I understand your West building is always the favorite resort of the idle of College.

I wish you distinctly to understand I entirely and thoroughly approve of Professor Phillips' conduct in this transaction, and though the course of the Faculty in permitting you and others who made the necessary recantations to remain, had relieved me from much trouble and distress, I am only surprised at their lenity towards you. The rebellious spirit shown by those concerned in the combination deserved instant dismissal from the Institution. You at least, if you place any value on my regard, or on your own welfare, must remember you are not to set at defiance the authority of the laws and the Professors of the Institution in which I have placed you. Not even, though in *your opinion*, those laws are unnecessary, or irksome, or burthensome.

I have inclosed this letter, unsealed, to Gov. Swain that he may see the views I have expressed to you, and may know what I, as one of the trustees of the Institution, think regarding this matter. I trust I shall hear better accounts of you hereafter.

Yours affectionately,

W. B. M.

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## LIFE'S VANITIES.

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"This world is all a fleeting show,"  
Its vanities we ne'er can know;  
We gaze upon them, then they're past  
But each more charming than the last.

How oft it is that distant views  
Array our hopes in golden hues;  
We strive to grasp the objects fair  
But only seize the empty air.

Not every scene hope gilds with joy  
Is always found without alloy;  
Not every flower that blooms so fair  
Diffuses sweets throughout the air.

But as some half-remembered dream,  
We pass this life—a transient gleam;  
At morn a flower, at noon decayed—  
Made up of sunshine and of shade.



## WAR OF THE REGULATION.

(PART IV.)

BY HON. DAVID L. SWAIN.

THE Legislature of 1769, as we have seen, protested with entire unanimity against the violation of the Constitution and the most sacred principles of civil liberty, in the removal of trials for treason from the provinces to Great Britain. The Assembly of 1770 passed the Riot Act, which made it felony, without benefit of clergy, for any number of persons above ten to assemble for the purpose of disturbing the peace, and to remain assembled for more than an hour after being required by a Justice of the Peace to disperse and return to their respective habitations. It was furthermore made felony for any number of persons above ten assembled together with an intention of disturbing the proceedings of any court of judicature, to assault or threaten any judge or officer, or to demolish any church, chapel, court house, prison or other house or out-house.

For such offences committed, before or after the passage of the act, the Attorney General was authorized to institute prosecutions in any Superior Court in the province, no matter how distant, and if within sixty days the defendants did not make their appearance, whether with or without notice, they might be proclaimed outlaws. The Governor called a special Court of Oyer and Terminer, to meet at New-Berne, on the 11th March, 1771, to try offences created by this *ex post facto* statute. Bills of indictment were found against Herman Husband and sixty other persons for participation in the Hillsborough riots of the 24th and 25th September of the previous year. Some of the defendants resided at the distance of more than two hundred miles from New-Berne. The Attorney General had given his opinion to the Council, that the facts charged amounted only to a misdemeanor. The act transformed them to capital felonies and forfeiture of property and life, were the inevitable incidents. The counsel of the Board of Trade in England, to whom the statute was referred for examination, reported that the clause of outlawry was "altogether unfit for any part of the British empire."

The petition of the Regulators, at the previous session, to render office-holders ineligible to the General Assembly, was amply vindicated by the peculiar composition of the legislature of 1770. How many clerks, registers, sheriffs and other officers had seats we have no means of ascertaining. We know however that Chief Justice Howard and Judge Moore, before whom Husband had been previously tried, and who was ex-

pected to be convicted under this act, were members, the former of the upper and the latter of the lower house, and that the vacancy created by the expulsion of Husband, was supplied by the election of the clerk of Orange. Armed guards were in attendance, under the orders of the Governor to secure quiet at the election.

The Congress that framed the State Constitution in 1776, had ample evidence to warrant the declaration, "That the Legislative, Executive and Supreme Judicial powers of Government ought to be forever separate and distinct from each other."

The proportion of the members of the Provincial Congress of 1776, which framed the State Constitution, who were Regulators, is unknown and incapable of ascertainment. General Person was at the head of the Granville delegation, and the Constitution as well as the Declaration of Rights, show the deep impress of the political school of which he was the most efficient member. Of the forty-seven sections of the Constitution, thirteen—more than a fourth—are the embodiment of the reforms sought for by the Regulators in 1769. The most important safeguards of civil and religious liberty will be found in the jealous provisions of the 2d, 13th, 21st, 23d, 25th, 26th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 34th and 41st sections. These, like—the Great Charter—the Petition of Right, and other muniments of English liberty, constitute, in a most important degree, the philosophy of history.

The 31st, 32d, 34th and 41st sections require more attention than mere numerical reference. We have had occasion in our previous chapters to refer to the well devised scheme to secure the maintenance and exclusive privileges of the established Church of England—the disposition made by Governor Tryon of the first common school fund—the peculiar character of the only two public schools established anterior to the revolution—the extraordinary charter of Queen's College—the act authorizing Presbyterian ministers to celebrate the rites of matrimony, and the repeal, by royal proclamation, of the act creating and endowing the college, and of that to extend privileges to the Presbyterian clergy. We may here remark that the charter of Queen's College was reenacted by the Assembly of 1773, but rejected by Governor Martin, certainly in accordance with the views, and probably under direct instructions from the home government.

From this time forth the county of Mecklenburg, whose loyalty at an earlier day, was the subject of such high gratification to Governor Tryon, never faltered in the cause of independence. In seven years thereafter Lord Cornwallis found himself constrained to speak of Mecklenburg and Rowan, as the two most rebellious counties in America.



The 31st section of the Constitution renders a clergyman of any denomination ineligible to the General Assembly.

The 32d disqualifies those who deny the being of God, the truth of the Protestant religion, the divine authenticity either of the Old or New Testament, from holding any office or place of trust or profit, in the civil department of the government.

The 34th section provides that there shall be no establishment of any one religious church or denomination in preference to any other; that there shall be no compulsory attendance on or support of any house of worship, or minister of any denomination. The result is an entire and perpetual separation of church and State; the perfect equality of all Christian denominations, and the recognition of christianity as the established religion of the State.

The 41st section provides that a school or schools shall be established by the legislature for the convenient instruction of youth, with such salaries to the masters paid by the public, as may enable them to instruct at low prices, and all useful learning shall be duly encouraged and promoted in one or more universities.

The royal government would not permit the establishment of any school or college unless in connection with and under the surveillance of the church. The republican government annihilated the establishment, divorced the State from every species of denominational connection, acknowledged the Christian religion to be a part of the law of the land, and made it the imperative duty of the Legislature to establish schools and one or more universities and maintain them at the public expense.

The first General Assembly elected under the State constitution met at New-Berne on the 8th of April, 1777. The 20th chapter of the acts of the section is entitled "an act for incorporating the president and trustees of Liberty Hall in the county of Mecklenburg." It recognizes the former existence of Queen's College in the town of Charlotte, revives the corporation under the name of Liberty Hall, reappoints to a great extent the former trustees, authorizes the appointment of such professors and tutors as the trustees may deem expedient, permits them "to give certificates to such students as shall leave the said Academy, certifying their literary merit and the progress they shall have made in useful knowledge, whether it be in learned languages, arts or sciences or all of them." Whilst certificates are expressly authorized, the power to confer degrees and authenticate them by diplomas, is withheld.

The great body of the members of this General Assembly were members of the Provincial Congress which framed the Constitution. The light in which they regarded their powers and duties, under that instru-

ment within three months after its adoption is clearly shown in the 10th and closing section of the act:

"Provided, nevertheless, and be it further enacted, that this act or any therein contained shall not extend or be understood to make this academy one of those seminaries mentioned in the constitution, to oblige the State to support any president, professor or tutor of said academy, or other charge or expense thereof whatsoever; this act of incorporation having been obtained at the earnest prayer and entreaty of the said trustees and others who were desirous to contribute towards the support thereof."

The citizens of Rowan and Orange in 1769, complained of the great extent of the western counties. Three new counties—Chatham, Guilford and Wake, were in the following year carved in whole or in part out of Orange. The Governor reports to the Secretary of State that "the measure was not merely required by the public convenience, but that the erecting of Guilford county out of Rowan and Orange counties, was, in the distracted state of the country, a truly political division, as it separated the main body of the insurgents from Orange county and left them in Guilford."

Four days before the court of Oyer and Terminer met at New-Berne, to carry the riot act into execution, a settlement and amnesty had been arranged between the Regulators and the public officers of Rowan. Referees were appointed to ascertain the amount of unlawful fees exacted, for which restitution should be made. This fair adjustment was repudiated and rebuked by the Governor. It was not even then perhaps too late, by the exhibition of clemency and forbearance to have saved the effusion of blood, and secured quiet and prosperity to the province.

Very different counsels prevailed. The leading Regulators were now outlaws. The southern portion of the province was prepared to sustain the strongest measures with unanimity and enthusiasm. The requisite funds and forces were at the command of the Governor, and the first men in the province, anxious to occupy conspicuous positions in his army.

The subjoined letters of Governor Tryon exhibit the official narrative of events, from the adjournment of the General Assembly, to the close of his administration so fully and consecutively, that we have determined to present them without alteration or abridgement.

NEW-BERNE, the 12th April, 1771.

EARL HILLSBOROUGH:

In my dispatch of the 31st of January, No. 60, I informed your Lordship an attempt to rescue Herman Husband was expected. Accordingly on the sixth of February, I received intelligence by express, that the insurgents were making preparations to come down to Newberne to release Husband, and to lay the town in ashes, if op-



posed in their design, and that they were to begin their march from Sandy Creek, (within their settlements) on the 11th of the same month. I immediately dispatched orders to several regiments of militia to hold themselves in readiness to march to the protection of Newberne. The Craven regiment was embodied and kept three days in town. The next day the 7th, the court of Oyer and Terminer opened agreeable to commission issued 22d January, for the purpose of receiving indictments against, and hearing the trials of the regulators. On the occasion I took the opinion of Chief Justice Howard, whether it would not be adviseable to put Herman Husband on his tryal for the libel he published against Judge Moore, no witness yet appearing concerning the riots at Hillsborough. That from the jealousy generally prevailing among the common people at his confinement, I was apprehensive while Husband continued in gaol without being brought to tryal and the courts of law open, no vigorous support could be relied on from the militia, but when he was found guilty of the charge there would be better grounds to keep him in prison until he had complied with the penalties of the law. The Chief Justice assured me it would be very proper that Husband should be forthwith brought to tryal, and that he would take care that he was so. Accordingly the Deputy Attorney General, the principal being sick and absent from me ever since the last session of Assembly, prepared an indictment for the libel, and presented it Friday, the 8th of February, to the Grand Jury, who not finding the Bill, and the Chief Justice not seeing cause to bind Husband over to his good behavior, he discharged him from confinement the same evening.

Col. Caswell's letter bearing date the 20th of February, inserted in the minutes of the Council Journal of the 23d of that month, will inform your Lordship of the sequel and consequence of Husband's release.

Not being satisfied with the temper and disposition of this Grand Jury, nor pleased with the discharge of Husband, and further no evidence coming down from the back settlements to prosecute the insurgents agreeable to subpœnas sent them, this court was dismissed and a commission issued the first of March, for a new court of Oyer and Terminer to be held here the 11th of March. Finding the reason the evidences did not appear resulted from the intimidations of the insurgents, who had threatened destruction to every man who should give evidence against them, I sent my Secretary expressly up to Hillsborough with a letter requiring the attendance of the witnesses, and at the same time giving them assurance of protection by a body of forces. I also sent circular letters to the sheriffs of the several counties within this district recommending to them on so important an occasion to make choice of gentlemen of the first rank, property and probity in their respective counties. These

measures had their desired effect. Mr. Edwards by his great diligence and activity brought down fifteen witnesses from Hillsborough under the confidence of the protection of government. The Grand Jury was formed of the most respectable persons. The court was opened. The Deputy Attorney General and Mr. Gordon, whom I employed as assistant counsel for the crown, drew out and presented sixty-one indictments, every one of which were found without a dissenting voice. The Grand Jury to the number of twenty-three, after the business of the court was over, waited upon me, by appointment, at the palace, when I made them an offer of going in person to suppress the insurgents, if they thought the inhabitants of the province in general, and the counties in particular in which they reside, were hearty and willing to stand up in the cause of government, to compel the insurgents to obedience to the laws, to resent the insults offered to his Majesty's crown and dignity, and the outrages already committed, and still threatened against the constitution. They unanimously and thankfully accepted my proposal, promised me their interest and influence, and instantly assigned the association, which, with their presentment, I herewith transmit. Printed copies of these have been circulated through the province. In confidence, my Lord, of such support, and seeing a few days before in the Wilmington Gazette, an association of similar purport and intent, entered into by the gentlemen on Cape Fear river, the next day, the 18th, I summoned his Majesty's Council, related to them some reasons that prompted me to offer my service, and took their advice on the expediency of raising forces to restore peace and stability to government. They approving the measures, I lost no time in sending requisitions to almost every county in the province for certain quotas of men, in appointing the time and place of their rendezvous respectively, and ordering the necessary preparations to be made for service. I have wrote to General Gage to request he would send me two field pieces to cover the passage of the forces across the broad rivers on which it is expected the insurgents will make their stand.

To forward this business I went myself last week to Wilmington, when I appointed Mr. Waddell General of all the forces raised or to be raised against the insurgents, and expect he will get seven hundred men from the western counties to serve under his immediate command, who will march them into the settlements of the insurgents by way of Salisbury, while I bring up the forces from the southern and eastern parts and break into their settlements on the east side of Orange county.

In my excursion to Wilmington I had the satisfaction to find the gentlemen and inhabitants of Cape Fear unanimous and spirited in the cause, and the officers successful in recruiting.

On the minutes of the council journal your Lordship may see an inter-



cepted letter of Rednapp Howell, a leader in the councils of the regulators, it gives the fullest proof of the wicked designs of those people. The Judge's apology for their not attending their duty at the last Hillsborough court also stands on the minutes of the council. The conduct and proceedings of the insurgents on the sixth of March last in and near Salisbury will be best understood by the letter of Col. Frohock and Col. Martin to me and the deposition of Mr. Avery, both which with my answer to the above letter accompanies this dispatch; as well as the general orders sent to the commanding officers of regiments. The forces in this neighborhood I expect will march the 23rd instant, and join other divisions as they move up the country.

I have communicated to Governor Bull and Mr. President Nelson my plan of operation that they may prevent the insurgents from taking shelter in the province of Virginia and South Carolina should they retreat to those Governments.

A principle of duty my Lord has embarked me at this time in this service. The country seems willing to seize the opportunity, and I cheerfully offer my zealous services, relying that the motive of this conduct will be honorably accepted by my most gracious Sovereign.

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GREAT ALAMANCE CAMP, 18th May, 1771.

EARL HILLSBOROUGH:

I have the happiness to inform your Lordship that it has pleased God to bless his Majesty's arms in this province with a signal victory over the regulators. The action begun before twelve o'clock on Thursday the 16th instant five miles to the westward of Great Alamance River, on the road leading from Hillsborough to Salisbury. The loss of our army, in killed, wounded and missing, amounts to about sixty men. We had but one officer killed and one dangerously wounded. The action lasted two hours but after about half an hour the enemy took to tree fighting and much annoyed the men who stood at the guns, which obliged me to cease the artillery for a short time and advance the first line to force the rebels from their covering; this succeeded and we pursued them half a mile beyond their camp and took many of their horses and the little provision and ammunition they left behind them. This success I hope will lead soon to a perfect restoration of peace in this country, tho' had they succeeded nothing but desolation and ravage would have spread itself over the country, the regulators having determined to cut off this army had they succeeded.

The inclosed declaration to the troops will testify to his Majesty the obligations I lay under to them for their steady resolute and spirited behavior. Some royal mark of favor I trust will be extended to the loyalty

that has been exhibited by his Majesty's faithful subjects within this province.

A particular detail of this expedition I shall transmit to lay before his Majesty as soon as I have settled this country in peace, hoping that the advantages now gained over a set of desperate and cruel enemies may meet with his Majesty's approbation and may finally terminate in giving a stability to this constitution which it has hitherto been a stranger to.

The army under my command amounted officers included to upwards of eleven hundred, that of the rebels to two thousand.

The two field pieces from Gen. Gage was of infinite service to us.

I am, &c.

P. S.—Gen Waddell with two hundred and fifty men was obliged on the 9th instant, about two miles to the eastward of the Yadkin, to retreat back to Salisbury, the regulators surrounding his forces and threatening to cut them to pieces, if they offered to advance to join the army under my command.

I shall march to-morrow to the westward and in a week expect to join the General.

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NEW YORK, 1st August, 1771.

EARL HILLSBORO:

On the 18th of May last I had the honor to transmit to your Lordship an account of the victory obtained on the auspicious 16th of the same month, over the rebels of North Carolina. I shall here, with as much brevity as possible, relate the principal events that attended the success of that day. On the 17th the day after the battle, I took the opinion of the gentlemen of the council present. Vidz't: Hon. John Rutherford, Lewis DeRossett, Robert Palmer, and Sam'l Cornell, Esqrs., whether it would not be advisable (in order to leave a door open for mercy) to issue a proclamation of pardon to all of the rebels, who should come into camp, surrender up their arms, take the oath of allegiance and oath of obligation to pay all taxes as well due as those that shall become so, and to support and defend the laws of the land.

This measure was unanimously advised and a proclamation issued accordingly. The happy effects of this proclamation (extended from time to time for a few days) soon disarmed all opposition. The inhabitants came in by crowds to surrender themselves and by the 19th of June three thousand three hundred had come into camp and took the oaths of allegiance, &c., &c., to his Majesty and upwards of five hundred arms were surrendered up; many of those that surrendered asserted they were not in the battle, while others pretended to be in the battle without arms.

As soon as I found the force of the rebellion was broke I detached



parties in the neighborhood of the army and made requisitions of the settlers to bring in a certain quantity of flour and beeves according to the strength of the settlement or the necessities of the army, which requisitions were generally strictly complied with, in so much that the Commissary had not occasion to purchase any provisions for the troops from the 16th of May, until they quitted those settlements the 20th of June. On the 19th of May the army proceeded westward in order to join General Waddell with his troops then intrenched near Salisbury, and on the 4th of June we effected the junction about eight miles to the eastward of the Yadkin River, and marched the same day to the Moravian settlements; where on the sixth we commemorated his Majesty's birth-day and celebrated the victory at Alamance. Intelligence being brought that the counties of Tryon, Mecklenburg, and north-west part of Rowan, westward of the Yadkin were meditating hostilities, it was judged proper, by a council of war, that a strong detachment from the army should march through those parts, and compel the inhabitants to take the oath above mentioned, and to suppress any insurrection among them. Agreeable thereto, I appointed Gen. Waddell for that command with the troops he brought with him amounting to three hundred and forty men from the counties of Mecklenburg, Rowan, Tryon, and Anson, reinforced with the four companies of the Orange, the company of Light Infantry from Cumberland county, and the Artillery company of sailors raised at Wilmington, with one of the brass field pieces, and six half swivel guns. The General marched the eighth of June to the westward, with orders from me after he had performed the service aforesaid, to disband his troops; since his first day's march I have not had any intelligence of his measures or success; which will be communicated to your Lordship by Gov. Martin. On the ninth of June I returned with the army through the northern part of Orange county to Hillsborough, where the Judges were waiting at an especial court of Oyer and Terminer to try the prisoners taken in battle, twelve of whom were capitally convicted as traitors, and two acquitted. Of which twelve, six were executed the 19th of June near the town of Hillsborough and by the solicitation of the officers of the army, I suspended the execution of the other six till his Majesty's pleasure should be known, as soon as I can transmit their names I shall solicit on their behalf, having in the hurry of obedience to comply with his Majesty's commands to repair to this government, left many papers at New-Berne for Governor Martin relative to this service, which I now find I stand in need of. The executions being over, on the 20th the army marched to the southward and as I had received the 13th of June (by one of the Judges) your Lordship's despatch, requiring me to take upon me without loss of time the government of New York, I

left the army early the 20th arrived the 24th at New-Berne, and on the 30th embarked with my family for this country. Benjamin Merrill a Captain of militia, at the hour of execution left it in charge to the officers to solicit me to petition his Majesty to grant his plantation and estate to his wife and eight children. He died under a thorough conviction of his crime and the justice of his sentence and addressed himself to the spectators to take warning by his suffering. His Majesty's indulgence to this request would, I am persuaded, be dutifully and affectionately received by his unhappy widow and children.

This service, my Lord, with all the impediments and difficulties under which it was undertaken and prosecuted, has been attended with every desired success. The inhabitants cheerfully pay their taxes, are satisfied that Husband, Hunter and a few others have by misrepresentations misled them, and are convinced that they are much happier by losing the victory, than they would have been had they defeated his Majesty's forces. The eastern counties raised no men, owing to the northern treasurer refusing to answer my warrants on him payable to the Colonels of those counties to enable them to pay each volunteer forty shillings bounty money, and to furnish them with necessaries for the expedition, or even to issue his note, as the southern treasurer had done, to the sum of six thousand pounds (without which credit no men could have been raised) to be received by him in the payment of the contingent tax. I shall leave to your Lordship's reflections the tendency this expedition has had on the frontiers of every colony in British America, as well as that on North Carolina. When his Majesty is informed that this service was undertaken without money in the treasury to support it, no armory to furnish arms, nor magazines from whence we could be supplied with ammunition or draw provisions, and that his new raised troops acted with fidelity, honor and obedience to their King and country, I am sanguine enough to believe they will receive some favorable testimonies from their Sovereign. They have had no other immediate encouragement than the forty shillings bounty money, which was necessary to leave with their families to hire husbandmen to plant their corn in their absence. The pay of the troops, the provisions, wagons and every contingent service remains a demand on the public. A sum I estimate at not less than £40,000 currency: a load the province is *absolutely incapable to discharge unless by a new emission of currency, or an aid from Parliament*, both which I humbly beg leave to submit to his Majesty's wisdom. As the orders delivered to the troops will be explanatory of this service, I have the honor herewith to transmit them, also the petition of the insurgents to me, delivered the evening before the action, with my answer thereto. The particular returns of the strength of the army was left for Governor Martin. But if



your Lordship will turn to the orders of the 20th of May, you will see £126 distributed among the non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the army: a sum calculated (by the returns) at 2s. 6d. per annum, which in the whole amounted to one thousand and nine men, exclusive of the officers, thirty light horse and the nine men that were killed.

I am, &c., &c.

P. S.—I should have mentioned that one Few, an outlaw, taken in battle was hanged the next day in camp, and that the houses and plantations of the outlaws we came near were laid waste and destroyed, and that the owners fled out of the province.\*

To the letters of Governor Tryon we have concluded to append accounts of the battle of Alamance of a semi-official character which we find in a London periodical—*Scot's Magazine for 1771* :

“NEWBERN, May 24th. On Wednesday last an express arrived in town from the Governor, with an account of his having had a battle with the Regulators, at Alamance in this province, and gaining a most signal and complete victory. The particulars of which, as near as we can collect from the several accounts of this decisive stroke, are as follows.—His Excellency having reached Hillsborough, with about 1300 of the troops, and finding the Regulators were at about forty miles distance above him, embodied, and in arms to oppose the provincial forces under his command, immediately marched from thence to attack them, in case they should refuse to comply with the terms he offered them; which were, to give up their principals, lay down their arms, and swear allegiance to his Majesty. On the 16th instant, being within a mile of them, his Excellency received a messenger from them with terms of an accommodation: but they being wholly inadmissable, he marched to within a small distance of them, and formed in one line about half his men, the other half forming a second line at about 200 yards distance, by way of

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\* How forcibly does this cold-hearted narrative recall to memory Southey's Legend of the Battle of Blenheim!

My father lived at Blenheim then,  
A little town hard by—  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forced to fly.  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to lay his head.

With fire and sword the country 'round  
Was wasted far and wide,  
And many a childing mother then  
And new-born baby died.  
But things like these you know must be  
At every famous victory.

reserve. The Regulators, to the number of at least 2500, immediately formed within twenty or thirty paces distance, and behaved in a most daring and desperate manner. His Excellency again proposed terms to them, which they spurned at, and cried out for battle. He then immediately ordered the signal of battle to be given, which was a discharge of the artillery; when instantly ensued a very heavy and dreadful firing on both sides for near two hours and a half; when the Regulators, being hard pressed by our men, and sorely galled by the artillery, which played incessantly on them with grape-shot, gave way on all sides, and were pursued to the distance of a mile through the woods and bushes, our troops making great slaughter among them, as they did not make a regular retreat, but ran in great confusion to all quarters from whence they apprehended the least danger. Those killed and wounded on our side in this battle, through the immediate interposition of Divine Providence, are very inconsiderable, the killed not exceeding ten, and the wounded about sixty, among whom is the Hon. Samuel Cornel, Esq; of this town who received a slight wound in his thigh: but of the Regulators 300 were found dead on the field the next morning, and a very great number wounded: about twenty or thirty were made prisoners: and the chief of their ammunition and baggage were taken, with a number of horses. The signal victory of this day, gained over a formidable body of lawless desperadoes, under Divine Providence, is much to be attributed to the cool, intrepid, and soldier-like behavior of the Governor, who was in the centre of the line during the whole engagement, and in the most imminent danger, having had his bayonet shot away with a musket ball.”  
—*North Carolina Gazette.*

“WHITEHALL, AUG. 3. The peace of the province of North Carolina having been for some time past disturbed, and violences, of the most outrageous and savage nature, having been committed, in the frontier-counties, by a desperate body of settlers, styling themselves *Regulators*, who appeared in arms, in open defiance of law and authority; and all endeavours to persuade these deluded persons of the error of their conduct, and to a proper submission to government, having failed of their effect; his Majesty's Governor thought fit, with the advice, concurrence, and assistance of the council and assembly, and with the support of the principal persons of rank and authority in the colony, to raise a body of the militia, to repel these insurgents; and having put himself at the head of a detachment of the militia, amounting to 1100 men, he on the 16th of May, came up with the main body of the insurgents, amounting to 2,000; and after an action, which continued about two hours, gained a complete victory over them, pursuing them a mile beyond their camp,



and taking many of their horses, and what provisions and ammunition they had left behind them.

This action was about five miles to the westward of Great Alamance river, on the road leading from Hillsborough to Salisbury; and his Majesty's Governor speaks, in the strongest terms, of the bravery and resolution of the troops under his command; whose loss is stated to amount to about sixty private men killed, wounded, and missing, and one officer killed and one wounded; but there is no return made of the loss sustained by the insurgents, which is supposed to have been considerable.

The following was given by the Governor, in public orders, on the 17th of May, the day after the engagement.

"The Governor, impressed with the most affectionate sense of gratitude, gives thanks to both officers and soldiers of the army, for the vigorous and generous support they afforded him yesterday, in the battle near Alamance. It was to their valour and steady conduct that he owes, under the providence of God, the signal victory obtained over obstinate and infatuated rebels. His Excellency sympathises with the loyalists for the brave men that fell and suffered in the action; but when he reflects, that the fate of the constitution depended on the success of the day, and the important services thereby rendered their king and country, he considers this loss, (though at present the cause of affliction to their relations and friends,) as a monument of lasting glory and honor to themselves and families.

The dead to be interred at five o'clock this evening, in the front of the Park of Artillery; funeral service to be performed, with military honors, to the deceased; after the ceremony, prayers and thanksgivings for the signal victory it has pleased Providence yesterday to grant the army over the insurgents."—*London Gazette*.

"CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, June 6th. Our last letters from North Carolina, some of which, dated yesterday morning, are just come to hand, represent the quiet of that province as in a fair way of being soon restored; upwards of 2000 of the Regulators having, since the battle of the 16th of May past, laid down their arms, upon Governor Tryon's proclamation, offering a pardon to all (except such as had been outlawed) that would immediately do so, pay their taxes, take the oath of allegiance, and refuse any further protection to the outlaws. These letters add, that the chief justice and assistant judges were gone to hold a court of Oyer and Terminer at Hillsborough, for the trial of such outlaws as had been taken in battle and otherwise; and that his Excellency had ordered one Mr. Few, who was an active officer in the Regulators army, and fought to the last, to be hanged at the head of the camp as soon as he was taken. The disturbances in North Carolina, which are

now near terminating, began so long ago as in the year 1767. It is much to the honor of Gov. Tryon, and the province over which he presides, that all the men with him employed in repressing the outrages of the Regulators, are raised and paid by the country, and that his Excellency has not applied for regular troops, which he might readily have obtained."

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The order-book of General Waddell is before us and we have ample materials to trace the movements, from day to day, during the campaign of the main body of the forces as well as the division under his command. But we have no space for such minuteness of detail. Those who desire additional information will find ample opportunity to indulge curiosity or research in the pages of Caruthers, Foote, Jones, Martin, Williamson and Wheeler. Few readers will desire more than is so lucidly exhibited in the admirable pages of Bancroft. To his impartiality, unwearied research and eminent ability, the history of North Carolina owes some of its most striking and attractive delineations. A letter from him, written in London on the 4th of July, 1848, first directed attention to the history of these insurgents, subsequent to the battle of Alamance, and prompted the researches which trace their progress from that defeat to the triumph at King's Mountain. "The Regulators (he remarks) are on many accounts important. Their complaints were well founded and were so acknowledged, though their oppressors were only nominally punished. They formed the connecting link between resistance to the Stamp Act, and the movement of 1775; and they also played a glorious part in taking possession of the Mississippi valley towards which they were carried irresistibly by their love of independence. It is a mistake if any have supposed that the Regulators were cowed down by their defeat at the Alamance. Like the mammoth they shook the bolt from their brow and crossed the mountains."

Judge Haywood, the historian of Tennessee, one of the most distinguished jurists known in the annals of that and the parent State of North Carolina, was contemporaneous with the Regulators. If not one of them he sympathized deeply with them, and from familiar intercourse with their leading men had ample opportunity to ascertain their motives, and trace their history. He was the attorney general of this State as early as 1790, and had even then no equals at our bar with the exception of Davie and Moore. His book, published in 1823, states that East Tennessee began to be permanently settled in the winter of 1768-'9. "Ten families came from the neighborhood of the place where Raleigh now stands and settled on Watauga." The complaint of the Regulators that the western counties were enormously large will not be regarded as unfounded when



it is remembered that though the distance from the neighborhood of Raleigh to Watauga may have been four hundred miles, Robertson and his colony only passed from the north-eastern corner of Orange to the extreme north-western settlement in the adjoining county of Rowan. We give Haywood's account of the circumstances which produced the emigration in his own language. His statements are adopted and additional evidence supplied in the recent History of Tennessee by Ramsay :

"East Tennessee began to be permanently settled in the winter of 1768-9. Ten families of these settlers came from the neighborhood of the place where Raleigh now stands, in North-Carolina, and settled on Watauga. This was the first settlement in East Tennessee. Soon afterwards it was augmented, by settlers from hollows in North Carolina, and from Virginia. About the years 1768, 1769, 1770, such was the reigning fashion of the times as eminently promoted the emigration of its people from North Carolina. The trade of the country was in the hands of Scotch merchants, who came in shoals to get rich, and to get consequence. The people of the country were clothed in the goods they imported, and to be dressed otherwise was scouted as a sign of barbarity and poverty. The poor man was treated with disdain, because unable to contribute to their emolument. He was excluded from their society, unless when he was to be reminded of his insignificance, and to be told with brutal freedom of the low rank which he held. The rich were led into extravagant modes of living, far beyond what their incomes could support. Labour was proscribed as fit only for the degraded vulgar; and every man in the country, of any standing, vied with his neighbor in the splendor of his appearance, in the expenditures of his family, and in the frivolous amusements with which he past his time. These traders were taken for a superior class of beings, their dress was imitated, their manners, their amusements, even their hobbling gait, and broad accent. The very women of the country believed that there was no dignity but in connexion with them. The governors of the province were alternately Scotch, or English, who favored their pretensions. The members of the Council were chiefly Scotch and the members of Assembly also. To supply the means of the expensive living which was then fashionable, clerks of courts and lawyers demanded exorbitant fees for their services. The great excellency of a clerk consisted in making out the highest bill of costs, and yet keeping within the pale of the law. All sums over forty shillings were sued for, and recovered in courts of record. The business was immense, and the extortions of clerks, lawyers, and tax-gatherers, fell with intolerable weight upon the people. Sheriffs in the collection of taxes exacted more than was due, and appropriated the surplus to their own use. The offenders were the men in power, who were appointed by the law to redress the wrongs of the people. Those

were injured met and petitioned the legislature for relief, and made representations of the mal-practices, which they had suffered. Their petitions were rejected, and treated with disdain. Driven by oppression to desperation and madness, the people rose in bodies, under the title of Regulators. The royal forces under the command of Governor Tryon, met the Regulators near the Great Alamance, on the 16th May, 1771, and defeated them, killing above two hundred of them on the field of battle; some of them were taken by the victors and hanged; others took the oath of allegiance and returned home; others fled to Holston, where the dread of British power, at a subsequent period, made them tories. In these afflicting circumstances, it became necessary for men of property to come to the westward in quest of the means to repair the dilapidations of their broken fortunes, and for the poor to go somewhere in search of independence, and a share of respectability absolutely unattainable in the country of their nativity. In the wilderness beyond the mountains, they were promised at least exemption from the supercilious annoyance of those who claimed a præminence above them. Under these incèntives, full streams of emigration began to flow in various directions from the misgoverned province of North Carolina. The day of retribution was not far behind, and when it came in the dawn of the revolution, the enraged populace, ever prone to extremes, exhibited many of those models of excellence in match coats of tar and feathers, which frequently they were hardly restrained from decorating with the illumination of liquid flame. Is it meant to applaud such violence? No, but to hold it in abhorrence. Yet candor is obliged to confess, that as in every other misfortune, there is some speck of consolation, so, also, there was one in this, that if the rude fury of the people must fall somewhere, it did not upon this occasion miss the most deserving candidates for popular distinction. When the oath of allegiance to the new State government was offered to the people of North Carolina as a test of distinction between the friends of the new state, who would take it, and its enemies who would not, this whole body of men, with very few exceptions, who had so lately been the tyrants of the country, refused to take the oath and left the United States. Amongst others who had withdrawn from the oppression which they had made fashionable, was Daniel Boon from the Yadkin, who removed in 1769, or 1770, and James Robertson, from Wake county, in North Carolina, early in 1770. He is the same person who will appear hereafter by his actions, to have merited all the eulogium, esteem and affection, which the most ardent of his countrymen have ever bestowed upon him. Like almost all those in America who have ascended to eminent celebrity, he had not a noble lineage to boast of, nor the escutcheoned armorials of a splendid ancestry. But he had what was far more



valuable, a sound mind, healthy constitution, robust frame, a love of virtue, an intrepid soul, and an emulous desire for honest fame."

An attentive consideration of the facts stated in the foregoing letters of Governor Tryon will enable the reader to form some conception of the ravages which marked the march of his forces from day to day. From the 16th of May to the 20th of June the whole body of his troops, amounting, with the division under General Waddell's command, to about sixteen hundred men, were subsisted on forced requisitions of provisions from the devastated settlements through which he passed. The settlement on Sandy Creek was among the earliest neighborhoods visited, and that received the most marked attention. "The army marched on the 21st to Sandy Creek where they encamped for a week."

One of these requisitions, in the hand writing of Secretary Edwards, with the sign manual of the Governor, is before us, and we can present no more forcible illustration of the character and policy of the colonial government of that day than it exhibits:

"I do hereby require you to furnish his Majesty's troops now marching under my command six wagon loads of flour from the people of your society, and also six able wagons and teams with sufficient drivers to attend the troops with the said flour. The wagons and teams will be returned when the service is over.

WM. TRYON.

By his Excellency's command,

I. EDWARDS, P. SEC.

To the people commonly called Quakers, living on Rocky River and Cane Creek, and thereabouts in Orange county.

ROYAL CAMP, 20th May, 1771.

John Pile is one of those people from whom this requisition is made, and it will be very agreeable to the Governor that his wagon and team be one of the six employed."

Before entering upon the campaign the Governor had taken the precaution to notify Governor Bull of South Carolina and President Nelson of Virginia that "no shelter" should be allowed the fugitive insurgents in those provinces. The wild gorges of the Alleghanies presented the only hope of refuge.

It is now time to return to Shubal Stearns, the founder of the Sandy Creek Baptist Church, and the probable author of "The Fan for Fanning." We had occasion to refer to him in the first chapter in connection with an estimate of the comparative numbers of the several Christian denominations in the province at the accession of Governor Tryon, and afterwards in relation to the mysterious publication mentioned above.

Mr. Stearns was a native of Boston, joined the New-Lights in New England, was subsequently baptized and ordained as a gospel minister among the Separate Baptists in 1751. He removed to Berkeley county, Virginia, in 1754. From thence under the immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit, as he believed, he organized a colony of eight families, and sixteen communicants, and came in the following year to Sandy Creek. A small church was immediately erected. He is supposed to have possessed more than ordinary attainments in general and theological learning; to have been a man of deep and earnest piety, and those qualities were rendered doubly effective by a wonderful fascination of voice and manner.

"Very remarkable things (states Morgan Edwards, writing in 1772,) may be said of this Church worthy a place in Gillis' book, and inferior to no instance he gives of the modern success of the gospel in different parts of the world. It began with sixteen souls and in a short time increased to 606, spreading its branches to Deep River and Abbott's Creek, which branches are gone to other provinces and most of the members of this Church have followed them in so much that in 17 years it is reduced from 606 to 14 souls." \* \* \* \* \*

"The cause of this dispersion was the abuse of power which too much prevailed in the province, and caused the inhabitants at last to rise up in arms and fight for their privileges but being routed in May 16, 1771, they despaired of seeing better times and therefore quitted the province. It is said fifteen hundred families departed after the battle of Alamance. To my knowledge a great many more are only waiting to dispose of their plantations in order to follow them."

Tidence Lane is mentioned by Ramsay as the founder of the earliest Baptist Church in Watauga. He organized a congregation in 1779. He is represented, in imitation of his prototype and spiritual father, Shubal Stearns, to have carried his flock with him when he removed from Sandy Creek to Washington. Purefoy, in his interesting history of the Sandy Creek Baptist Association, published within the last few months, and to which we are indebted for valuable information on the subject, states that the emigration to East Tennessee resulted in the formation of five Baptist Churches, which for several years belonged to the Sandy Creek but were subsequently organized into the Holston Association.

Mr. Stearns did not long survive the dispersion of his flock. He died on the 20th of November, 1771, and was interred near the meeting-house, the scene of such sudden and remarkable vicissitudes in the progress of the Redeemer's Kingdom. It is perhaps too late to obtain materials for a faithful record of his eventful history. Security of property and life for a series of years impelled his followers to destroy rather than preserve memorials of the evil times upon which he had fallen—"Of whom the



world was not worthy; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens, and in cave sof the earth"—“being destitute, afflicted, tormented.”

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## BACCALAUREATE SERMON,

DELIVERED IN GIRARD HALL

BY THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP HUGHES,

JUNE 5TH, 1860.

### YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF THE GRADUATING CLASS:

I embrace this first opportunity to thank you for your kindness in inviting me to preach on this occasion. To that invitation I am indebted for the privilege and pleasure of a first visit to the State of North Carolina, and to its noble University, at Chapel Hill; of which your State has had, now has, and is likely to have still more, such great reasons to be proud.

MATTHEW XXII, 34: But the Pharisees hearing that He had silenced the Sadducees, came together and one of them, a doctor of the law, asked Him, tempting Him: Master which is the great commandment in the law? Jesus said to him: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind. This is the greatest and first commandment, and the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments dependeth the whole law and the prophets.

It might appear strange at first view that our divine Redeemer should have deemed it necessary to renew a precept, placing the affections of the human soul under obedience. It should seem but a necessary consequence that they who know God to be their creator, father and saviour, should love him by a spontaneous movement of their hearts without the necessity of a commandment to that effect. But it should be remembered that the precept as originally laid down in the book of Deuteronomy, and now so emphatically confirmed by the incarnate Son of God, was addressed to that fallen race whom he came to redeem and elevate.

So far as we know, the angels themselves were not commanded to love their Creator. The principle of that love was inherent in their spiritual nature. No doubt a test was appointed by which in the exercise of their free will they might prove their fidelity to God, or their rebellion against Him. By this test they were tried. Having been created simultaneously, the trial or temptation which would prove their fidelity was one and the

same. In the exercise of their free will some adhered to God; others resisted and would not serve. These latter were expelled from Heaven, and fell to rise no more. For them there was not, and there was not to be, at any time a saviour.

Again, in the creation of our first parents in the garden of Paradise there is no evidence that God imposed on them any special obligation to love him. This would be necessarily implied, but it has not been specifically commanded. Their test by which they should recognize the supremacy and sovereignty of their creator was embodied in a prohibitory precept forbidding them to taste of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. They were free, and in the exercise of their freedom they chose to violate the commandment of their God, and to involve themselves and their posterity in a ruin which would have been irremediable for time and for eternity if God had not so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, that whosoever should believe in Him might not perish, but might have life everlasting. It is to their descendants, all maimed and wounded in their nature by the ravages of original and actual sin, that the precept was given in specific words, commanding them to love God and to love their neighbor.

There is a great mystery involved in what I have just said. The right understanding of it furnishes a key for all other mysteries. It is this—Why God permitted that the noblest work of His creation, viz: angels and men, should have the power to rebel against Him, whilst all the other portions of His creation obey His laws with constant and unvarying fidelity? in other words, why God should have permitted sin, or at least not prevented it? The answer to this is—so far as man may interpret the divine counsel—that he created both angels and men, and endowed them with such exalted faculties that an obedience of necessity on their part would have been unworthy of His infinite majesty and of the dignity of their nature.

There were but two alternatives. One would be the law of necessity by which they should have to move under perpetual compulsion, and thus stand before God, bowing reverence, as puppets on a wire bow at the touch of a spring. This order has been observed by the Almighty in the creation of the material world, whether animate or inanimate. Thus the planet which we inhabit obeys God in its revolutions, in its seasons, in its fertility, in the beauty of its solid grounds, and the terrific majesty of its mighty oceans. Thus the other planets of our system move in their orbits with a constancy and regularity that has never been found at fault. Each is found precisely in the place at the time appointed according to the law which God has imposed upon them for their guidance. Thus also in reference to the stars, which His powerful hand has distributed



and poised in their several places throughout the immensity of space. If God, therefore, had denied free will at their creation, either to angels or men, they would have fallen under a law similar to that which is applicable to the irrational works of Almighty God. Sin, indeed would have been thus prevented; but then intelligence would have been a superfluous burden, free will a mockery, and memory either useless or impossible. There would be no rational being to offer freely its homage and adoration to its creator and sovereign. God would still remain in the solitude of His being, as He was previous to the creation of men or angels. He might contemplate His works as they would stand out giving evidence of His power, but among them all there would not be any person, or anything capable of rendering Him that soul-felt, rational, voluntary homage which is due from all creatures, as a recognition of his infinite power and unspeakable perfection. Men and angels, and things whether animate or inanimate, would be under a law of necessity. Free will there could be none, and without free will there can be no rational or voluntary obedience, love or adoration towards God.

As it is, all His works may be referred to as exemplifying His omnipotence and His glory. They do not understand themselves. But man, in the greatness of his intellect, can be their interpreter. He can read their bright pages, and even, if Heaven had not given him a better book, this alone would be sufficient to raise his soul and fix his heart in the contemplation of his divine author.

But after all, it is not in the survey of this outward glorious world that man discovers those perfections of his Creator, which excite him to charity and love. When we consider His eternity, His infinite knowledge, His omnipotence, the wonders of His creation, we are filled with respect, with astonishment, with admiration; our understanding is confounded, is overwhelmed, but the heart is not touched. It is only when we meditate upon His goodness, His mercy, and His charity towards His creatures that our hearts feel the first attraction of love, by which we are drawn to Him, and recognize that His love for us should be reciprocated on our part.

Here, then, we begin to understand the reasonableness of the precept by which we are commanded to love Him with our whole heart, and with our whole soul, and with our whole mind—and our neighbors as ourselves.

It is difficult, if not impossible, for us to know whether at any time we love God according to the force and energy which the evangelist employs in characterizing the nature of that love. Parents and children, and even friends, are conscious of the affection which binds them to each other. But this is in the natural order. It is tender. It is sustained, while it lasts, in a great measure, by the aid of the senses as well as the suscepti-

bility of our nature. The love which we owe to God, is not of this order, since we see Him not with the eyes of the flesh, since we hear Him not except through the echoes of His word. The love, therefore, that is due to Him, is of a supernatural character, and the precept of our Saviour does not imply that we shall be moved to deep sensibility by the operation of divine love in our hearts. It requires that we should love God as God, and man as our neighbor. Our blessed Saviour has abundantly explained this point by laying down the test of love such as the law requires. In the 14th chapter of St. John we are told: "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me. And he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and manifest myself to him." And again, in the same evangelist, we find the Saviour's words as follows: "If you keep my commandments you shall abide in my love, as I also have kept my Father's commandments, and do abide in His love."

The test, therefore, laid down by the Saviour himself shows that the fulfillment of the precept is not necessarily evidenced by sentiments or feelings which are present to us, and of which we are conscious at any time but rather depends for its accomplishment upon the sterner virtues of self-denial and obedience to the commandments.

This will require many sacrifices which it is impossible to make unless by the aid of divine grace, promised to us through the merits of Jesus Christ, for without Him we can do nothing.

There is another point of view in which it would seem that the nature of man, even in his fall, is such that it is of itself prepared for the reception of the precept contained in any text. His heart's life is love. The capacity of that love can embrace the boundaries of the world, and elevated by divine grace, can penetrate the heavens, and make its offerings at the foot of the throne of God himself. We all know this by experience, that we can love our parents, our kindred, our friends, our neighbors, our country, our fellow beings throughout the world. Of course, in proportion as these are more nearly related to us, our love, if I can so speak, is more ardent. But God has endowed our hearts with a capacity to extend, in principle, at least, our good will to men, and even to angels. And yet this capacity and the love itself remain undiminished, like the light and warmth of the sun, which constantly diffuse themselves over the world, and are never exhausted or diminished in the luminous fountain from which they proceed. This aptitude in the natural order would seem to have been a preparation for our duties in the supernatural. God has so created us that we could not divest ourselves of the desire to be happy. We seek to satisfy that desire by placing our affection upon objects entirely inadequate to the purpose. They are attractive, and in addition we



invest them with properties of excellence by which we suppose that in their possession we should find happiness. Sometimes we are not disappointed. But the duration of our felicity is always precarious and essentially brief. The object is removed from us—or it has not the qualities which we had ascribed to it—or it has not accomplished towards our felicity what we had anticipated—or our affection itself has undergone a change, and we find that our love yearns for something better, something more permanent, something more capable of filling up the void which we feel. Now, in reality, so immense is the capacity of love in the human heart that nothing can satisfy it fully, adequately and permanently except God, who is unchangeable, infinitely lovely and perfect. Show me a man who, without forfeiting any just privilege of human affection really loves God, and I will point him out to you as one who is essentially happy. For another, who fixes his affections upon human things, no matter how excellent they may or seem to be, but who does not love God, real happiness is utterly impossible. And it is for this reason that St. Augustine exclaimed: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, O God! and our hearts cannot rest until they rest in Thee."

Among Christians of every name it is well ascertained that meek-eyed Charity has never given rise to controversy. She has been recognized by all as the dove bearing amidst the distractions of the Christian world the olive branch of peace. All have recognized in her the descriptions of the heavenly virtue, as given by St. Paul: Charity is patient, is kind. Charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely, is not puffed up. Now it is certain that the ground-work of charity is the love of God as commanded in the words of my text, and yet infidelity has not hesitated to raise its voice against this virtue, and to proclaim that it is impossible to love a God such as our religion represents him to be—that it is impossible to love a God who inspires fear into the hearts of men and punishes crime by an everlasting penalty. But we answer, if God did not punish crime on what basis could virtue and holiness found their hopes of His approval and of their recompense at His hands. No infidel has yet dared to deny the distinction between vice and virtue. The simplest notions of common justice indicate that God, as a legislator, exercises the double function of rewarding the one and punishing the other, otherwise the wicked and the just would be on a perfect equality in the Divine presence. Crime would have no remorse, and virtue would be robbed of its motive and its hope. Where a wicked man, against the laws of heaven and earth, imbrues his hands in the blood of his brother, he is justly, by Divine and human law, condemned to forfeit his life. His country causes him to be executed, and if the infidel's argument were sound that would be a reason why we should not love our country. But he would say that, after all, it was only

the cruel anticipation of a death which, in the natural order, would occur at no very distant period, but that God's penalty for unrepented crime is eternal. This, so far as his objection is concerned, is a fallacy. The execution of a man by the authority of his country is an act, so far as he is concerned, reaching to eternity. He dies oftentimes impenitent, sometimes blaspheming God, and pouring his maledictions on his fellow-beings. We know what the sentence of Divine justice will be in his regard, but the execution of the sentence is not postponed on that account. Shall we, therefore, cease to love our country? Assuredly not. But it would cease to deserve our patriotism if it did not make the distinction between virtue and vice—if it did not protect the good citizen and punish the evil-doer.

I mention this illustration of the fallacy as well as the impiety that are generally blended together in the seductive pages of infidel writing, because, unhappily, falling into the hands of young men merging from college life, they but too often produce impressions, or doubts, or hesitations, which it will take years and years oftentimes to vanquish and remove. They would do well, therefore, to avoid every species of written or of spoken infidelity. They would do well to cherish the simple belief of those lessons both of precept and example which were inculcated in the domestic circle of their homes and their university. Infidels may speak and write as they will, multiplying with seductive eloquence their words against religion, but educated youth should not permit such words to disturb in their regard the foundation of Christianity, for they are solid as the everlasting hills, and indestructible as the Divine architect by whom they were laid. Other things infidels and infidel writings shall pass away, but the foundation and the superstructure of Christianity—never.

Having said so much on the first, on the greatest and the first commandment, we turn to the second, which is like to it—Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

The fulfilment of this precept is, under all circumstances, difficult, and were it not that it depends on the first commandment—the love of God—of which it is an inseparable appendix, I have no hesitation in saying that, in many cases, it would be impossible. And yet it is the special test by which Christ would have his disciples to be recognised. In the 13th chapter of St. John He says: "A new commandment I give unto you—that ye love one another, as I have loved you, that you also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another." In the 15th chapter of the same Gospel our Saviour declares: "This is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you. Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends. You are my



friends, if you do the things that I command you." The sphere in which this virtue is to be exercised is precisely that which is occupied by our fallen race. This portion of the Divine precept could have no application either to our first parents or to the celestial spirits that surround the throne of God. Among them there is no opportunity for the exercise of fraternal charity—there are no tears to be dried away—no sorrows to be assuaged—no sufferings to be alleviated—no desolate orphans nor any destitute, aged or sick to be protected or comforted. But in this life, on the contrary, the very order of human existence would seem to have pointed out to man the necessity of mutual aid between those who need it and those who have the means to afford it. This is clear from the moment we reflect that there is no member of the human family that is independent by himself alone; be he a king, or be he a beggar, the necessity of aid and sympathy from his fellow-beings is indispensable; and this law pervades the whole human race, proving that man was created for society and not for solitude or selfishness. The human family exists by succession in the natural order, and not by a simultaneous creation. In the weakness of childhood, or in the feebleness of old age, we should perish promptly, were it not for the aid and protection that are furnished by our kindred, or our fellow-beings. In the moral order, we should grow up in ignorance of our God and of our duty, were we not provided with the means of instruction by those who were in life before us. Under these circumstances, it would seem but natural that mankind should, from the very necessity of the case, from a sense of their mutual dependence on each other, have coalesced in a common system of mutual aid and mutual benefit. We know from history, however, that the very reverse of this has been the ordinary condition of men whenever Divine Charity had not prepared the way for the right appreciation of the duties which we owe one to another. Human nature was essentially the same at all times and in all places; and yet, if you go outside the boundaries of Christianity, you will find not a trace or an evidence of the benefits which charity has diffused among the followers of Christ. Humanity had not been extinguished—philosophy boasted itself as philanthropic, but this was only in pompous words, for nothing was in reality accomplished. Cruelty in legislation, hard-heartedness in social life, indifference to the sufferings of others, the oppression of the weak by the strong, the deliberate and authorized destruction by parents of their offspring, the power of life and death over their children and domestic dependants—these were all that humanity could accomplish, whilst it was unenlightened by Divine Charity, and unimpelled to do good by the precept and example of our Lord. It was into such a world that He introduced the Christian religion, and by a new commandment inculcated especially the mu-

tual duty of love and charity—a new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another. This is my commandment, that you love one another. He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me. And St. John, in the 4th chapter of his first epistle, says: "Let us, therefore, love God, because God hath first loved us. If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar, for he that loveth not his brother, whom he seeth, how can love God, whom he seeth not, this commandment we have from God, that he who loveth God loves also his brother." From the period, therefore, when Christ imposed this new commandment upon his disciples there was light and hope for the world. After the ascension of our Redeemer the Apostles and those who succeeded them in their ministry ceased not to inculcate this as an obligatory part of His religion, so that wherever the Gospel was preached charity became an essential portion of Christianity. It had to encounter the hostility of paganism and of human passions. Nevertheless, it diffused its happy influence on every side. Even before the close of the persecutions by the Roman Emperors it had accomplished wonders, both among the disciples themselves and the pagans by whom they were surrounded. Eusebius, in his Ecclesiastical History, tells us of the miracles of fraternal charity performed by the brethren during the pestilence, that desolated the Roman Empire for a period of ten years, in the third century, in which they took care not only of their own members, but also of the suffering pagans, who had been abandoned by their own friends and relatives. And St. John Chrysostom, in his preface to the Epistle to the Phillippians, does not hesitate to say that the charity of the Christians exercised a most powerful influence in the conversion of the pagans. We know that Julien, the apostate, was bitter in his reproaches against those who still adhered to the tottering gods of paganism, because they permitted themselves to be so outstripped by the Galileans in works of fraternal charity.

I am aware that the precept of our Saviour on this subject, if misunderstood, is liable to objection. For instance, we are commanded to love not only our neighbors but our enemies. Now, if this were understood to be a love such as a parent cherishes for his son, or mutual friends for each other, obedience to the precept would hardly be possible. But in this case also our Divine Redeemer described the species of love which we are to entertain for our enemies. In the 5th chapter of St. Matthew He says: "You have heard that it hath been said thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemies; but I say to you, love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you." Now this is the species of love which is required in order to fulfill His precept. There are other passages connected with this subject, to which



exception has been taken. It has been said that the duty of doing unto others as we would that others should do unto us, if reduced into practice, would in many instances, be subversive of order in civil society, and tend to reduce all conditions of life to a certain species of general equality. No such consequence can be fairly deduced from the legitimate meaning of fraternal charity. Order and subordination it respects. Government is essential in the family and in the State, and no government can subsist in either without the distinction of conditions. But charity would reconcile and elevate them all into the beautiful harmony of Christian brotherhood. Such has been the effect of her influence from the days of Christ himself; her advance may seem to us to have been slow; but it has ever been steady and progressive. Under her auspices every species of human suffering has been, to a great extent, provided for. She has operated in a two-fold manner; first, acting on individuals in their every-day life, preparing them to do good, and to relieve distress in a private way; next, in inducing Christian to combine for accomplishing works of humanity through the means of association, and thus in every Christian land, whether of Europe or of America, public institutions have been erected for the relief of human wretchedness. She has provided homes and nurses, and food and clothing, and instruction for destitute orphans and abandoned infants—retreats for the aged—hospitals for the sick. With that ingeniousness which the love of God and man inspires, she has invented a language for the deaf and dumb, by which they can interchange thought with each other, the same as if the gift of speech and hearing had not been denied them. She has contrived a system of education by which the blind can read by touch of their fingers. Even the insane have not been forgotten in the scope of the love enjoined upon us by the commandment of Christ. It is true that many of these institutions have been founded and fostered by civil governments. But whence did such governments derive the feeling and convictions which have prompted them to make such provisions for the poor? Unquestionably they have descended to us from the precept of our Lord, for wherever that precept is unknown civil governments have never attempted anything of the kind. The most civilized countries of paganism, such as Greece and Rome, never left behind them a single monument, I had almost said, of decent humanity. They excelled us, indeed, in works of art, which we still admire. But so far as the interest of humanity are concerned, all those works, including the admirable productions of Phidas and Praxiteles, are insignificant as compared with the single lunatic asylum, which crowns one of the summits of your beautiful capital.

There have not been wanting those who have criticised and almost censured this whole system of Christian charity and human benevolence.

They have insisted that it encourages idleness and destroys that noble feeling of self-reliance on the exercise of which the prosperous and healthy condition of a community so much depends. Alas! it is easy for those who have inherited or acquired by their own industry competency and wealth to criticise the condition of their less fortunate brethren. In some few instances such an abuse of public and private charity on the part of those who are its recipients may have taken place, but this is not a valid reason why the love of our neighbors should be discountenanced. It is not the poor alone who abuse the gifts which God bestows upon them, whether by the hands of charity or through any other channel. Is not every gift of His liable to abuse? The light of the day—the darkness of the night—the wealth, of which His providence has made us the stewards—the health, without which life itself would become tiresome—do we not abuse them all? But God, who knows our nature, does not withhold those gifts because we occasionally abuse them. Let us extend the same principle to the poor, and hold in its merited estimation that great commandment of our Lord and Master, that as His disciples we should love one another.

Young gentlemen of the graduating class, my task is done. I have endeavored to present to you, not according to the details of theology, but in a broad and general view of its benefits, the great precept of Christian charity. I have pointed out the divine authority on which the precept is founded, whether as it regards the love of God or the love of our neighbor. This has not been in that style of language, of oratory, or of eloquence to which you have been accustomed, or which befits the hall of science and such an audience as I see before me. For more than a third of a century it has been my duty to preach the word of God, but it was, almost always, to the willing ears and fervent hearts of the humble and simple minded, who in their own fervor were prepared to hear and be edified at whatever might be said. In speaking to them I have acquired the habit of imitating the simplicity of the gospel itself, caring little for ornaments of style, provided I could find terms calculated to convey ideas. If the ideas should be retained by my hearers, the language, which had been used as their vehicle, was of the slightest consequence. On this occasion, however, more attention to the language, as well as to the idea, might have been given with great propriety. I have at least, given you proof of my good-will; and if I have communicated ideas that may rise up in your memory hereafter, prompting you to love God and your neighbor, I shall feel myself highly rewarded. In the mean time, I thank you for that patience and attention which you have exhibited during my discourse. You are now about to go forth and enter upon the busy scenes of active life. It is the wish and the hope of all



your nearer friends, and it is mine also, that you will so deport yourselves on the new theatre of life as to reflect credit upon your distinguished *alma mater*, be a source of comfort and legitimate pride to your parents and your family, and an honor to the great country which rightfully expects much from her noble sons who have had the benefits of such an education as it has been your privilege to receive. Another wish and hope, which I may be allowed to express in my own name, is that God will protect you, pour upon you his choicest blessings in this life, and enable you to reach that better life, in another world, for which you were created.

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## THE VEIL O'ER FUTURITY.

BY MRS. JULIA L. KEYES.

The flowers that deck our garden bed  
Would bloom—but could not gladden,  
The fragrance which their petals shed  
Alas! would only sadden.

Their beauties could not rapture eyes  
That never rest from weeping,  
And never gazed in pleased surprise,  
Nor closed in tranquil sleeping.

The verdant woods would be but drear,  
And e'en the streamlet, gliding  
So merrily and gaily near,  
Our grief would be deriding.

The cooling summer winds would bear  
No healing, soothing power,  
As soon would scorched Sirocco air  
Revive a drooping flower.

No blessings Heaven has ever given  
Would gild for us the morrow,  
If from our hearts the veil was riven  
Which screens all future sorrow.

## THE MISANTHROPE.

BY THETA.

THE man, who becomes disgusted with the world and tears himself from all friendly associations and seeks a home where he may be excluded from all society, may awaken in our bosoms a feeling of awe, of sympathy or of pity, but can never inspire us with admiration or esteem. It seldom happens, indeed, that the misanthrope's hate of mankind is unrequited. His hate of the world and the world's hate of him are mutual. If it be true that love begets love, it is equally so that hate begets hate. The hermit, driven to his seclusion by excessive religious zeal, may inspire us with a reverential fear, as he stands with upturned eyes and deeply furrowed brow, and gives vent to his frenzy in a hurried discourse upon the mysterious ways of Providence and an exhortation to devote our lives to God's service alone. The victim of defeated ambition or of disappointed love may awaken our sympathy while he recites with burning tears the story of his wrongs and disappointments; may excite our pity as he recounts his sufferings. But neither can command our admiration—neither will win our esteem. The world has *in one sense* but little sympathy with him who denies in himself the exercise of all social affections. A principle of humanity planted in the heart of every man may make us feel *sorry* for his miseries, and prompt us to assist him in distress; but between him and ourselves there is no conformity of sentiment. And where this is wanting, love cannot exist. No man who lives *to himself alone* can reasonably expect to win the esteem of society. Esteem depends upon merit; it is won either by intrinsic qualities or by the actual performance of good deeds. The world is quick to perceive the uselessness of him who makes not even an effort to benefit society, and loth to cherish a regard for him, who in its opinion does not deserve it. Nor is he who is at enmity with mankind, happy in himself. Indeed in the enjoyment of the love and respect of society does much of our happiness consist. Yet there are some men who *seem* to think misanthropy a mark of excellence or of sound sense; and deem the world unjust for not recognizing it as such. They walk in a world of their own, absorbed in their own gloomy thoughts, and deem him fortunate for whom their faces brighten with a smile. And to a man of this temperament surely the world must be gloomy. He imagines himself slighted when men honor him not above others; he derives no pleasure from the love of friends, finds no congenial spirit, no companion whose heart throbs in unison with his own, but is ever broad-



ing over past misfortunes and imaginary ills, as if he expected to find happiness in them. Imagination surrounds him with a throng of demons, and at every one he meets, and at every word uttered by his fellows, his lip is curled in scorn. In the privacy of his room, visions of horror float through his mind; objects, to other eyes pleasant and beautiful, become frightful spectres in his path, and how often does he sigh for oblivion to the past and damnation to the future! On his brow is the scowl of misery, and in his heart rankle the shafts of despair. To his eyes the lovely face of nature no longer gives delight; to his ears the voice of Spring and the gladsome carols of birds are forever hushed; and too often alas! he shakes the hand of defiance in the face of the Almighty.

Excessive self-esteem and a perverted imagination naturally lead to these results. A man of extreme sensitiveness will often mistake a well-meant sally of wit for a bitter sarcasm, a smile of approval for a sneer of derision, and often attributes the kindest act of friendship to the meanest motive. If we scrutinize deeply the passions and failings of the misanthrope, we will find that the cause of his misery lies almost always in himself, and not in the world's treatment of him. Every man is apt to form in his own mind a certain standard of virtue and propriety, and commonly each man's ideal is too high, and approaches too nearly to perfection, to be found in this world of imperfections. It very rarely happens that any man's standard of benevolence, for example, is met with. The natural consequence is, that when a man of sanguine temperament in his intercourse with the world, meets with falsehood where he expected to find honesty, with selfishness instead of generosity, he is apt to fall into a state of melancholy as painful as it is unreasonable. His disappointment becomes more and more deeply impressed upon his mind, and he gradually contracts disgust at the world and dislike to society. Disappointment in affairs of the heart, also, often produces misanthropy. Some men are so peculiarly constituted that they can never *love* but one; and to this one they devote the whole love of their heart. In her smiles alone they seek their happiness. She is the object of their every thought, the being for whom all their prayers are offered. In her presence, earth is a paradise; without her love, life is a burden; the grave a desired goal. Failing to win the object of his deepest affections, a man of such a passionate disposition suffers the extremest misery. Love of the fair being is supplanted by hate of the world, and his hate becomes as fixed and as intense as was his love. He retires in abhorrence from society, and indulges in solitude his gloomy reflections.

Yet the remedy in either case I have mentioned is simple and may be easily applied. A determined effort of the will is all that is requisite to its application. Surely self-love is a worthy passion; yet when it degen-

erates into selfishness, as it is liable to do, it becomes disgusting. A constant association, not with the gay and the giddy, but with the sedate and the thoughtful, will often counteract the baneful effects which inordinate self-esteem, unchecked, invariably produces. He who constantly associates with superiors cannot possibly estimate his own talents too highly; for the contrast between the merits of others and his own is too obvious to be overlooked even by the most superficial. Yet he who has never met a superior should not on that account suppose that one cannot be found. Even if one surpass all within the range of his acquaintance, it does not follow that he has *no superiors*. The claims to superiority of him whom we consider the greatest man are ever contested by some other. And it may be safely said at least of the most of us, that we have many superiors. Nor should any one imagine that because he has one enemy, all men are his enemies. Indeed, he who has *no enemies*, can scarcely find a friend; and the bitterer the persecutions of the one, the more devoted are the affections of the other. No man was ever so degraded, none so exalted that he could not boast a friend. If one deceives us, we should not therefore imagine that all others are alike deceivers; but we should rather be glad that his deception has been detected, and learn a lesson of cautiousness in our choice of associates. It is the heart of one but little acquainted with human nature to expect to find his standard of excellence realized. Perfection belongs not to man. We may often have occasion to lament the follies and insensibilities of men whom we meet in life; often may we turn away in disgust or abhorrence at their deeds. But we should remember that such men are not fair representatives of all; that there *are men* who would scorn to do a wrong, men worthy of our love. And let us seek their society instead of rendering ourselves miserable by forever contemplating the sins and worthlessness of the degraded and the mean. If we would have others love us, we must love others. And we should ever keep in mind that in order to be happy, we must *seek* happiness and seek it too with untiring perseverance and undying hope; and not sit with folded arms and wait patiently till it *come* of its own accord to us. For he who cherishes such a hope will find it a delusion, and that misery is wed to idleness as well as guilt. If a man contemplates in sorrow the depravity of human nature, let him exert himself for its improvement. Let him whose spirit is bowed beneath afflictions, reflect that he is still in the enjoyment of many blessings, and be thankful that God has not afflicted him more severely. Let him who derives no pleasure from the love of friends seek his happiness in the favor of God.



## EDITORS' TABLE.

### SALUTATORY.

TO THE PUBLIC:—With many thanks to our class-mates for having honored us with the Editorship of the MAGAZINE, and with grateful acknowledgements to our immediate predecessors for the many improvements they have wrought upon our College organ, we put on our official dignity and step forth to the discharge of our duties. We present ourselves to you with buoyant hopes and sanguine expectations; yet not as old and experienced writers who regardless of your approbation would fearlessly commit their literary bark to the storms of criticism; but, untried as we are, we begin our first voyage with a quivering pen and anxious heart. We are, as all men ought to be, modest and somewhat distrustful of our ability; yet we feel quite competent for the task before us if the critics' arrows are not showered upon us too profusely. One thing then we wish to impress upon the minds of the scrutinizing public is that we are as yet unfledged, hitherto mere twinkling stars as it were in the literary firmament; but since it is our intention to shine steady for the next twelve months, we ask you not to extinguish us by ungenerous attacks upon our productions. There should always be a recompense for deeds of a praiseworthy character and if the intrinsic worth of our periodical is not meritorious, our design is good; and if we should fail to elicit the public approbation we ought not to receive its condemnation or discouragement.

To stimulate our fellow-students to emulation—to offer them an opportunity to train their minds for lives of honor and usefulness—to incite a rivalry in the art of composition with a view to the cultivation of a literary taste—these are the inducements we hold out and the end we hope to promote. Besides this, the first pages of our Magazine shall be devoted to biographical and historical sketches, which we feel confident will be read with no little pleasure by those who are connected with and feel an interest in the past history of North Carolina. Surely enough, however, has been said as to the object of our Magazine, suffice it to say that besides the exponent of College thought, it is the escutcheon upon which in after years we hope North Carolina will be proud to see chronicled some of the scattered fragments of her most glorious deeds.

As the prosperity of all undertakings depend more or less upon their financial condition, it may not be inappropriate to say something about ours. For many years after the establishment of our Magazine it labored under the disadvantages of a deranged treasury, and indeed it has not been very long ago since the same shameful cause came near drawing over it the veil of oblivion. Now, we are happy to inform the public, that it rests upon a firm foundation. The Literary Societies have been kind enough to place their shoulders to the wheel, and for the past year have rolled it on successfully beyond expectation. Those would-be subscribers, then, need no longer feign financial derangement as an excuse; for we pledge ourselves to issue the usual numbers even at our own private expense.

One thing which perhaps it would be our interest not to mention but is it our inclination, and for our candidness we hope to receive pardon. It is a lamentable fact that periodicals now-a-days unless they savor of politics, receive the cold shoulder in almost every community. In North Carolina, as well as in other parts of our country, this doctrine will apply in a no less degree. We are unable to account for it, unless it be the legitimate result of an age of political degeneracy. We have always thought that literary pursuits were indispensable to the attainment of real eminence in this sphere, and it would be the part of wisdom, since it seems evident that every little upstart has a wonderful proclivity for some political hobby, to direct our attention to those higher and more ennobling pursuits of humanity—pursuits which are alone capable of making the wise, true and disinterested politician. Then let North Carolina, lead the van in striving to instil into her sons a desire for those literary endowments, without which, but few ever reach eminence beyond mediocrity. If she will encourage our efforts by subscribing to the Magazine, although our attempts may be feeble, we shall feel as though we are making the proper steps to scatter the seeds of literature. We are much gratified in stating that our fellow-students have exhibited great unanimity in supporting us; and we have good reasons to believe that many will contribute to our advancement in other ways than financially. We have many able writers among us, and from them we shall expect much aid, as our success depends in a measure upon their exertions. We have said that the Magazine would be conducted after the manner of our predecessors both in style and matter, yet we would not insinuate that we in any respect, think we have attained perfection, but assure you if any change for the better is perceived there is energy enough in the corps to leave it not undone.

There is an inducement for those interested in college affairs to take the Magazine which has perhaps never before been mentioned. Since the publication of the "Chapel Hill Gazette" has ceased, ours is the most authentic, and the only medium nearer than Hillsboro' through which the public can become acquainted with the transactions of the University. We would remind those of our fellow-students who have refused to give a helping hand of the pleasure to be experienced by preserving the Magazine, and in after years referring to it as a *souvenir* of their college career. It would call to mind many things which would be a source of delightful contemplation; old friends and associates, scenes and transactions in which perhaps they had acted a part, though almost effaced from memory by time and absence, would be made fresh and vivid again.

We are about to close our salutatory without giving our lady friends even a passing notice. Pardon us, "fair ones," for we have always been in the habit of reserving "sweet things" for the last. If at any time during our term of office you are threatened with symptoms of the "blue-stocking" disease, apply the columns of our Magazine, which will always prove an infallible remedy. At any rate bestow smiles of approbation upon our efforts, and we shall feel capable if not make the attempt to scale the highest ramparts of literature.

With a sincere appeal to the generosity of all our friends we close. If



success crown our efforts we shall only feel proud of what we have done, if it should be otherwise we hope to find consolation in the conscientious belief of having done our best.

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LOCAL MATTERS.—It used to be that to spend a summer vacation on Chapel Hill was something pleasant and desirable, but since the facilities for traveling have been so much increased every student seems to have caught the prevailing mania for visiting those places of attraction where they think the time will pass off the most agreeably. This was remarkably the case last vacation, for never before was Chapel Hill so completely destitute of her usual routine of vacation amusements. In justice, however, to our village friends who were kind enough to give parties the week following Commencement, we, in behalf of the students, return our sincere thanks. After this week the place was unusually dull. Some of our Commencement belles—fearing perhaps a sudden réaction, or too heavily burdened with its enviable *spoils* to bear them away without recreation—contributed much to the enjoyment of these little parties. After this tapering off as it were everybody, even some of our village ladies, readily yielded to the resistless sway of prevailing custom. Some were eager to hear and see the heaving billows of the sublime Atlantic, and bathe their limbs in its briny waters; others preferred to breathe the fresh invigorating mountain air, and indulge their fancy upon its picturesque scenery; a third class went to tread the thronged pavements and hear the buzzy hum of Northern cities, and to walk perhaps the gun-wales and explore the cabin of the Great Eastern. We believe they have nearly all returned, and each with a rich, rare and interesting tale. As these are nearly all places of poetical inspiration, we predict soon to see many effusions about the “lofty peaks” and cloud-capped summits of Blue Ridge, and the foaming billows and grand sound of old “ocean’s roar.”

Nothing of importance has occurred in College affairs this session; everything seems to be rolling on calmly and smoothly. The number of new students is not quite as large as is customary at the beginning of fall sessions. This is owing, perhaps, in a measure to the Faculty’s fixed determination to raise the relative grade of scholarship in the University; in consequence of which the applicants are not so readily admitted into the classes as formerly.

The Freshman Class numbers forty-eight; three only have succeeded in entering the Junior, and a comparatively small number the Sophomore.

We have seen but little of the Fresh as they have been *dodging* and *squatting* about in order to evade the doggings of imperious Sophs, though at a general glance we believe they have the appearance of intelligence and good looks. They act and look as though they had just been cut loose from their mothers’ “apron strings,” and not likely soon to become contaminated by any College corruption. We believe, however, that there exists at this time but few corrupting agencies in College, as it is evidently undergoing a great moral reformation. In addition to this we have it from good authority that the Chairs of the University are more ably filled, and the Faculty better arranged than they have been for many years.

Owing to some miscalculation we were somewhat disappointed in regard to the completion of our new buildings, which was to have occurred by the beginning of this session. We understand they will be ready for occupants in a very short time. When they are completed much will be added to the already good looks of our Campus; it will have the appearance of a considerable village within itself there being in all eight large brick buildings.

Though it has been some time ago, yet we are not disposed to let the 4th of July at Chapel Hill pass entirely unnoticed. About twelve o'clock the free and independant sons and daughters of this place and vicinity met in the College Chapel to celebrate the returning anniversary of their country's liberty. Although their number was small compared with the vast assemblages scattered over this broad land of ours, yet their hearts seemed to be not less sincere. The same feeling of veneration which that day throbbed in the breast of assembled millions had convened them together also, to offer up devotion on a day of general thanks-giving for a common good. The day was very warm and oppressive, but a more quiet and orderly performance was rarely ever witnessed. There was no wild enthusiasm displayed; but a holy religious feeling seemed to prevail—a feeling more characteristic of the solemnity of the day than the excitement usually exhibited. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Forbes. The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence was read by Mr. Joseph H. Saunders, of Chapel Hill, and the National Declaration by Mr. A. G. Moore, of La. Mr. J. E. Butts, of Ga. then in a few appropriate remarks introduced Samuel F. Phillips, Esq., of Chapel Hill, as orator of the day. We wish we felt competent to give a full and accurate synopsis of Mr. Phillips' speech; but owing to the length of time since its delivery, and a want of space we are afraid to undertake the task, lest we should fail to do it justice. Suffice it to say that with a graceful delivery and a clear full voice he soon rivited the attention of his audience, who listened with unflaging interest during the whole hour of his speech. He left the old hackneyed style of the 4th of July orations, and discoursed on a theme not more interesting to his hearers than appropriate to the existing state of affairs in our political world. At night the "grand and brilliant" display of fire works came off which consisted principally of Roman candles and sky-rockets. Although the performance was largely attended it seemed to afford more amusement for children than any body else.

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OFFICIAL.—As it would be too laborious and expensive a task to address privately each subscriber to the last volume of the Magazine, we have adopted this means of requesting a continuance of their favor. We send the Magazine to all those who extended their patronage to the last corps of Editors, and ask those wishing it discontinued to inform us either by letter or by returning the first number. The failing to do one or the other of these alternatives will be taken as an evidence of their willingness to continue subscribers, and we shall expect them to pay the usual subscription fee.



ARCHBISHOP HUGHES' SERMON.—We invite the attention of our readers to a careful perusal of Archbishop Hughes sermon, delivered before the graduating class last commencement. On account of the almost universal prejudice prevailing in a protestant country against Mr. Hughes' christian faith, we regret that we have seen and heard what we thought not only ungenerous but unjust criticisms relative to his late visit to our University.

In order that these impressions may be corrected, we lay before our readers, not exactly the words employed on that occasion, but the sum and substance of his sermon, and let it speak for itself. We venture to say that it is as pure gospel as ever fell upon the ears of any audience, and his garb and the services, before and after its delivery, were of such a character that even the most fastidious could not have cause to complain. A more intelligent and densely crowded audience we have never seen in our College Chapel.

Among the distinguished listeners were, besides Ex-Gov. Swain, President of the University, four other gentlemen who had been Governor of the State, namely: Messrs. Manly, Graham, Morehead and Ellis, and Judges Battle, Manly, and Biggs, and quite a number of members of Congress and the Legislature of the State. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Lynch of Charleston and Rev. F. McNeirny, of New York, were also in attendance; besides many other literary and clerical gentlemen. We understand that they were all highly pleased with the sermon, and readily pronounced it one of the very highest order. His Grace tarried but a short time with us, and during his stay was the guest of Professor Hubbard of the University.

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CHANGES IN THE FACULTY.—By the resignation of Messrs. S. S. Jackson and John W. Graham, which occurred at the close of last session, our University was deprived of two of her ablest Tutors. We understand they have left us with the intention of practicing Law. As they commanded while here universal esteem so also they carry away with them our best wishes. May they reap a rich harvest in their new field of action, and may the same success crown their efforts there as did here. While we are sorry to part with them, we are pleased to compliment the Trustees on the selection of Messrs. George B. Johnston, Tutor of Greek, George P. Bryan, Tutor of Latin, and Iowa Royster, Tutor of Elocution; all of whom we feel confident will fill their respective Tutorships in a manner highly creditable to themselves and their Alma Mater. These gentlemen were but a short time ago mingling amongst us as students, but they are now to act in a capacity entirely different. They have only to take the position as teachers that they did as students, and the fullest expectation of their friends will be realized.

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APOLOGY.—An apology is due our readers for devoting so much of this Number to what they might call dry matter. We promise a greater variety in our next. Many good contributions have been received, but their publication has been necessarily deferred.

**THE SWAIN PRIZE.**—As the Prize System established by our predecessors seems to have had the desired effect, namely: a stimulus in the art of composition we are induced to carry it on; though with a few slight alterations. It has been the good fortune of the Magazine during the past year to become owner of the steel plate of Gov. Swain, and it is our intention to have a number of engravings printed from time to time, as the demand may require, and placed in the University Book-Store, and other suitable places for sale. The proceeds of these sales are to be devoted to the purchase of the above named prize. We have resolved to offer but one prize and that to be awarded to the best contribution during the year, Editors excluded. The prize shall be worth thirty dollars, and we leave it entirely optionary with the successful competitor to chose between a medal, or the same amount in books. By the addition of a name, and as we imagine a sufficient guarantee for the solvency of the prize system, we are persuaded, that we are placing it on a more desirable as well as a more permanent basis.

While we feel confident, that the proceeds of this establishment will more than purchase the prize—as every student especially the graduating class will be anxious to procure the engraving of the President of the University; yet in case we are deceived we pledge ourselves to supply the deficiency from our private funds.

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**DEATH OF AN OLD SERVANT.**—We lament the painful duty of chronicling the death of our oldest and most faithful College servant, David Barham, which occurred about the middle of last vacation. For thirty-four years he has acted in this capacity, serving young men of every hue of character with an honest, gentlemanly and satisfactory deportment rarely known. He had almost a national acquaintance, and all the old graduates of the Institution who see this slight mark of our esteem will not fail to remember him. The students and especially the Faculty not only deplore his death but experience in it a great loss. We find a notice of his death in the "Fayetteville Observer" by "A Friend," which so appropriately bespeaks his true character that we have taken the liberty to insert it without the least alteration or abridgment:

"At Chapel Hill about mid-day of midsummer, 1860, David Barham, since 1826 a faithful and highly esteemed servant of the University. He was about 58 years of age. Dave was an honest, intelligent and good-tempered man, marked by some of the best traits of a gentleman. He will be greatly missed in Chapel Hill, and generally lamented by all who knew him; more especially by the Faculty and the gentlemen upon some or other of whom for more than thirty years past, during their College days, he was a trusty attendant. He came to Chapel Hill to serve a young master, at that time a merchant in this village, and after a year or two was introduced into College by Dr. Mitchell upon whom he had previously been a waiter. I heard Dave say about the time of Dr. Mitchell's death, and before we knew of it at Chapel Hill, that during his thirty years' connection with that gentleman he had never received



an unkind word from him, which, considering their constant intercourse as master and servant, was no small tribute to both. Although a considerable and shrewd trader amongst the young men of College, and for one of his station a man of decided intelligence and good judgment, very singularly Dave never availed himself of his abundant opportunities for learning to write. His father was a native African.

To those students of the University who have gone to the bar it may be not uninteresting to recognize their humble friend in the "Dave" mentioned in the leading case of *Smith v Barham*, 2 Dev. Eq., 420. His name is there connected with an important doctrine then first established, I believe, and now familiar to the profession. There is not in all the reports recorded the name of a man who for his opportunities was worthier or who filled the place to which he was assigned more completely, Farewell to him."

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**LITERARY NOTICE.**—One of the most interesting and useful publications which comes to our sanctum is the *Scientific American*, a weekly publication, devoted to popular science, new inventions, and the whole range of mechanic and manufacturing arts. The *Scientific American*, has been published for fifteen years, by the well-known Patent Solicitors, Messrs. Munn & Co. 37 Park Row, New-York; and has yearly increased in interest and circulation, until it has attained, we understand nearly 30,000 subscribers, which is the best of evidence that the publication is appreciated by the reading public.

To those of our readers who may not be familiar with the character of the paper, we will state some of the subjects of which it treats. Its illustrated descriptions of all the most important improvements in steam and agricultural machinery, will commend it to the Engineer and Farmer, while the new household inventions and shop tools which are illustrated by engravings and described in its columns, with the practical receipts contained in every number, renders the work desirable to housekeepers, and almost indispensable to every mechanic or smith who has a shop for manufacturing new work, or repairing old.

The *Scientific American* is universally regarded as the inventor's advocate and monitor; the repository of American inventions, and the great authority on law, and all business connected with Patents. The Official List of Claims, as issued weekly from the Patent Office, in Washington, are published regularly in its columns. All the most important Patents issued by the United States Patent Office are illustrated and described in its pages, thus forming an unrivalled history of American inventions.

It is not only the best, but the largest and cheapest paper devoted to Science, Mechanics, Manufacturers, and the Useful Arts published in the world. Hon. Judge Mason, formerly Commissioner of Patents, is not only engaged with the publishers in their immense Patent Agency department, but as a writer on Patent Laws and Practice, his ability is forcibly portrayed in the columns of this paper.

The Scientific American is published once a week, (every Saturday,) each number containing 16 pages of Letterpress, and from 10 to 12 original Engravings of New Inventions, consisting of the most improved Tools, Engines, Mills, Agricultural Machines and Household Utensils, making 52 numbers in a year, comprising 832 pages, and over 500 original engravings, printed on heavy, fine paper, in a form expressly for binding, and all for \$2 per annum.

A New Volume commences on the 1st of July, and we hope a large number of our townsmen will avail themselves of the present opportunity to subscribe. By remitting \$2 by mail to the publishers, Munn & Co. 37 Park Row, New-York, they will send you their paper one year, at the end of which time you will have a volume which you would not part with for treble its cost. The publishers express their willingness to mail a single copy of the paper to such as may wish to see it without charge.

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**DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.**—We were honored some time ago by a visit from Gen. Joseph Lane, of Oregon, to our University. His stay was quite short owing to his intention to visit, besides other portions, that part of the State which is the spot of his birth and early youth. He was the guest while here of his cousin our worthy President, which we suppose was his principal object in honoring us with his presence. By the solicitation of a committee appointed he addressed the citizens of Chapel Hill in a short speech. Though we did not have the pleasure of hearing him we understand he explained the object of his visit to his old homestead, and then touching upon the leading politics of the day closed with a short review of his own. The fatigue of traveling seems somewhat to have impaired his health, and he says that although the hot weather and making speeches may have slightly altered his physical constitution it has in no way effected his political.

The General was kind enough before he left to give us his name and five dollars for the Magazine. We say this not in a boastful spirit, but merely to let other publications know that they hav'n't got all the "big" subscribers.

Judge Wright, of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, has also sojourned at our halls of learning since the beginning of the session. We are sorry that coming to as healthy a place as ours he was unfortunate enough to be prostrated for a few days by sickness. His attack, however, was not of a serious nature, but after a few days care and confinement he regained, we believe, his usual health.

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**A CHANGE IN THE CORPS.**—Mr. Bradford having ceased his connection with College, and thereby resigning the office of Editor, an election was held on Monday, July 30th for the purpose of supplying the vacancy. The result was the choice of Mr. David W. Simmons, of Onslow, whom we welcome into our body as one worthy and competent to share its many responsibilities.



**THE PRIZE AWARDED.**—We publish below the report of the committee appointed to award the prize for the best contribution to the last volume of the Magazine. We regret that by some means or other the original report was misplaced, and the following is only the sum and substance of it as near as one of the committee could write down from memory. There were several articles besides the prize complimented the names of which could not be positively remembered. The author of the successful essay was Mr. Hugh Strong of South Carolina. The prize awarded was Washington Irving's complete works, and Mr. Strong received it amidst considerable enthusiasm.

The following is the report:

The committee regret that others than members of the Faculty were not chosen to make the decision, but as under the circumstances no other arrangement seemed possible, they have endeavored to perform impartially the task assigned them. On a careful examination of the essays submitted to them, they were unanimously of the opinion that none had attained the standard of excellence which the Editors must have contemplated in offering the prizes, they therefore decided to confer but one of the two which were offered. They assign the second premium to the essay in the Number for April entitled "The Mind—Its Pleasures when well Cultivated," as being *on the whole* the best of those in competition. The committee would further add, that they think the system of prizes has worked well, and would recommend its continuance.

A. D. HEPBURN, }  
F. M. HUBBARD, } *Committee.*  
W. H. BATTLE, }

**A WORD TO THE MODEST.**—We have heard it asserted, and indeed know it to be so, that there are many—perhaps good writers—who would contribute to the Magazine were it not for the fear of having their pieces rejected, and their names exposed—not to the public—but only the editors. We must pronounce this class extremely modest and if their ability must be estimated accordingly we imagine that they must have some exceedingly meritorious articles. To remedy this, however we would say, that you may drop your pieces in the "box" with your name written on the inside of a sealed envelope, and we promise not to break the seal unless the article is received. Then no longer consign your productions to your private drawers, but do as we have said and you save your modesty with the pleasing prospect of seeing your thoughts in print.

**MARRIED.**—On the morning of the 19th of June, in Christ (Episcopal) Church Raleigh, Mr. George B. Johnston, of Edenton, and of the graduating class of 1859, to Miss Annie T. Johnson, of that place.

In Goldsboro' on the 19th of July, Mr. James Smith, of Fayetteville, and formerly of the present Junior Class, to Miss Rachel Roberts, of that place.

EXCHANGES.—The following Magazine exchanges have come to us since the last issue of the Magazine: Medical Journal of North Carolina, for June; Harvard Magazine, two numbers, June and July; Yale Literary Magazine for June; New York Teacher, for July and August; Centre College Maganine for June; Kentucky Military Institute Magazine for June; Belait College Monthly for June and July; Parthenian or Young Ladies' Magazine, Baltimore, for September; Rutzers College Quarterly, for July; Erskine Collegiate Recorder, for July; Blackwood's Edinburg Magazine, for June; Kenyon Collegian, for May; North Carolina Journal of Education, for July; Virginia University Magazine, for June.

Among these Magazines our attention was most forcibly arrested by the appearance of the "Parthenian" edited by the young ladies of the Baltimore Female College. It is the most neatly executed thing of any that comes to our Sanctum. The September Number contains an account of their last Commencement, and the different essays of those young ladies who were candidates for distinction. We find some of the pieces excellent, and we do not hesitate in recommending the "Parthenian" to our readers.

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We acknowledge the following receipts since 1st of July: T. W. Cooper, \$2.00, Wm. M. Brooks, \$2.00 Jno. W. Mebane, \$2.00, S. F. Patterson \$2.00, Miss B. C. Lemly, \$2.00, E. W. Jones, \$2.00, J. T. Douglas, \$2.00, B. G. Worth, \$2.00 J. R. Lindsay, \$2.00 John Armstrong, \$2.00 R. H. Lee, 2.00 E. T. McKeethan, \$2.00, Gen. Jos. Lane, \$5.00



# COLLEGE RECORD.

## COMMENCEMENT.

We are compelled to place before our readers a more abridged record of last Commencement than we should wish; partly owing to the scanty accounts of reporters and partly because if it were longer it would be impossible for it all to appear in this number. We feel our indebtedness to several State papers for the material aid they have rendered us in making out the following. The exercises of Commencement opened on Monday evening June 4th with declamations by the competitors of the Freshman class; to wit:

1. Irish Enthusiasm—Whiteside. Julius C. Mitchell, Alabama.
2. Defence of O'Connell—Sheil. Richard H. Smith, Scotland Neck.
3. Battle of Ivry—Macaulay. Wesley L. Battle, Chapel Hill.
4. The South—Simms. Wm. H. Reeves, Tennessee.
5. National Hatred—Choate. G. Lawrence Washington, Kinston.
6. Lone Star of Texas—Webb. Marandy R. Willeford, Texas.

1. The Platform of the Constitution—Webster. J. T. Harris, Franklin Co.
2. Monument in Independence Square—Rayner. R. D. Graham, Hillsboro'.
3. Mahmoud II. Wm. J. White, Warrenton.
4. Mississippi Contested Election—Prentiss. J. H. McGilvary, Fayetteville.
5. Feelings of an American towards England—I. Royster. Norman L. Shaw, Harrellsville.

The efforts of these young gentlemen were very creditable to them. Indeed, it was the best declamation we have heard from Freshmen for years. Where so many did very well, it may be invidious to draw distinctions; but it is only just to record the fact that Messrs. Willeford and Harris secured marked attention to their efforts.

On Tuesday evening (the day being occupied in the examination of the Senior Class in Political Economy and Civil Engineering) the Chapel was crowded to hear the Sermon of Archbishop Hughes, of New York. The Sermon was considered by all who heard it as eminently appropriate. He spoke for nearly two hours, and was listened to throughout with marked attention. As we publish the Sermon further comment is unnecessary.

On Wednesday the Annual Address before the two Literary Societies was delivered by John Pool, Esq., of Elizabeth City. Mr. Pool was introduced on this occasion in a remarkably neat and appropriate manner, by Mr. E. J. Hale, of the Senior Class, as the representative of the Philanthropic Society. His address chastely, concisely, clearly and pointedly set before the young people of the assembly not merely the advantages, but the indispensable necessity of a rigid training in intellectual exercises in order to the proper discharge of their duties in after life. Our country needs not so much men who have much learning as men who can use aright what learning they have. This power over one's mental possessions can be secured only by a patient

continuance in exercises of continuous thought and constant communion with the minds of the active and liberal thinkers of the world. Good books written by great men are among the best companions with which a young man can surround himself. By their aid and incentives he will be encouraged to extend the boundaries of science in its various departments. So will virtue have free scope to manifest its principles and extend its life, and liberty will diffuse its blessings over all the children of wrong and oppression.

Mr. Pool graduated at Chapel Hill in 1847, when President Polk visited the University. While a student he practiced what as "the Orator" he enjoined, and his marked success in life shows that his precepts were most proper, both in their philosophy and in their application.

The Sophomore competitors, on Wednesday night, were as follows:

1. The Washington Monument—Winthrop. Wm. W. Jones, Henderson.
2. Development of Southern Resources—Garland. A. C. Jones, Texas.
3. Speech of Spartacus—Kellog. John H. Bass, Georgia.
4. Destruction of Jerusalem—Headley. Wm. Biggs, Williamston.
5. Irish Aliens and English Victories—Sheil. S. J. Andrews, Greensboro'.
6. Parrhasius—Willis. John W. Hinsdale, Fayetteville.

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1. The Invasion of States—Hunter. Henry C. Wall, Richmond Co.
  2. Adams and Jefferson—Everett. Ruel A. Stancill, Mississippi.
  3. New Orleans—Maffit. James H. Polk, Tennessee.
  4. The Abolition Party—Barksdale. Thomas G. Skinner, Perquimans Co.
  5. Results of Abolition Teachings—Vorhees. Thomas W. Taylor, Granville County.
  6. Plea for the Union—Baldwin. Wm. M. Fetter, Chapel Hill.

This exhibition was not equal to that of the Freshman Class. We forbear making any discriminations or comments, as they labored under a great disadvantage. An unusual storm occurred, which disconcerted the audience and disturbed the quiet of the occasion.

During the intermission between the two sections of the Sophomore declaimers Mr. Hugh Strong, of South Carolina, received the prize awarded by the Editors for the best contribution to the Magazine, during the previous collegiate year. Gov. Ellis delivered it in a few very appropriate remarks. The full report of the committee of award can be found in an other part of our editorial.

Thursday was devoted to the exercises of the Graduating Class, the reading of the Annual Report and conferring Degrees. The exercises were opened with singing and prayer, after which those members of the Class who received the first and second distinctions, declaimed speeches prepared by them for the occasion, as follows:

Latin Salutatory—Iowa Royster, Raleigh.

Where Eloquence flourishes, Liberty must dwell—Junius Cullen Battle, Chapel Hill.

Moral Courage—James Kelly, Moore County.

Man Worship—Erasmus Decatur Scales, Rockingham County.



The Origin of Love—a Poem—Sam'l Park Weir, Greensboro.'

Literary Vanity—William John King, Louisburg.

The Sentiment of Honor—Wm. Joseph Headen, Chatham County.

Emulation—its office in the work of Education—Thomas Watson Cooper, Bertie County.

The desire of applause as a principle of action—George Pettigrew Bryan, Raleigh.

The Social Duties of Man—Wm. Martin Brooks, Chatham County.

The Study of Men—Hugh Strong, South Carolina.

Common Sense—Lewis Bond, Tennessee.

#### AFTERNOON.

Extemporaneous Speaking—Chas. Carroll Pool, Elizabeth City.

Industry and Civilization—George Lovick Wilson, Newbern.

Influence of Speculative Minds—Wm. Augustus Wooster, Wilmington.

Mr. Brooks being sick did not appear on the stage, but his colleagues acquitted themselves with much credit. Mr. Royster spoke so clearly, with such propriety of enunciation, emphasis and manner, that almost every body thought the salutatory intelligible. Messrs. Wilson and Wooster were also listened to with pleasure by a crowded house.

The Alumni Association presented nothing this year for the instruction or amusement of the public. It may have been thought the savour of Dr. Hooper's address ought to last longer than one year. The attendance of the Alumni was not so numerous as it often is; or, if present, they did not present themselves when the representatives of their class were called for. Perhaps those who thus shrink from public gaze are bachelors, who, as rolling years push back the year of their graduation, are ashamed to show themselves, conscious of having no *parvus Julius* preparing to fill papa's place at college. B. F. Moore, Esq., of Raleigh, is the President of the Association for the coming year, and Messrs. R. J. Smith, G. F. Davidson, J. Pool, R. H. Graves, J. Horner and Thomas Hill, are its Vice Presidents.

The report of the Board of Examiners was submitted and read by Judge Battle.

The Annual Report was then read by the President of the Faculty, from which it appeared the first distinction was awarded to Messrs. Battle, Bryan, Hale, Pool, Royster, Strong, Wilson and Wooster. The second to Messrs. Bond, Brooks, T. W. Cooper, Headen, James Kelly, King, Scales and Weir. and the third to Messrs. Baird, Borden, Bruce, Daniel, Fain, Fogle, Graham, Hardin, E. Martin, Rial and Thorp.

Messrs. Battle and James Kelly were counted as absent from no one of the 4500 attendances on duty required of them in the four years of a College course. Mr. Pool was never absent in four years when he was on the Hill. Mr. Strong was never absent or tardy when it was possible for him to attend. Mr. Thorp had not been absent during the last two years. Messrs. Barbee, Nicholson, Thorp and Wilson were rarely absent in the four years. Messrs. Baird, Barrett, Bond, Brooks, Bruce, Cole, Cooper, T. W. Cooper, Graham,

Headen, McCallum, Mimms, Rial, Royster, Scales, Wallace and Wooster were the next most punctual members of this Class.

Among the eighty-eight Juniors, the *first* grade in scholarship was assigned to Messrs. Allen, R. S. Clark, Simmons, Stewart and E. E. Wright.

The *second* was obtained by Messrs. Butts, Dowd, Knight, Maverick and Van Wyck.

The *third* was won by Messrs. A. T. Bowie, Coffin, Currie, W. E. Davis, Dobbin, Garrett, Halliburton, T. Haughton, Lightfoot, Marshall, Nicholson, J. P. Parker, Parks, Ross and Timberlake.

Mr. Hobson reached the first rank in all his studies, save Mathematics, where he was among the second men. Mr. Pugh reached it in none save Spanish.

Mr James Parker has not been absent from any duty in three years. Mr. R. T. Murphy had not been absent until three weeks ago, when he became very ill. Messrs. R. Clark, Dobbin and Hogan have never been absent except when sick. The next most punctual are Messrs. Allen, Bullock, Dowd, J. Harris, Hicks, Horney, Knight, Michie, J. P. Parker, Simmons, Stedman and E. E. Wright.

The ninety-nine Sophomores are half way through their course. At present the best scholars among them are Messrs. Bartlett, Gains, Hassell, Hinsdale, Patterson and Taylor.

The second best are Messrs. Andrews, Armstrong, Bellamy, Broadfoot, Cameron, Fort, Foscue, E. Martin, McIver, J. E. Moore, Timberlake and Young.

The third best are Messrs. Blain, Clark, Covington, Fitzgerald, Fletcher, McFadyen, McQueen, McLaurin, McMillan, A. J. Moore, M. Moore, Ray, Russell, S. Smith, Staton, Wall, and W. Whitfield.

Mr. A. G. Moore was worthy of the first distinction in French.

In this class, Messrs. Bellamy, Hassell, Parker, J. Parker, and Patterson, have not been absent from their duties in two years. Messrs. Bartlett, Broadfoot, Cameron, Doss, Fort, Wm. J. Smith and S. W. Smith, have not been absent during the year just past. Mr. Blocker was not absent during the last session. Messrs. Andrews, Shaw, Covington, Gorrell, Hadly, McQueen, Polk, W. Whitfield and Young have also been quite punctual. The next most punctual were Messrs. Armstrong, Blain, Boyd, Cherry, Clark, Fletcher, Hinsdale, Holt, King, Richardson, Russell, Sutton and Whitfield.

There were sixty-nine Freshmen, and among these the first distinction was assigned to Messrs. Henderson, McAfee, Peebles, Washington and Young.

The second, to Messrs. Craige, Graham, Kelly, J. B. Mitchell, A. M. Moore, Perry and Thurmond.

The third, to Messrs. Battle, Carr, Franklin, Harris, Johnson, N. Kelly, Lane, Morrow, Ryan, Smith, Thomson, White and Willeford.

Mr. Scales attained the third rank in Mathematics, and the first in the other departments. Mr. Kenneday won a second rank in Mathematics, and Messrs. Mathews and Reeves a third rank.

Messrs. Bunn, Franklin, Harris, Johns, Pool, Reeves, Scales, and Tyson have been perfectly punctual during the year; Messrs. Barrett, Kelly, N. Kelly and Young during last session. Messrs. Battle, Carr, Clement, McAfee,



J. C. Mitchell, G. B. Moore, Peebles, Royster, Ryan, Shaw, Smith, Thurmond, Washington and Watkins were rarely absent during the year.

The *secundum gradum petentes* were Messrs. R. W. Anderson, T. C. Belcher, the Rev. A. D. Betts, R. Bingham, G. M. Duskin, E. J. Gaines, Jos. W. Graham, J. Guion, T. N. Hill, T. S. Kenan, J. E. Lindsay, J. E. Logan, R. H. Marsh, J. Manning, A. McLaughlin, J. C. McLaughlin, H. McMillin, C. A. Mitchell, H. Mullins, J. M. Richmond, J. L. Steward, D. Stewart, Jr., H. R. Thorp, J. Venable, J. Wilson, graduates of three years standing.

The degree of LL.B. was granted to Messrs W. L. Alexander, John W. Graham, S. S. Jackson and J. L. Steward.

The degree of B. S. was conferred on Messrs. J. L. Douglas, R. L. Hailey, J. A. Prudhomme, G. C. Smith, and S. K. Watkins as graduates of "The School for the application of Science to the Arts."

A diploma then was given to each member of the Class, by the President, and with each diploma a handsome volume of the Holy Scriptures.

Messrs. Alexander Kirkland and Sidney Smith, who were providentially prevented from graduating with their class in 1859, were also counted as Bachelors of Arts at this time.

Mr. Edward J. Hale, of Fayetteville, then arose, and in a very neat valedictory, returned thanks to the Trustees, President and Faculty of the Institution for the many courtesies extended to the members of his Class during their college term, and bade his fellow-students and class-mates an affectionate farewell. He acquitted himself in every respect with honor. The metaphor with which he began his address was striking and very appropriate. He and his class-mates were as the waters of a river, which, stayed by the rushing tide, linger awhile in their banks ere they are spread abroad over the wide ocean before them.

The exercises closed with sacred music and prayer.

During the whole week, and between every speech the ears of the audience were frequently regaled by the loud, sweet strains of music from the Richmond Armory Band.

The Marshals for this Commencement were Mr. Joshaa G. Wright, of Wilmington, Chief, and Messrs. R. Lawrence, Coffin, of Miss., Guilford Nicholson, of Halifax, Wm. Van Wyck, Jr., of South Carolina, and Joel P. Walker, of Mississippi, Assistants. The good order maintained throughout the week was gratifying to the friends of the University, and the prompt courtesy, yet the decided energy of these gentlemen contributed much to this happy result.

At night, came off the Grand Ball in honor to the graduating class. The management of this affair, and the entertainment connected therewith was entrusted to Messrs. G. B. Hunt, of Miss., James N. Thompson, of Leasburg, Spier Whitaker, Jr., of Iowa, and Nicholas L. Williams, of Yadkin. It was largely attended and we believe reflected credit upon these gentlemen. Thus ended the Commencement of 1860, at Chapel Hill. May it be long remembered by all who participated in its festivities and gayeties.

## TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY, July 28, 1860.

Whereas, intelligence has been received by the Philanthropic Society of the death of our once esteemed and beloved fellow-member, Nicholas B. Shannon, of Miss., who has but recently departed from our midst with such high hopes only to be blighted in the end. Therefore,

Resolved, that, while we bow in meek submission to the decrees of an all-wise Providence, we can not but grieve over his untimely end, and sincerely regret that one so promising should thus be cut off in the morning of life.

Resolved, that our Society of which he was a worthy member has lost a warm and zealous friend.

Resolved, that we tender our heartfelt sympathies to his bereaved family.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, Raleigh Standard, Mississippi papers and the University Magazine.

J. C. BELLAMY,	} Com.
C. W. BROADFOOT,	
J. W. HINSDALE,	

DIALECTIC SOCIETY, July 29th, 1860.

It is with feelings of the deepest sorrow that the Dialectic Society has heard of the death of William Cary Dowd, our late fellow-member. One who left us but a short time ago bearing with him in modest triumph all the honors that college could bestow and something to him dearer than all these, the love of friends, the respect of instructors and the kindest wishes of all with whom he was associated. The Society looked forward with the greatest pleasure to the time when we should enroll his name on the list of those who leaving us with auspices less propitious, have become good, and great and wise; and also to the time when a generous people should entwine his brow with such honors as few among us could hope to win, yea, well could we say,

"None knew him but to love him,"

Nor named him but to praise.

Yes, he's gone. The loved of all who knew him is gone before he could prove to the world that he was a *man*. Therefore,

Resolved, That the Dialectic Society, while she bows implicitly to the will of *Him*, who doeth all things well, cannot but deeply feel and deplore the loss of her much loved son, to whose laborious exertion and commanding talent she owes, in a considerable degree, her present prosperity and reputation, and whose untimely end has deprived us of that rich reward, which, his life so promisingly begun, would have reflected upon her.

Resolved, That the Society tenders her heartfelt sympathies to the relatives of the deceased and joins equally in their grief for *her* loss has been almost as great as theirs. She encourages them to be submissive and look to *Him* who alone can console, since she entertains the cheerful belief and hope, that, he for whom they mourn, has gone to a brighter abode to receive the rewards of a short yet pious and useful life.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, also to the University Magazine, Raleigh Register, with request to publish them.

J. W. HALLIBURTON,	} Com.
J. M. HOBSON,	
C. A. STEWART,	



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Greensboro', N. C.

Jan. 1860.—tf.

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Oct. 1859.—tf.

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March, 1860.

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Vol. X. SEPTEMBER. No. 2.

# NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

## EDITORS:

OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

JOHN T. JONES,  
OLIVER T. PARKS.  
DAVID W. SIMMONS, Jr.

OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

THOMAS T. ALLEN,  
ROBERT S. CLARK,  
JOEL P. WALKER.

FOR SALE BY  
W. L. POMEROY, Raleigh, N. C.

CHAPEL HILL:  
JOHN B. NEATHERY, PRINTER.  
1860.


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## NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

As we receive a good many letters asking the price, &c., of the Magazine, to save time and trouble we publish below all necessary information.

The MAGAZINE is issued regularly at the beginning of each month (excepting January and July.) TERMS: For single copies \$2 per annum *invariably in advance*; six copies \$10; and for clubs of more than ten a reasonable deduction will be made.

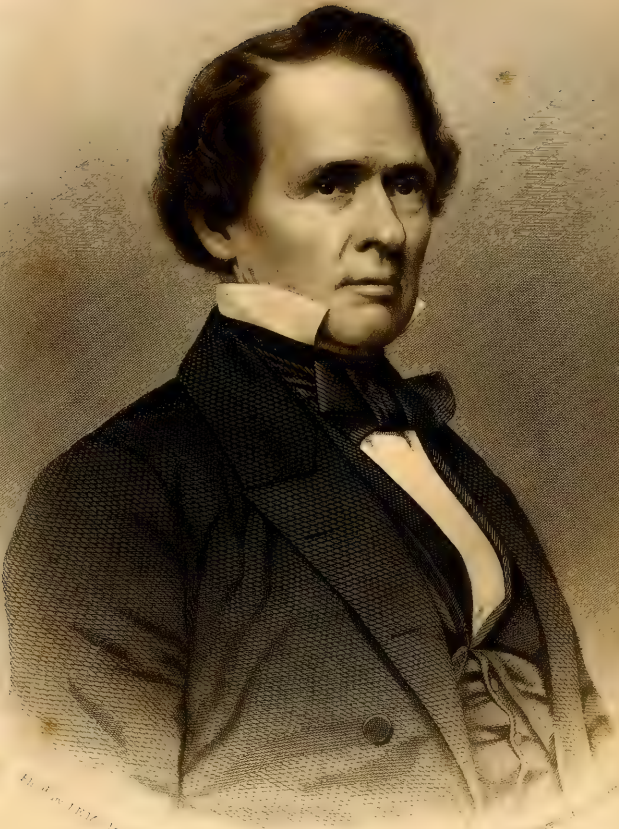
 All letters should be addressed to the "Editors of the North Carolina University Magazine."

We acknowledge the following receipts since first of August. W. F. Alderman, \$2.00, Thos. Douglass, \$2.00, Francis Gillam, \$2.00, Col. H. W. Harrington, \$2.00, J. C. McClelland, \$2.00, Rev. Jas. Phillips, \$2.00, W. L. Pomeroy, \$2.00, Rev. Charles Phillips, \$4.00 Hon. D. L. Swain, \$2.00, T. Lucius Smith, \$2.00, A. Wessen, \$2.00, Geo. B. Hunt, \$2.00, Allen T. Bowie, \$2.00, John McIver, \$1.00, Barrett, \$2.00, John L. Haughton, \$2.00, B. J. Wesson, \$2.00, Whitner, \$2.00, W. Battle, \$2.00, R. B. Graham, \$2.00, Ramsey, 1.00, L. R. Ray, \$2.00, Wittich, \$2.00, Long, \$2, Hargrove, \$2, Martin, \$2, Speight, \$1.00, Dr. R. Winborne, \$2, Col. E. W. Montfort, \$2, D. W. Simmons, Sr., \$2, Jos. C. Bellamy, \$2, Hon. Henry T. Clark, \$2.

 The publisher would state that circumstances over which he had no control prevented the appearance of the "Magazine" at the proper time. He will endeavor to issue it punctually in future.







Joseph Lane

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Vol. X.

SEPTEMBER, 1860.

No. 2.

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## AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE TWO LITERARY SOCIETIES OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE 6, 1860,

BY JOHN POOL, ESQ.

It is a matter for congratulation to see the increasing interest manifested in the cause of education. The institutions under which we live impose a necessity for a general diffusion of correct and useful knowledge. It may be, therefore, that a sense of patriotic duty, as well as of moral and religious obligation, prompts the zeal shown in all parts of the country in establishing and maintaining seminaries of learning.

This assembly, here to-day, participating in the annual festival of our University, comes to approve the faithfulness of teachers and to encourage students to diligence. Public attention thus directed to the proficiency of merit and to the short-comings of indolence, by presenting an immediate motive for exertion, becomes an incentive to honorable emulation. Such encouragement is of no small importance to those who come here fresh from the gentle influences and indulgent care of parental hands, to find the thoughtless ease and irresponsibility of childhood interrupted by a sterner discipline. Those best skilled in the training of youth testify to its utility. The constitution of the human mind, requires some attainable object in view—some tangible reward of profit or praise—before it can overcome its natural inclination to ease, and bend to the reality of irksome toil. The anticipation of future returns for the sacrifices of the present must be strengthened by some occasional realization, in order to bring out the best energies of any human character. The knight, fighting among the hills of Palestine, though fired with religious zeal and striking in the name of his God and his honor, must needs seek some nearer recompense in the approving smiles of his lady. So the eyes of approving



friends, and the visits of a generous public to greet success with honorable applause, gives to the mind of the student new vigor and to his fainting heart fresh courage for the task before him.

The college course so far from being a pathway of flowers should be one of rigid training. The education here obtained is preparatory to the great battle of life, and meant to fit you to become faithful and efficient soldiers. To advance with profit and honor requires no small amount of labor, perseverance and self denial. The mere acquisition of knowledge should not be the primary object. Useful and varied information is certainly a very desirable incident of your literary and scientific studies. But the leading purpose should be to train and discipline the mind—to call it from vagueness and uncertainty to precision and system—that its wandering powers may be collected at will and concentrated upon a single point—thus bringing into practical use its entire activity and strength. Facts and rules committed to the uncertain keeping of the memory are comparatively useless acquirements. The mind must be made to grasp the principles, and to work out as much as possible by its own exertions, the logical deductions which lead to the truths that it would store away for future use. By no other means can it be qualified to enter successfully upon practical investigation or to rely with any degree of confidence upon the result of its own labors. This work is not in the power of teachers. Their judicious guidance and encouragement may facilitate, but can never insure the leading benefits of a proper education. A careful selection of studies and a well planned routine of intellectual exercises afford much assistance; but after all it rests with the student himself. It is a struggle for mastery over his truant thoughts, to make them the subservient instruments of his will—and the victory cannot be gained without a fixed determination to pursue it with unfaltering purpose. The talisman to success is labor—determined, unflinching labor, until it becomes a habit—a second nature—a positive pleasure. Without it there can be no high degree of mental training. Only by repeated labor are the muscles and eye of the artist trained to works of skill and beauty. By such, the gladiator prepared himself for the deadly lists, and the aspirant for the olive crown became a victor at the Olympic games. The aspirant for intellectual excellence cannot learn too early, that his more exalted aim can be reached by no less arduous means. He will find no road to it over which the rich may roll in chariots of ease while the poor walk in weary toil. Nor can he receive it as a birthright. It will not descend with the manor and the castle and the liveried servants. Neither can the work be done by hired laborers. But, day by day, and step by step, with patience and labor, he must work out for himself the rewards of success. If he attempt to recline upon a bed of

roses, or listen to the siren of ease when she sounds her deluding notes, he will never feel the palm of victory press his brow.

Nor can there be any safe reliance upon the native powers of the intellect, however great. It is too often true, that the most highly gifted are the most apt to neglect the proper cultivation of their endowments. Natural gifts of the most brilliant order may be neglected and misapplied, until they become rather a curse than a blessing to their possessor—serving only to make him appreciate more keenly the high estate from which he has fallen—sharpening the pangs of remorse, and adding to the bitterness of regret, the shame of self-condemnation. All are alike subject to the overruling necessity of depending on self-denying labor for the attainment of excellence in any department of life. In the private engagements, in the learned professions, in literature, science and the arts, it operates with the same binding and unavoidable certainty. Circumstances may give advantages, or chance may elevate for a time, but it serves only to make defects more conspicuous, and to increase the mortification of failure. Nothing but individual effort can secure individual excellence. And this is especially applicable to the student, who would bring into usefulness, by wholesome discipline, those exalted gifts with which Providence has endowed man so eminently above all the rest of creation. But it is an object worthy of his best exertions, and within the reach of every one who brings requisite diligence to the undertaking.

It is difficult to over-estimate the power of systematic effort—the magic of concentrated thought. To a mind well trained, obstacles become playthings, and seeming impossibilities vanish on its approach. Instead of begging a pitiful tribute it commands the trophies of triumph. It is this training that imparts to the correctly educated man such facility in the management of the ordinary concerns of life, and such readiness in the discharge of duties the most arduous. Without it, by an uncommon activity and natural quickness of mind, some manage to get along with tolerable success. With some ingenuity and a few flashes of fancy, they may turn attention from the shameful confusion into which they are betrayed by the want of consecutive thought. They may throw upon a matter in hand a kind of flickering light, with now and then a ray of borrowed radiance to penetrate the mist in which they are involved. With some applause, they may play around a subject without ever giving it a manly grasp. But these are mere scintillations of intellect. They catch the empty praise of the ignorant, but can never command the solid approbation of those whose esteem is so gratifying to a man of parts—nor can they secure that which is so much sweeter than all to the cultivated man—the consciousness of intellectual strength and the pride of mental superiority.

Every young man feels that the main object of life is to discharge all its duties with faithfulness and honor. With his mind well-trained, he is prepared to enter upon those duties in any sphere. If he choose any of the learned professions, he brings to the mastery of its principles the undivided powers of his intellect. Its honors and emoluments are within his reach, and wait upon his bidding. He will readily outstrip the many who press into the race before they have trained themselves to run it. If his country call him to her councils, he is able to stand among her benefactors with pride and dignity. If he engage in the unostentatious, but not less honorable, pursuits of humble life, he is saved from manifold perplexities that befall his less fortunate neighbors. Method and precision mark his arrangements, securing in their operation, satisfaction and success. Properly trained and cultivated men are the pride of a nation. To them must be intrusted the intricate affairs of government, requiring acuteness of mind and a well-balanced judgment. Judicial duties, especially, require that close, discriminating and consecutive thought which can result only from a patient and thorough discipline of the mind. Without men so qualified, any government fails in many of its most important ends; and instead of securing right and upholding truth, justice becomes but a hazard in its tribunals—and ultimately it must be overwhelmed with confusion and disgrace. Happy is the nation and fortunate the age that prepares for its youths the means of fitting themselves to discharge the duties of its exalted stations, and by generous encouragement inspires them to train themselves for a career of usefulness and honor. The high-souled, aspiring young men of our land! They are the jewels of the Republic, the repository of its hopes, the defenders of its destiny! It is for them to be the benefactors of the age. May they prove faithful to their trust, and firm in noble resolve to discharge it to the honor and glory of their country.

But, in addition to public usefulness, educated men may exert a most beneficial private influence. They may elevate the social standard of morals and manners—give tone and character to the circles in which they move—restrain inclination to vice, and by the valued encouragement of their approbation promote whatsoever is virtuous and good. And this private influence upon the masses of the people is no less important than powerful. The human mind is inclined to be subservient, and to bow before the manifestation of superior intelligence and virtue. The great mass of mind requires some master spirit to think for it, and furnish it a model of conduct. Most men look up, for guidance, to some one whose acquirements and virtues have attracted their attention. Those who improve the advantages of a liberal education thus become lights for others to follow, leading them on to whatever is for social improvement and the public good.



Our peculiar political system requires elevating and virtuous influences upon the masses. With us every man is repeatedly called upon to become an active and equal participant in the rights and duties of the body politic. The people impress their character upon the government that emanates from them. If controlled by vicious influences, they may easily overturn the foundations of society; and unfortunately such influences are seldom wanting. To combat them in the private as well as the public walks of life is a duty required at the hands of educated men. All that is desirable in life depends upon the proper management of the feelings and obligations by which society is bound together. None are able to appreciate the extreme calamity which attends the disruption of social order, until they have experienced its misfortunes. The claims of affection—the advantages of private property—the protection of life—and indeed, every blessing which renders civilized existence more desirable than that of a savage, is sacrificed before the demon of social discord. The responsibility for the preservation of social order and of the blessings of political and religious liberty, rests upon those who have enjoyed superior educational advantages. Let the appreciation of this, stimulate you in your efforts to advance in preparatory attainment. Duty, patriotism and interest unite in urging you to diligence. With manly purpose and cheerful hearts, may you push on to the realization of the brilliant hopes that are centered in you. “A youth of labor” will surely be crowned by an age of honor. May no regret for opportunities neglected and the prime of life wasted, hang over your heads to cloud declining years, and haunt the walks of after-life with phantoms of remorse and shame. A duty well performed is no less a blessing to ourselves than a profit to others. Though it involve the sacrifice of present ease and require submission to the inconvenience of uncongenial toil, steady perseverance will bring a recompense more than commensurate with all the privations endured, in the unrivaled pleasure of self-approbation, and the consciousness of a well acted part and a life well spent.

These considerations of duty and usefulness have, doubtless, had their due weight upon your conduct while here preparing yourselves to enter actively upon the theatre of life. But there is another view perhaps more closely connected with your individual happiness, which should prompt you in your literary labors. You must expect to meet in your course through the world, with disappointments and misfortunes. They are unfailing incidents of earthly existence. No heart can be successfully nerved against their depressing influence. Amid them all there is no retreat, apart from religion, to be relied upon with so much certainty as that which every man may prepare and possess within himself—a clear conscience and the resources of intellectual enjoyment. They are posses-

sions of which no man can deprive him—above the contingencies of chance and change—a part of his being—essentially his, by virtue of no human statute, but in obedience to the immutable laws of Nature and of Nature's God. And though he may not, as suggested by Cicero, carry them with him as a personal possession into the realms of the future world, surely the cultivation of the intellect partakes of divinity, and ennobles and elevates and refines that wonderful principle within us, which we are taught must live forever. A taste once formed for literary pursuits is of priceless value. A rich field is spread before the votary, and he is invited to partake of the refined pleasures that are found in its walks. He has a world of his own into which he may retire, when pressed too hardly by the stern realities of that around him. It is peopled with the brightest creations of human fancy and decked with the legacies of the greatest and purest minds of earth. The present may be set aside for the feelings of other men and other times. There is food for all the higher emotions and impulses of the heart to entertain and please while it enriches with the accumulated stores of the wisdom of ages.

It is to be regretted that such taste has not been more generally diffused in this country. Its beneficial effects would soon manifest themselves upon the character of our people, purifying the tone of conversation—improving social intercourse, and elevating the standard of morals and manners.

In your course, thus far, you have already met these pleasures. Your toils have been enlivened in searching out half-hidden gems of thought, and your weary minds refreshed in grasping exalted sentiments and elucidating beautiful truths. You have learned that even upon the dreaded cliff and among the rough rocks, many a modest little rose hides its blushing head—many a limpid fountain gushes out to delight the traveller with its gentle murmur—and many a sylvan grotto invites him to short repose beneath its scented shades. In learning it is not distance but approach that

“Lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.”

Is it not intellectual feasting to read with understanding the classic writers in their native tongues, and without an interpreter to hold communion with the illustrious dead?—to hear the very accents of the matchless eloquence of Athens and Rome—to reverence the deep philosophy of Socrates, or listen to the sweet love-notes of Pindar?—to appreciate the withering sarcasm of Juvenal, partake of the heroic enthusiasm of Virgil, and revel in the manly beauties of Horace? There is indeed sublimity in thus holding converse with the philosophers and orators and poets of ancient times—in pondering over their wisdom, imbibing their

spirit, loving their beauties, and becoming familiar with their emotions—until we feel that between us and them, there has scarcely been

“A single earnest throb  
Of Time's old iron heart.”

I cannot urge upon you too earnestly the practical usefulness of cultivating such taste. It is commenced here, and should be pursued through after life in whatever sphere you move, as the most delightful and satisfactory of that circle of innocent pleasures which Addison so wisely recommends us to enlarge. It improves the mind and refines the feelings, while it affords the most satisfactory recreation amid the cares and toils of life. Vicious habits have few charms for the man who delights to spend his leisure hours in pursuits like these—while all the nobler and higher impulses and aims find ready access to his heart. It gives additional sweetness to the joys of youth, strengthens the worthy purposes of maturer manhood, and consoles declining age in its sober walk “upon the shores of that great ocean it must sail so soon.”

And, because more particular reference has been made to manly duties, it is not meant to be intimated that the same training and taste is not equally important to the cultivated lady. Her thorough education should not be neglected. Though she hope not to amass wealth by enterprise and well-planned speculation—nor by her eloquence to command the “applause of listening Senates”—still, she may have her reward in the sweet pleasures of literary pursuits and in the praise of a well-ordered household.

But in addressing an assembly of educated young men, it must not be overlooked that probably many among them are ambitious to have their names enrolled among the great of the earth. Looking above the humbler positions in life, they gaze upon the dazzling promises of fame, rising in the dim future, and inflaming the energies of the soul in pursuit of the exalted ends which the day-dreams of imagination present as attainable realities. If prompted by worthy motives this ambition merits sympathy and encouragement. The young are too often taught to regard such impulses as pointing only to empty visions, deluding their followers with vain hopes, ever receding on approach, and making the heart sick with repeated disappointments. Such may be the experience of the faint-hearted, who grow weary by the way and loiter and turn back. But there are numberless examples teaching a different lesson. All depends upon the man himself. Steady perseverance will surmount the most formidable obstacles—and difficulties vanish at the touch of diligent application. Success, though withheld for a time, must sooner or later follow in the train of faithful exertion.

All that has been said in reference to mental training applies with still



greater force to him who would press after the rewards of successful ambition. His mind must furnish the armor and the weapons for the conflict. His steel must be tempered in the furnace of self-denial, and burnished by the dreary toil of many a midnight watching. The temptations of pleasure and ease are the lurking foes that hang upon his way and seek to surprise him at every turn. His visor must never be raised at their approach, and the out-posts of thought must be guarded with never-flagging vigilance. There must be resistance and labor—a constant *bivouac* of the reason and will, until he has mastered himself. His mind must, indeed, be to him a kingdom—a kingdom, in which an iron law is administered by a stern, unflinching judge—and he must be the absolute despot, whose word is that law, and whose will is that judge. But when he is once seated upon his intellectual throne, he is a king indeed—

“A king of thought, a potentate,  
Of glorious spiritual state—  
A king of thought, a king of mind—  
Realms unmapped and undefined—  
Crowned by God’s imperial hand,  
Before him as a king to stand.”

To a mind thus trained, failure can scarcely be predicted in any undertaking within the compass of human means. It proceeds with such far-seeing precision and force, that its way seems paved in advance, and circumstances combine to favor its schemes. What seems darkness to others becomes light on its approach—confusion becomes system, and hazard certainty. Destiny is sometimes credited with its achievements; and indeed, fortune does seem, at times, conscious of a master’s presence, changing her frowns into unexpected and almost servile smiles.

It matters little in what road the talents of a man thus trained are turned. Usefulness and honor are before him in every direction. The false teachings of pretenders, the errors of ignorance, and the designed innovations and abuses of selfish schemers are everywhere to be met and reformed. Theology, science and general literature, and the learned professions equally invite his labors and hold out their bright promises of reward. I offer no advice in the choice of pursuits; but it is to be regretted, that in this country, political aspirations have so much engrossed the talent of youth and turned it from other fields of labor. Under our peculiar political system, the honors and emoluments of office being open to every grade and class, early ambition has been blinded to the more certain and durable fame attainable in other pursuits. Political eminence and fame are subject to the detractions of calumny and the misrepresentations of partizan prejudice. The magic powers of the orator are limited in their operation, and his renown seldom survives the changing sentiments of a few generations; while eminent writers in theology, law and general liter-

ature, hand down their names as household words to posterity, and the achievements of science continue for ages to enlighten and improve mankind. If the inclination of the best talent of our country to seek the political arena, as the theatre of its exertions, could be restrained, it would soon remove the principal defect in our national character. Our literary progress has not been commensurate with our advancement in material greatness and political weight. It presents a national want, and those who supply it will secure to themselves undying fame. Our country has been the pioneer in those great principles of civil right which now characterize the spirit of the age, and we must trust to the present generation of aspiring young men to attain for it the same preëminence in other things which contribute to a nation's glory.

The fields of romance and poetry offer an inviting harvest. Whoever takes to himself the first position of American genius, in this branch of literature, will acquire a name as bright as any in the annals of the world. And why may not America have a place as elevated, in this department, as any other land? She has as much to inspire the imagination and kindle the flame of the Muses. Her mountains are unsurpassed in grandeur and beauty—and lovely streams flow from their bosoms, with murmuring cadence as sweet as ever lulled the Arcadian shepherd to repose or mingled with the soft notes of his pastoral reed. There are scenes of as glorious deeds as heralds ever sounded in the triumphal procession of returning conquerors. There rural loves are as warm and pure. The angels who visited, near Eden, the daughters of men, found no lovelier spots or cooler shades, or fairer forms, or warmer hearts. They are all here, inviting a minstrel to sing their praise. And, above all, liberty has made them her home, and having erected here the blessed temple of her retreat, awaits some bright genius to arise and herald the enchantment of her new abode.

The different branches of science have their peculiar attractions. In chemistry, mathematics and sound philosophy, modern advancement has far exceeded the wisdom of ancient times. England and other countries have run up a record of immortal names. Let us rival their greatness, and yield to them no longer the highest places in the temple of fame. Ambition cannot covet a renown more lasting than his who gains eminence in unlocking the mysterious truths of nature. In this we can already boast many practical achievements which have conferred real benefits on mankind, opening to the world new themes of investigation and making their impress upon the age. But much remains still to be done. Geology is in its infancy, and scarce emerging from the unfounded prejudices with which its early revelations were received. Many are laboring to add to the store of its facts, or are drawing valuable deduc-

tions from its established truths. There are many "favored localities" in this country, inviting an explorer to bring them to the attention of the world. Intimately connected with natural history and comparative anatomy and the leading principles of chemistry, it requires much acuteness of perception, close observation of hidden relations, and withal the most laborious and patient research. But its ultimate development promises such an insight into the wonderful history of the earth, with all its myriad forms of life, marking the beginning and end of measureless periods and recording the work of the great creative hand in the rise and fall of species and dynasties in the vegetable and animal kingdom, long before the human intellect shone upon the scene, that it may well challenge the best exertions of talent, and hold out to the successful explorer the prospect of renown commensurate with civilization, and as immortal as that of the hero wearing the laurels of a hundred battles.

But, I am not advising the choice of pursuits. Every man must consult his inclination and the leading points of his own character. If crowned by piety and other requisite virtues, great attainment can nowhere be more worthily employed than in the sublime labors of the pulpit and its incidental duties. The mysteries of revelation are food for the closest thought. While the human heart is inclined to evil, there will be necessity for the best efforts of thoroughly trained ability to enforce those great truths upon which depends the welfare of nations, no less than of individuals. Infidelity assuming milder names, will continue to lurk in high places, undermining the foundations of morality and sowing the seeds of vice. It is not so much among the more ignorant classes; for there the natural impulses of the heart are not checked by that skepticism which too often attends a little learning half mastered and falsely understood. It is chiefly among those who, having some pretension to acquirements, have yet not had the leisure or inclination to push it to that elevated point from which the surrounding view would humble them at the utter insignificance of human knowledge; and where amid the floating mists and the infinity of incomprehensible truths, they would feel the necessity for a higher hand to direct and guide:—where bowing before visible mysteries beyond the farthest grasp of their nature, they would humbly appreciate the wisdom which has revealed so much, and be struck with wonder and admiration at the sublime simplicity by which it is brought within the compass of human thought. To be learned only to that point where conceit begets doubts of all things beyond its reach, is equally unfortunate to the man himself and to those under the influence of his fancied elevation. It casts upon nature a pall of darkness, hushing its struggling suggestions and leading to despondency and moral ruin. The skepticism of the partially learned is the stronghold to be attacked, and once carried,



infidelity loses its respectability, having no abode but in the heart of revolting depravity, or in the baseless visions of the monomaniac's dreams. The man of well trained powers, commanding from the partially learned attention and respect, is often able to impress them with sound doctrine when enforced by clear reasoning and dressed in the drapery of genius. He may expand their narrow views by superior learning, and by logical precision lead them up to a purer height, where the appeals of eloquence and the force of his character may open a way for the holy rays of truth and reason. True greatness can have no nobler purpose, nor one requiring a more careful cultivation of its endowments. What can exceed the glory of him, who, having trained himself with much labor, and having warred with vice and ignorance and laid broad and deep the foundations of purity and truth, rests from his toil, to exchange the crown of moral and intellectual splendor which he has won in this world, for the brighter crown promised in the world to come?

But those who seek eminence in this country look principally to political elevation. The gates of honor being open to capability and virtue in every grade of life, there will continue to be many aspirants. Perhaps it should not be discouraged. There can be no loftier aim than a place among the honored rulers of a nation of freemen—to merit their honest preference and assist in directing their progress to national greatness and prosperity. This age and country present not only an opportunity, but an actual need for the exercise of the highest moral and intellectual excellence to which human nature can attain. Prepare then to deserve the confidence of your country, and let no consideration ever tempt you to betray it. Be ready to sacrifice personal ambition to public duty. Be slow to give ear to temporary excitements, and never swerve from right to appease the threatening clamors of faction. We have a country great and free; none has ever presented a career so glorious, or conferred in the same length of time so many blessings upon mankind. The influence of its institutions has spread into every land where civilization finds a home, and the fruits of its industry have clothed and fed suffering millions. The oppressed of every land stretch their arms to us, and prefer for our welfare their earnest petitions to heaven. Every heart that throbs in a human bosom, has an interest staked. Our past is bright and glorious—in the present are threatening clouds—the future is darkness. Where are the high-souled youths in whose hearts is cherished the manly purpose to train themselves in wisdom and virtue, to take charge of that future and gild it with the light of the past? Their names shall be among the brightest on the scrolls of fame, and all the tongues and kindreds of the earth shall call them blessed. And when those who now tread the scene shall have passed away and left to your keeping the precious destiny of the States united

and free, let no link drop from that golden chain—cling to your inheritance in every particle of the soil hallowed by the blood of your fathers, divide not their renown, for it is yours, and acknowledge no banner but that which reflects from its stars the remembrance of their glory.

But whatever your aim, the matter of first importance is the formation of a right character. The only sure foundation is uncompromising integrity. Whatever is built upon any other, will be undermined by the currents of temptation, or overthrown by the storms of passion. The seductions of temporary interest and the blandishments of vice keep their sleepless vigils to entice and betray. In the walks of private life cultivate the social virtues, and they will light your households with incalculable blessings. If you tread the road of ambition, bear before you the shield of integrity and truth, and it will repel the assaults of your enemies. If misfortunes befall you, the proudest consolation is a clean heart and an honor untarnished. Bear ever in mind, that to be truly great or useful or happy, we must be truly good. Of all training, the best is the training of the heart. Intellectual splendor dies with the things of earth, but intellectual purity is an inheritance for eternity.

## TO MISS LIZZIE \* . \* . \* . \* . \* .

BY H. S.

There was a soft and pensive grace,  
A cast of thought upon her face,  
That suited well the forehead high,  
The eye-lash dark and downcast eye;  
The mild expression spoke a mind  
In duty firm, composed, resigned.—Scott

Intelligence  
And innocence  
Combin'd in one sweet form,  
Like Love's keen dart,  
Must pierce that heart  
That feels life's current warm.

In heart sincere,  
In Woman's sphere,  
A bright exemplar you,  
By all admir'd,  
By all desir'd,  
For worth possess'd by few.

When silence reigns,  
And Luna wanes  
Behind a western sky,  
A spirit wakes,  
The stillness breaks,  
And breathes an angel nigh,

For absence here,  
Cannot impair,  
Affection strong in hearts,  
Inclined to feel  
For others' weal,  
Since nature it imparts.

May golden dreams  
Of limpid streams,  
And flow'ry vales be found,  
Both real and true,  
Laid up for you  
Throughout life's busy round.



May grief and care  
Their subtle snare,  
Ne'er spread for you the while,  
So fair and kind,  
You feel inclin'd  
To catch Dame Fortune's smile.

May love divine  
Your heart incline,  
To walk in Wisdom's ways,  
While blooming health,  
Unvalued wealth,  
Shall crown your youthful days.

And when you're old,  
Life's sorrows told,  
May you in peace consign  
To kindred dust,  
The flesh,—its trust  
Commit to Hands Divine:

Around whose throne,  
With joy, unknown  
To mortals here, may you  
Forever praise  
The wond'rous ways  
Of Him who's ever true.

## A STRANGE CHARACTER.

BY THETA.

IN a village of eastern Carolina there lived not many years ago a man who, on account of the peculiarities of his character, not only became celebrated throughout the house in which he was born, (as even common babies do) but actually extended his fame beyond the limits of the village which had the honor of being his birth-place. It should seem to be the duty of every man who wishes to contribute to the happiness and prosperity of his country, to rescue the name and deeds of this illustrious personage from the oblivion to which ignorance and indolence seem ready to consign them, and to place them before the public, whose admiration of this great genius and esteem for his ennobling qualities cannot fail to be excited. Indeed, the man of whom I speak is too important a personage to be lost to posterity; and it would be a disgrace to our age to allow his name to pass away from earth without an honorable record upon the historic page. And here I will take occasion to express my great surprise that, among the countless volumes which annually issue from the press, not one has given us the least information concerning this remarkable man. Authors—all writers of whatever description, as it seems, from preconcerted agreement (and to their shame be it spoken) have hitherto withheld from him that meed of praise which he so justly merits. Historians are evidently becoming too remiss in their duty, and the satirist who would castigate their insolence and impel them to the full performance of their duty, would no doubt receive universal applause.

To write a history of this man is most unquestionably an arduous task. His eventful career, his many adventures, his many lessons of wisdom and his many eccentricities of character, would furnish subject-matter for more volumes I presume, than many of us would be willing to read. Yet his biography must be written, and I am determined that I, for one, shall not leave myself liable to incur the censure of succeeding generations for not performing my part in this philanthropic work. I am conscious that my labor will not be without reward. I have long contemplated the performance of this task and with many anticipations of pleasure; yet hitherto insurmountable obstacles have prevented my putting my design into execution, for which I assure you, kind reader, I have shed many bitter tears and spent many sleepless nights. But fortune has at last favored me, and I gladly seize this opportunity to write at least a portion of the history of this extraordinary man. Let me assure you, however, before I begin, that this history is authentic. It has been my privilege oftentimes to

converse with men who were eye-witnesses of the scenes and events to be detailed hereafter, and I once had the honor of addressing in person the subject of these brief memoirs.

In writing the biography of genius and talent, it is customary, I believe, among all to begin at the birth of the subject of your memoir, giving some account of his genealogy and parentage. As I do not wish to depart from so long an established custom and one so reasonably adopted, I shall begin as usual at the birth of my hero; omitting, however, all unnecessary discussion about ancestral honors and titles, as such are too well known and too firmly established to require any further repetition or proof in this place. It is sufficient to say that our hero has never been found unworthy of the family honors which his forefathers won, as the sequel will show.

'Twas a beautiful starry night in August when our hero first opened his eyes upon the world. His father was not as yet very far advanced in age,\* and of course was terribly pleased with the new-born babe. It was unanimously agreed that the infant should receive the name of Harry Harris, after his father, of whose features and complexion his aunty said he formed a perfect image.

A few moments after the important event had taken place, the delighted father excused himself and walked out doors with the avowed intention of getting a drink of fresh water, but no doubt with the further purpose of giving full vent to his outbursting feelings, thanking God for his mercy and kindness, and congratulating himself upon the present fortune and future prospects of his little family. Sitting upon the door step, he chanced to gaze up into the heavens; and what must have been his surprise when he saw for the first time that only six stars were visible in the cluster where he had formerly supposed there were seven, and which indeed was designated by the appellation of "The seven stars." Upon viewing this strange and inexplicable phenomenon, as it certainly was to him, the thought flashed upon his mind that the missing star had been metamorphosed into a spirit, and had taken up its abode in the body of his only son. Strange as it may seem, this belief fastened itself upon his mind; and he immediately communicated it to his dearer half, who, submissive wife that she was, immediately yielded to his opinion, and they both concluded the child would be a prophet. In vain did they unite their efforts to produce the same conviction in the minds of their neighbors. Yet equally vain were the endeavors of their neighbors, on

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\*Certain would-be men of celebrity have, with unblushing impudence, asserted that the honorable parent could, at this time, count only sixteen hairs upon his chin. We shall make no reply to the false statements of these malicious individuals. We only know that if that honorable man were now living, he would repel with just contempt the ungenerous insinuation.



the contrary, to convince the deluded husband and wife that the memorable night on which their child was born was not the first time that one of the Pleiades was invisible. Mr. Harris and his gentle lady insisted that they had always before seen and distinctly counted *seven* stars, and that it was a fact most remarkable that one of those stars should first disappear on the very night when their child was born; and that, moreover, it was reasonable to suppose that unless it had been really transferred to their child, it would have appeared again. Besides, said they, one could readily discern that there was a peculiar brilliancy in the baby's little eyes, that there was something really grand and sublime in the manner in which he raised his tiny hands as if to unseen angels hovering near. "Who," they asked "ever saw a form of such faultless symmetry? That finely chiseled mouth, that prominent forehead, the very image of his worthy sire!" Such arguments, their neighbors confessed, were incontrovertible; yet like many other men, they lacked much of acting in conformity with their deliberate convictions. Time passed away. Day after day the deluded parents regarded the infant prodigy with more and more excessive fondness, which in the course of a few months almost amounted to idolatry.

One day, while good Mrs. Harris was out doors milking the cow, or performing some of her other duties as housewife, her beloved husband came running out of the house, holding the baby above his head, and apparently transported with delight. "Wife," said he, "our child is a *poet*! The first two words it uttered will *rhyme*. My stars!—Listen! Did you hear that?" And the child said "Bah! bah!" utterly unconscious however that by those simple ejaculations, he was sending such joy to the hearts of his parents.

"T'would be useless for me to undertake to write an account of all the adventures the young "prophet" met with before he attained to the years of maturity. To tell how he bit his mother's breast in revenge for every spanking—how he stole his mother's sugar and eat her preserves—how he pulled Billy Jones' ears for shooting his "knucks"—how he sucked the cow when he had the opportunity—how he loved to kill a chicken—how he loved to put powder in his father's pipe—how he loved to soap his face with his father's shaving brush—to write an account of all these adventures would extend my history beyond the prescribed limits. Suffice it to say that acts such as those I have enumerated dispelled the illusion which his birth had produced, and his parents gradually came to the very rational conclusion that he was neither a prophet nor a poet. What a pity it is that all fathers and mothers will not undeceive themselves with respect to the opinion they hold of the virtues, talents and acquirements of their children!

In order to make this history truly useful and instructive, I shall omit all the trivial events of Harry's boyhood, and pass on to a later period, when he began to take an active part in the concerns of life. Though an extraordinary example of uncommon precocity of genius, he by no means exhibited in youth those great traits of character which made him distinguished in manhood. 'Twould be unjust to pass judgment upon the merits of his whole life, by simply taking into the consideration the events which transpired at a period before his dormant energies had been roused into action, and his great intellectual powers developed. It was only in the capacity of a man that he became celebrated; it is upon the philosophy of his maturer years that he rests his claims for immortality.

Harry, then, is now a man. His step, though faltering and slow, bears the dignity of age; his eye, though age has somewhat dimmed its radiance, is still beaming with intelligence. In the community in which he lives, old Harry, as he is commonly called, is well known by all. A few years ago it was my good fortune to visit the village in which he resides. I found the people very hospitable to strangers, and soon after my arrival I formed many friendships, which have continued without interruption up to the present time. My friends were very kind in showing me all the curiosities of the place and giving me a history of their most distinguished fellow-citizens. They informed me that the subject of this memoir was by far the most learned man of the community, and insisted that I should pay him a visit, assuring me that he would receive me most cordially. To accepting this proposition I was not very averse, and accordingly a day was appointed for the purpose above mentioned. My friends having assembled at the proper time, we proceeded on our way towards Mr. Harris' quarters. While walking up the street, I observed a large crowd collected on the side-walk; and all were apparently engaged in the discussion of some important question. Having come within speaking distance, I heard one of the crowd exclaim, "why, Harry, don't you believe the world is round?" Immediately old Harry arose from his chair in the greatest excitement and made the following speech: "I cannot see to save my life how you can say the world is round! Why, look around you! Don't you see it is flat? It's very true that there are hills and valleys, but upon the whole it is as flat as my foot! I know it is round this way"—turning on his heel and following with his hand the circle of the sensible horizon, "but the ground is flat. And any man that denies it tells an infernal lie! The earth is shaped just like a button—and any man with two eyes can see it." Several of the most ignorant of the crowd began to grin at old Harry's wisdom, but none dared laugh outright for fear of incurring old Harry's indignation. Some one of the crowd then asked in a subdued

tone, "Well, Harry, don't you believe the world turns round?" Old Harry with the greatest indignation replied, "No, I'll swear I don't. Why, don't you know that if the world turned over, we'd all fall off? Two hundred yards from here, there is a mill-pond ten feet deep; and if the world turned over, you know yourself as well as I do that that mill-pond would be emptied upon us and drown us all! If the world turns over, why don't the water spill out of the river? I would like to know, too, if any man can stand upon his head. No, Sir! If any man tells me that the earth turns over, I immediately brand him as a liar and a fool, and every body knows it!" Now Harry was guardian for a certain young man, his nephew, called Billy H. H. Jones, who it seems was as ignorant as the rest of old Harry's fellow-townsmen. Scarcely had old Harry concluded his philosophical remarks, when Billy Jones, his ward, came up. Some one asked, "Billy, don't you believe the world is round and turns over?" "Yes," said Billy, "don't you?" At these words, old Harry's wrath boiled over. Advancing towards Billy, he raised his hand in a threatening manner and said, "I have been sending you to school for the last ten years, and you haven't yet learnt that the world is flat! I always thought you were a fool and now I know it. This is all the thanks I get for the pains I've taken with you ever since you were a child. Go off, go! I won't be guardian for you any longer."

The crowd in their ignorance could no longer restrain their laughter; every one burst into convulsions. Old Harry left in disgust, and retired to his room. My friends took advantage of this opportunity to conduct me into his honor's presence. We found the old gentleman quietly seated in his rocking chair, probably revolving in his mind the best method of eradicating the gross errors and hurtful prejudices which had become so deeply rooted in the minds of his fellows. Our reception was very gratifying both to my friends and myself. All the preliminary formalities being over, we all took seats at the request of our worthy host, and were soon engaged in general conversation. Meantime, I employed every moment to the best advantage, endeavoring to impress indelibly upon my mind the features and expression of the distinguished gentleman's countenance, and closely inspecting the most minute parts of his apparel, so far as I could do so without being offensive or violating the unalterable laws of etiquette. I was thus careful in my observations, because my friends informed me that Mr. Harris never appeared in a different dress, not intending to insinuate by this, however, that he had but one. A short observation was sufficient to convince me that he was a great economist. The warm weather rendered it entirely unnecessary to wear a coat, and accordingly he exhorted all to follow his example in going without one. His shirt was made of cheap osnaburghs, but I could not



see the economy, as I afterwards confessed to him, in having the collar to extend over his shoulders to his elbows. His shoes were made of—well really I don't know what—they look like a mule's back with all the hair turned the wrong way. He says that by not having them blacked, (and let young America listen and be wise) he not only saves all the expense of buying blacking, but that the shoes themselves last longer without it. He gives it as a truth, fully to be relied upon, that one pair once served him four years, three months and nineteen days. Another unanswerable proof of his remarkable wisdom as an economist, is his manner of procuring smoking tobacco, for he is quite fond of the nauseous weed. The process which is very simple, is as follows: after chewing it and enjoying it in that way as long as he chooses, he takes the cud (or quid, as it is sometimes called) from his mouth and places it in the sun to dry; all the moisture soon leaves it, and then the tobacco is left already cut up and prepared for smoking. Nor is this the only way in which he manifests his prudent frugality. He does not go to the expense of purchasing some costly iron chest, in which to place his money, of which, by the way, he has no small quantity. But he more rationally buries part of it in the ground, at no expense and where none but he can disturb it; and the rest he carries in a very old piece of a pair of suspenders, which were probably worn and thrown aside fifty years ago. Many other proofs I might give of his judicious economy, but deem it unnecessary. His reputation as an economist is too firmly established to be questioned or overthrown.

Mr. Harris is also a man of remarkable benevolence. In the course of the conversation I held with him during my brief visit, I inquired of him the reason why he learned to use tobacco; for, as is well known, the love of tobacco is not natural but always acquired. Now I had, previous to this and on different occasions, taken the liberty to ask many others the same question in relation to themselves, but hitherto had obtained no satisfactory answer. But the reply of old Harry was as philosophical as it was satisfactory. He informed me that in his earliest youth he had contracted a great abhorrence to flies, and even at that period had determined to employ all the means he could invent for their destruction. "They are nuisances" said he, "and I spent many days in the greatest anxiety to devise some plan by which to rid the town of these loathsome creatures. Spiders, I knew, were their most bitter enemies, but they have not dexterity and strength enough to destroy them all. I determined to assist them in their philanthropic work, and for this purpose was I long engaged in contriving some effectual means which I might employ. I spared no pains and was willing to undergo any sacrifice in order to accomplish the end in view. A great many means were suggested to my

mind, deeply and thoroughly considered, and all after mature deliberation rejected. I finally however hit upon the plan of using tobacco. The manner in which I proposed to effect my purpose was this: I would first spit upon the fly, which would render him unable to escape, and then I would crush him with my foot. The plan completely succeeded, as you may readily see." And really it seemed that he had reduced spitting upon flies to a science. Three hours in the day were usually employed in this work. And though the number of flies still alive did not really seem to grow less, still the quantity old Harry killed was enormous; and he continued his work from day to day, without weariness or despondency, happy in the assurance that he was doing society a kindness.

I have many more interesting facts to record. kind reader, illustrative of old Harry's other virtues; which shall be reserved for a succeeding chapter. Meanwhile, I exhort you to meditate upon what you have already read, and improve thereby.

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## S H E L L E Y .

BY R .

Nearly forty years have passed since the urn containing the ashes of Shelley was placed in the burial ground at Rome. The wild waves of the Mediterranean roar as loudly and lash the shore as furiously as the day they closed over his bright locks but instead of drawing forth strains of melody as sweet as they were sublime all is lost on the dull ear of misery and oppression; for the age of poetry has emphatically passed and his death marked that era.

The history of Shelley presents many of those strange eccentricities of character so often seen in genius and these can be traced in all his writings, which, unlike those of most authors, are a true index to his soul. With a fiery disposition he united an ardent love of liberty and a perfect contempt for that petty aristocracy which would elevate one portion of society above another. Although of high lineage he cast aside the distinction, the hopes of a fortune and peerage and chose rather to walk in the humbler paths of life. Of a philosophical turn of mind the whole study of his life was truth, and although he may have been mistaken in many instances, yet he was rigid in his investigations and sincere in his belief. His imagination was intensely vivid, his conceptions were pure and elevated and his colorings were of that ethereal kind which bewilder

rather than fascinate. Even in youth prompted by his intense love of liberty, his deep interest in the human race, and his heroic disposition he sought to revolutionize society and to instill into man broader and more liberal views. His thirst for knowledge was insatiable and he bent every energy of his mind to its acquisition. Love was his ruling principle, while beauty and sublimity were the very elements of his existence.

The outward person was an index of the genius that dwelt within. "His complexion, fair, golden, and freckled, seemed transparent with inward light." His clear blue eyes shone with an unnatural brilliancy and his auburn locks curled gracefully over a forehead high and broad. His face was inclined to be handsome but corroding care had even in youth blighted the tender bloom that overspread it, in which youth and genius strove with manly beauty. His form was slender and graceful but by intense study it bent beneath the weight it was too delicate to sustain. Such in general is an outline of Shelley's character and person.

A man of such rare combinations would hardly fail to be mistaken by a cold and calculating world. His code of morals was too nice and his idea of mankind too refined; a fact that he learned in after life by sad experience. His earnest search for truth when but eighteen years of age and while at College caused him to write a piece on the "Necessity of Atheism." For this he was expelled from College. It was not intended as an exponent of his views but rather an inquiry which he hoped would be satisfactorily answered. Or even if it had been his avowed sentiments their manner of proceeding was in no wise calculated to reclaim him but gave him the appearance of a martyr to freedom of thought and as such he viewed himself. If instead, they had shown to his views a degree of allowance due to the thoughtlessness of youth and had pointed out his wrong I doubt not that he would have been an entirely different man. If we wish to regenerate it must be done by milder means. When the mind has become established in any doctrine and especially one so ardent as his it is impossible to convince it of error by assailing its creed with abuse and contempt. Pride is wounded and instead of examining whether your contempt be well grounded it endeavors to justify itself, and looking entirely on one side it magnifies every absurdity into a truth and every truth into a virtue. By yielding it would confess that it had been mistaken and by changing it would show too great a versatility. We must avoid the collision of interest and passions, and the peevishness of self-opinion which are the greatest obstacles to improvement and conviction. Instead of attacking the lion in his den and arousing his fury we must lure him to obedience by gentle means. We must lead rather than drive, persuade rather than convince; for experience has abundantly proven that if you convince a man against his will he is still



of the same opinion. It is needless to say that this was the case with Shelley; and it was the beginning of those sorrows which cast a gloom over the remainder of a life begun with such pleasing prospects of usefulness. After his expulsion his father wrote him word either to deny the sentiments he had so publicly expressed or never again to return home. He refused to deny them and accordingly at eighteen he was cast upon the world alone and unbefriended. This unnatural treatment congealed the very fountains of his heart and embittered the remainder of his life.

Even in his skepticism, though the age was full of it, he has but few sympathizers. The elements of his mind were of too fiery a quality to be contented with the true or even probable but he went beyond all bounds and dealt with the strange and improbable. By flying to the extremes of skepticism he startled those who were so inclined and made them shrink back upon their bigotry and superstition. He mingled the doubtful with the truthful, clothed the real in an unnatural garb and gave such a hazy, obscure coloring to his most fascinating pictures that he failed to lure even the ignorant and unthinking who are generally the most devoted followers of any new creed.

He was mistaken in the nature of man, gave little or no deference to the opinions of others, and relied too implicitly upon the strength of his superior genius. He wished to accomplish with his verse and prose what was impossible or could only be done by the warm and gentle impulses of the human heart. His love of freedom was shocked at the sight of men clinging to crude dogmas as base as they were futile, and he pined at the sight of two persons dragging out a miserable life together simply because the rules of society required "that those linked in life should be parted by death only." He fearlessly discussed the subject of marriage and was in favor of abolishing an institution which perverted the very sentiments it professed to instill. His failure to accomplish his extravagant dreams perhaps made him sensible of some deficiencies in the airy walks that he attempted; this served to irritate and embitter his soul, and he strove to right the past by still more daring efforts and wilder flights of the imagination.

That Shelley had many faults none will pretend to deny, yet when we examine his character closely we cannot but sympathize with him. He was emphatically a being of imagination and he lived in an ideal world fashioned according to his own diseased mind. He reared a baseless fabric supported by strange absurdities, and when he sought to rest on it, it tumbled to the earth and left him an object of ridicule rather than of pity. But when we see him stung by the viper he had nurtured in his bosom or swept by the tornado he had unconsciously brooded, we should forget his wrongs and remember him only as a human being; for even in

his misery there was something noble and majestic and in his despair he shone with unearthly sublimity.

*Queen Mab* was among the first poems he ever wrote. This was composed when he was eighteen years of age and seems to have been written with pretty much the same intent as the "Necessity of Atheism." It is the outbreak of juvenal talent eager to try its as yet unfledged wings. We are struck every-where with the dazzling hues, profusive colorings, and aerial brightness that pervade the entire poem. Yet there are detached portions of singular beauty and deep philosophy. It is difficult to discover his real sentiments. He acknowledges a *superior being* or rather *influence*, which strikes at Atheism; but at the same time he makes that *influence* subservient to certain immutable rules or laws. Thus

"Not a thought, a will, an act,  
Nor working of the tyrants moody mind,  
Nor one misgiving of the slaves who boast  
Their servitude to hide the shame they feel,  
Nor the events enchaining every will,  
That from the depths of unrecorded time  
Have drawn all-influencing virtue, pass  
*Unrecognised or unforeseen* by thee,  
Soul of the Universe."

If he had stopped here none could have accused him of Atheism but the following passage discloses his sympathies for that doctrine and the strange workings of his mind :

"Spirit of Nature! all sufficing Power.  
Necessity! thou mother of the world!  
Unlike the God of human error, thou  
Requirest no prayers nor praises; the caprice  
Of man's weak will belongs no more to thee  
Than do the changeful passions of his breast  
To thy unvarying harmony. \* \* \* \* \*  
—All that the wide world contains  
Are but thy passive instruments, and thou  
Regardest them all with an impartial eye  
Whose joy or pain thy nature cannot feel,  
Because thou hast no human sense  
Because thou art not human mind."

He seem to verge upon the Berklean theory yet not fully convinced of it. He admits the existence of his *own* mind through consciousness but denies the existence of any other; he therefore rules the universe alone as regards others, yet it is guided and guarded by the "spirit of Nature." In another of his poems he plainly declares his belief in this theory :

—"This whole  
Of suns, and worlds, and men, and beasts and flowers,  
With all the silent and tempestuous workings  
By which they have been, are, or cease to be,  
*Is but a vision!* all that it inherits  
Are motes of a sick eye, bubbles and dreams."

This poem (Queen Mab) was not intended for publication and he made every effort in after life to suppress it. Yet the foul harpies that preyed upon his reputation basely quoted it against him in the suit that deprived him of his children. "Alastor; or the spirit of Solitude" is one of his finest poems and I think shows more clearly than any the vain and empty longings of his mind. There is not that gaudy and unnatural coloring in it which is found in the most of his poems and his metaphors are better selected and more harmonious.

He seems to have become sensible in some degree that he neither understood the world nor was understood by it; that he was unintelligible to himself and to it, because his expectations were vain and irrational and his perceptions diseased and prejudiced. He was conscious that he was a foreigner on earth and a wanderer, but still he could not comprehend why the world could not enjoy that millennial state for which it was so peculiarly adapted and which he firmly believed it would enjoy if the system he advocated were adopted. This supposed blindness irritated him and he mourned that he should be in a garden containing all the elements of beauty, sublimity and ecstatic bliss capable at any moment of being realized and yet not enjoyed because of the blindness and depravity of the world. This to a certain degree was true but his doctrine was very far from leading to this result but tended rather to loosen those bonds of affection and regard which knit society together and promote man's happiness.

The tragedy of the *Cenci* is considered to be his master-piece. This piece is no creation of the fancy but is founded on History and its nature suited the bias of his peculiar genius. He could here indulge his favorite theme in setting forth religion in its most corrupt state, and, prone to extremes, there was never made a more fearful exhibition of its baneful influence. It clearly shows the baseness of which the heart is capable when screened by a false religion and the enormous crimes which it will commit when for a few dollars it can gain absolution. The principal character, Francesco Cenci, was in reality an Atheist; for he acknowledged no other God than the priest and when he had committed his black crimes he made atonement to him. His immense wealth and the venality of the church gave him the power of committing acts which would certainly warrant the demon in saying,

"Methinks they have here little need for me."

The inhuman and brutish father, the angelic beauty and deep affection of Beatrice and her extreme sufferings, the patience and constancy of Lucretia and the base cold heart of the priest make the tragedy highly pathetic, but the soul is benumbed by the unnatural though just patricide, the base perjury and secret assassination to prevent discovery and



at last the detection and melancholy execution of mother, son and daughter. The whole piece is highly tragical and Shelley has given in it the unmistakable evidence of superior genius. He wrote many other pieces among the best of which are *Revolt of Islam*, *Prometheus Unbound*, *Prince Athanase*, &c. In all his writings you can trace the character, biases, and peculiar beliefs of the author, all aiming at the same unknown, unattainable something.

After all, Shelley was an honest man and he rigidly practiced what he taught. His expulsion from college for what he considered freedom of thought was the turning point in his life. His disappointment in his early attachment which immediately followed this and the unnatural treatment of his father stirred the very depths of his heart and for ever adulterated the fountain of his soul. His early and unfortunate marriage prompted entirely by gratitude and sympathy, the unhappy connection and at last separation were a severe affliction. But his happy marriage afterwards to one whom he sincerely loved tended to heal the wounds inflicted and make more inviting the future pathway of life. But slander and vile hypocrisy at last exiled him from his native shore, perjury deprived him of the care and education of his children and at last he sunk beneath the surging billows, the lightning's glare and thunder's roar his only requiem—elements in which his soul delighted to dwell and where his genius shone with greatest splendor.

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## A CHAPTER IN MY LIFE.

BY R.

THERE is a period in every man's history that makes a more lasting impression than any other—especially in youth when the heart is susceptible of *gentle impressions*. This short sketch shall be confined to about two years; these having been the most eventful of my whole existence, a fact upon which I shall leave you to decide after the narration.

In my fifteenth year I removed with my father to the wilds of T——, whither my feelings had ever inclined from my first knowledge of its rich lands, beautiful prairies, and, above all, the abundance of game that fed upon these "beautiful flower-gardens." On arriving we settled in the woods with no neighbor in several miles. Here began a change of life not dreamed of by me, and forming no part of the "brilliant castles"

constructed previously to our arrival. Anticipated plesasure seemed to vanish as the dazzling mirage of the desert and stern reality to stare me in the face; for instead of shouldering my gun and spending my time in the woods in search of game, I took the axe and walked in among the stately fathers of the forest, *there* to wield my instrument of death. This was ideed a sudden transition from the sublime to the ridiculous—from pleasure to pain—from bright anticipations to stern realities. In my case the millennium had come; for the gun if not the sword was converted into the axe and other implements necessary to the pioneer. Being thus thwarted I humbly submitted and went to work with a merry if not contented heart. The land was thinly timbered and consequently a farm was soon opened—houses built—and other necessities attended to. As soon as the “first rub” was over and all were tolerably well protected from December’s cold blasts, I was allowed more liberty and could now and then exchange the odious axe for the gun, which after all did not prove so directly opposite to present use and comfort.

Those who have never lived in a new country know nothing of its privations and hardships. They never dream while reveling in ease and luxury that these were once purchased by lives of toil and often danger. It is complete novelty to speak to them of hunger which idea they immediately associate with the wild Savage, considering these alone capable of such hardships. All new countries are nearly destitute of the means of conveyance and provisions, which of course are not there previously, have to be brought from other States. These are often delayed, sometimes lost, and always of a very indifferent quality when they do come. There had been a severe drouth the year before we moved and the store of the natives was reduced to a bare subsistence, yet they freely shared this with their needy neighbors: moreover the river failed to rise and consequently all supplies from other States were cut off: the intensity of the sun had killed all vegetation so that food for stock was needed, it being far advanced into summer; under these circumstances it semed that the frowns of Heaven were upon us; for not being accustomed to such it went much harder. Strange indeed would be that disease for which there is no remedy. This was no exception and at last myself and gun were thought of some importance; for we were to act now as almost the sole supporters and many a victim has paid the penalty of my suffering. Strange to say, it was not long before both axe and gun shared my uncompromising aversion and of all beings I became the most miserable. A change indeed

“Had come over the spirit of my dreams.”

All the fiery passions of youth had been moulded into one and with but little hope it flickered on the brink of despair. A strange feeling in my breast

conveyed the startling intelligence that my heart was gone! and that a little g-a-l had it!! On Sunday morning a close observer might have seen a boy of my dimensions astride an animal of the jug-head breed making headway for Mr. M.'s house about five miles distant. Here was the magnet and thither my feelings ever inclined and body too whenever I could slip a mule. Once I determined, (*heu me miserum!*) to go to church with her; for every boy was gallanting and I felt as chivalrous as any of them. I was there in good time—made the preliminary arrangements, and we were soon en route for the church.

All proceeded finely until we come to a little creek where my mule wanted some water and of course he got it for I could not manage him. He had just put his head down to drink when a frog hopped in before him *chug!* and the first thing I knew I went *chug* too. I scraped the mud off the best I could, remounted and went on to church, helped her down and was escorting her to the door when to my utter consternation there sat Mam and Dad eyeing me like hawks! My glory instantly fell I could have borne the former misfortune but could not stand them—my spirits drooped—my body reeled and my feet carried it off at an angle of ninety degrees from its former course. Then commenced a raging in my head what measure to adopt. My first impulse was

“To mount my *steed* and off for my home again;  
For my pleasing love had no pleasures for me  
But my Daddy's lash some pain.”

This would never do; for who would gallant her home? Besides the “fat would be in the fire” so far as going again was concerned, and I could not give up the conquest that easily. I determined to stay and abide the consequences. Preaching was soon over, and I slid along-side of her, helped her on her horse, and then went for mine, but no-where could he be found? Jerusalem! thought I, wish I had gone home. Ha, the ballance is easily told but made a much more lasting impression than the former. Dad had ridden my mule off. I walked home. A decoction of white oak and hickory withes eradicated from my heart every root of love and from my back every drotted bit of the skin. My mule stood in the stable after that and the everlasting gals went their way rejoicing.



## DEATH OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY JAMES F. M'LAUGHLIN.

[This poem was not originally intended for publication nor is it now published by consent of the author, but through the kindness of a friend we lay it before our readers.—EDS. MAG.]

There was silence in the castle,  
There was silence in the hall,  
Where a captive Queen sat pining  
O'er her sad and and hopeless fall.  
And in pity she was gazing  
On the few that linger still  
Left to share their lady's sorrows,  
Left to see her chalice fill.  
They were with her in her childhood  
On her native hills afar  
When the eyes of Europe centred  
On old Scotland's rising star;  
With her, when in her zenith  
'Neath the world's admiring glance  
She had joined the Scottish sceptre  
With the diadem of France.  
France, that she loved so fondly,  
That she left with heaving sigh  
Gazing with streaming eyes aback  
As the land was lost in sky.  
Then with clasped hands uplifted  
To the empyrean dome above  
Like some goddess of the ocean  
Mary spoke a woman's love.  
"O France, my sunny sunny France  
Land of true chivalry adieu  
For the last time I've seen thy broad valleys of green,  
Ne'er again will thy mountains swell on my view.  
Envi'd clouds, as ye sweep o'er the low'ring deep  
To the land that I'll roam never more  
Fain, fain would I part with my crown, hope, and heart,  
And with you seek the the light of yon shore ;  
But vain is the wish, as the night settles down  
And broods in its reign o'er the sea,  
On, on I am borne by the wild ruthless storm  
O'er the broad trackless deep, France, from thee!"  
And again the queen is thinking  
Of that land beyond the wave,  
Where was past her childhood's hours  
Where her heart now seeks a grave ;  
And she thinks of bonnie Scotland,  
Of her son—the mother's pride—  
Of the father of that orphan  
When she stood his blushing bride.  
But a sound comes through the distance,  
Now 'tis nearer than before,  
There was heard the tramp of horses  
There are footsteps at the door.

The stranger stands before the Queen  
His fatal mission to declare;  
He reads the warrant for her death  
'Mid the attendants' wild despair.  
There was one who heard these tidings  
With a different heart and mien,  
With unuttered thanks to heaven—  
It was Mary—it was the Queen.  
“Tell your gentle mistress, stranger,  
By this testament I swear,  
By my hopes of life hereafter  
In the eternal kingdom—there!  
Oh, tell her that I am guiltless,  
And without a pang shall die;  
Give her too a sister's blessing  
May we meet beyond the sky.  
Sir, the day?” A moment's silence,  
When the stranger falt'ring said,  
“At the hour of eight to-morrow,  
You'll be numbered with the dead!”  
Shades are falling from the mountains  
And the twilight deep and gray,  
Closes in silence and in darkness  
Round the heights of Fotheringaye.  
'Twas a night of prayer and watching  
And its unbroken stillness gave  
To that spot the dreary aspect  
Of the cold and silent grave.  
Now the moon is in the heavens,  
Night hath wasted half its way,  
Still in the shadowy midnight  
Loom the heights of Fotheringaye.  
There is bustle in the court-yard,  
For some work is being done,  
And methinks that work is dire  
That avoids the blessed sun.  
Now 'tis finished and the pale moon  
Hides behind the hills with shame;  
For that deed is fit for darkness  
That vile deed without a name.  
Hark! Time's iron tongue is telling  
That the lazy night hath gone  
Thrice crew the cock at matins  
As the usher of the morn.  
And as the sun ascending  
Bathes the hills in golden light,  
Forth on the startled traveler  
Bursts that dreadful hideous sight.  
There upreared, the plain commanding  
Draped in black, a scaffold stood,  
Ah! no more the morning songster  
Pipes its glad tune in the wood.  
And the plaintive wail of sorrow  
Thrills upon the traveler's ear,  
For that scaffold is erected  
For a mistress loved and dear.  
And her faithful few are thinking  
Of the good the olden day

As they robe their Scottish sovereign  
In her Queen-like rich array.  
All is ready and the hour  
Strikes like a funeral dirge  
On and nearer to the scaffold  
Living tides of beings surge.  
Lo ! in silent adoration  
Kneels the fated Princess there,  
At the foot of God's own image,  
Breathing forth her final prayer.  
Oh it was a solemn moment,  
And the advancing guardsman stood,  
And he gazed in silent sorrow  
On the Queen of Holyrood.  
For her faded eye was beaming  
With the fire of other days,  
And the light of beauty kindled  
On her cheek its dying rays.  
Step softly guardsman, hearken,  
For th' entranced figure seems  
Too ethereal, too angelic,  
Or perhaps the gazer dreams ;  
For he sees before him prostrate  
In the attitude of prayer,  
A form like the sculptur'd marble,  
Still as the unruffled air.  
There in that old moss-grown abbey,  
Beautiful and calm, she gazed  
On the cross of man's redemption,  
Where the dying God was raised.  
But her hunters now have tracked her  
Down like the timid hart,  
And her servants linger 'round her,  
For on earth, this morn they part.  
Mary asks her callous keeper  
To allow her friends to be  
By her side, until the headsman  
Sets her weary spirit free.  
But with angry air he answers,  
"No, 'tis time this scene should close,"  
And, as now the Queen moved onward,  
Through that hall a cry arose.  
But the proud, unconquer'd spirit  
Of the Stuart still lingers there,  
The tear stood in her dark blue eye  
As she hears their wild despair.  
Her indignant heart is bleeding  
As they shriek their Sovereign's name,  
And those hireling butchers cower  
'Neath her glance with conscious shame.  
"Sirs," she cries with woman's sorrow,  
And the tear still dims her eye,  
"Take my life, but oh refuse not  
That my friends shall see me die.  
Did your Queen impose this order?  
No? Then why deny my prayer?  
Mary too is Queen of Scotland,  
And to England righful heir,



Grand-child of the Seventh Henry,  
I have rights—my rights I claim—  
And if to me you hearken not  
Bow then to your monarch's name.  
Shall I die by foul oppression,  
With my last sad wish denied?  
Of my friends shall none behold me,  
Who may tell how Mary died?"

Then the iron-hearted keeper,  
Half reluctant, granted four,  
And the silent, mournful cortege  
Slowly leave the castle door.  
Arm'd soldiers guard the scaffold  
With his axe the Headsman stood,  
Lo, with stately step advancing  
Comes the Queen of Holyrood.  
Not a murmur breaks the stillness  
Of that mass of human souls;  
Forward move the fated cortege,  
Now she gives her farewell blessing  
To her broken hearted few,  
Kisses now her sobbing women,  
Waves her weeping men adieu.  
Slowly up the scaffold stairway  
With firm step she doth advance,  
Scotland's sovereign, heir to England,  
Once thy Queen, imperial France.  
Gazes too that throng most sadly  
On the brutal scene of death;  
Hark! as now she doth address them,  
Half-repressed is every breath.  
"My good friends, injustice brings me  
To this pass, but here I stand,  
Still a Queen a nation's mistress,  
Rightful sovereign of my land.  
Tell my son I ne'er dishonor'd  
The Stuart's unsullied name,  
Give him his mother's blessing,  
May he live for God, for fame.  
Yes, I forgive Elizabeth  
And, with love for her, I die,  
I am done, and on thy mercy,  
Jesus, Savior, I rely."

Every heart is touched with pity,  
Even he who had for years  
Been the Headsman of the tower  
Wipes away his rising tears.  
And with axe he knelt a suppliant  
At his victim's feet, and cried,  
"O forgive me lady pardon,  
O that I this day had died.  
For my duty is to level  
'Gainst thy life the cruel blow,  
But my heart will chill with horror  
As thy royal blood shall flow."

With a gentle hand she raised him,  
And with thanks that he should be  
Sent to do his mistress' mandate,  
Sent to set her spirit free.

And the anointed Queen bows meekly,  
As her robes are laid aside,  
Gracious God! and must she perish,  
She a Queen—a nation's pride?  
Where now the son she nurtur'd,  
She once held him to her breast  
When a prattling, helpless infant,  
And she loves him still the best?  
Rise, thou Nero, save thy mother,  
Head thy clansmen, on, advance,  
Snatch that victim from the tigress,  
Call upon the arms of France.  
Bid a caitiff brother ally  
To prevent the falling blow,  
Shall that mother die unpitied?  
God and Justice answer no!  
France, arise, on to the rescue,  
Let the sword fly from its sheath,  
Oh avert, avert the horror,  
Of a Queen, a sister's death.  
Shame upon that son, the traitor  
To a dying mother's need,  
Shame upon the heartless brother  
That indures the damning deed.  
And the wrath of God pursue her—  
Her that bid them strike the blow  
May the brand of Cain be written  
On her regicidal brow!  
See the headsman, slow advancing,  
To the block his victim draws,  
And the stillness, oh 'tis fearful  
Of that moment's dreadful pause.  
Prone on the block she lays her head,  
Bared is that neck, and still that form,  
The Headsman grasps his keen-edged axe,  
'Tis raised on high with falt'ring arm.  
Hold, for the dying martyr speaks,  
Sadly the requiem bell doth toll,  
"Mother of Jesus pray for me,  
Jesus have mercy on my soul."  
Tighter the Headsman clutched his axe,  
Wildly he dealt the deadly blow,  
Deep in her skull the keen blade sinks,  
And is she dead? Ah no! ah no!  
Still doth she bend her naked neck,  
The gleaming axe ascends and falls,  
Oh God it cleaves her skull again,  
Burst from her head the blood-shot balls.  
Demon of Horrors cut short the scene,  
The ringing axe descends once more;  
'Tis done. The martyrs gory head  
Rolls out upon the scaffold floor.  
The Headsman holds that dying sign,  
Convulsed and streaming to the sky,  
"Thus perish th' enemies of the Queen,  
And thus let every traitor die."  
Heaven's Archangel records that prayer,  
And o'er the page he sheds a tear;

The sons of men behold that sight,  
And loathing turn away in fright.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now that age of blood hath passed  
The two Queens slumber side by side  
Rivals in life in death the same  
The Martyr, and the Parricide.  
She died the self-called Virgin Queen,  
A blight, a victim to despair;  
Where rests her soul—her mighty soul?  
And the deep grave reëchoes, where?  
But the martyred Queen is reigning  
Still a Queen beyond the sky  
And on her brow's a golden crown  
The martyr's Immortality!



## ON THE BLACK MOUNTAIN.

BY SICFRANO.

A RIGHT merry crowd were we, assembled to bid farewell to the cares of Alma Mater, 'neath whose sheltering roofs the long five months' session seemed to have been so many days, even to the impatient souls which panted for the freedom, and longed to enjoy the liberty of a six weeks' vacation unrestricted by the stringent, yet wholesome and necessary, laws of the University. To utter their adieux to the cares, but take along all the transportable pleasures, resolving to augment them so long as they might bear increasing. A jolly crowd were the "Rangers of 1860," as pleasant a company as ever set out for the mountains, coalesced in the resolve to make all persons and every thing subservient to their convenience and administer to their pleasure. We departed from the classic shades of College walls with no regrets and hearts lingering with fond remembrances and half defined fears of never beholding them again. We well knew our absence was limited, that a few weeks were not of long continuance; and were perfectly cognizant of the fact, that we must return by the beginning of the coming session. There were no lachrymose graduates among us to dampen the ebullition of animal spirits, nor dry up the flowing spirits of "John Alcohol, my Joe, John!" in their efforts to deaden the spirits of days when they had just such feelings as those by which we were actuated unaided by the Devil in a liquid ambush of "Rare old Peach" or "Genuine Monongahela."

It is not the intention of the writer to bore you with a detailed account



of our incomings and outgoings, but [disclose to you what we consider a few of the principal incidents of the first days of our expedition; then ask you to accompany us to the Black Mountain. NUMBER ONE of our experiences which we submit, comprises the first night, upon and after our arrival at Salisbury. Here we copy what the journal dictates. The whistle of the locomotive heralded our approach to Salisbury where we arrived some time after night had drawn a dusky veil over the face of nature, and here we were certainly *the* wonder.

One person insisted that he knew all about us that we were John Pool's body-guard, brought along to protect him from the assaults of the "little niggers" for endeavoring to tax them. Another suggested we were a part of the Japanese Embassy, (said supposition generated, we judge, by our *red spikes*) who having heard of Salisbury made an especial tour to behold 'ye mighty city.' We, together with G—, and P—, who travelled with us from the "Hill," forming in procession marched to the Boyden House where we located for the night. The Captain led the van, followed by Snip and Snap, Key and Bones, Dutch, Mc, and Grimes. G— and P— acting as pilots to bring us safely into port. Mr. Pool, the *ad valorem* candidate for Governor, coming down on the train we did, stopped at the same hotel. His friends ventured on a display in his behalf. There were magnificent fireworks—consisting of three barrels of tar, and a brass-band which being wound up played the same tune, some dozen times, then retired in melancholy silence. P— said he should not be surprised if the price of *tar* rose several cents before next day, which remark seemed to arouse the ebenezer of several Salisbury youths standing 'round. G— gave one yell for Ellis—as he expressed it, "to make things kinder even like."

Mr. Pool, delivered a short address and wound up with a touching appeal for sleep; something about rosy dreams shed all over the audience locked in the soothing arms of old Morpheus, who fairly loved Pool men, but hated Ellis boys worse than a young pullet does a black snake, and generally put the "Night Horse" after them. And this may be so, for we who *are* Pool men commonly rest well, while our friends G— and P—, on the opposite ticket, have their slumbers frequently disturbed by this same visitation referred to in Mr. Pool's parting benediction. The Rangers were next allowed to politely *show themselves* to No. 25. third passage, where we found four places for sleeping—two pallets spread on the floor, and the other two apologies for mattresses on bedsteads—said mattresses being not *very* much harder than brick-bats. The Captain and Grimes were attempting to comply with Mr. Pool's suggestions, but Grimes being an Ellis man and the two not well assimilating, (Capt. was strong for Pool) crash they went through the bed-stead, the middle supports giving way and doubling them up in no enviable positions.

This was destined to be a night of interruptions. Scarcely had the drowsy God shaken his bunch of Poppies over us, when ominous sounds from the direction of Key's pallet, awoke us to a consciousness of what those mysterious words "imposition, bore, d—n shame, ring his neck," portended. It could not surely be the "Night Horse" for Key professes not to hanker after the man whose influence produces such results. It proved to be a mocking-bird making almost as much fuss as half a dozen screeching wagons unacquainted with grease for a twelve-month; it kept up its shrill melody—not soothing to weary mortals—till daylight, and received no few *blessings*. About 4 A. M. in stumbled Snap and P—, who had been out playing *billiards*. Just as we were snoozing off into the land of dreams, Snap raised up in bed and speaking with a grave inflection of voice: "Odys was mise good Peach, wussy it? But blee sri (hie) tight don' you?" There was a general explosion which for a time effectually silenced our nocturnal warbler, and we began to hope for the long sought rest; but 'twas in vain we turned, twisted, stopped our ears, 'twas not decreed we should sleep in peace.

Our chanting friend (who reminded one forcibly of the *Irish* bird of old song remembrance) reöpened his operatic batteries with renewed vigor—banishing sleep and we had patiently to await the return of Aurora, to send us rejoicing from No 25.

Before going any farther in our travels it may be as well to remark that we were a *walking* party, that is our expedition was to be accomplished on foot from Statesville; our wagon had been dispatched from Chapel Hill (to meet us at Statesville) a week before we left the University. On the second day in the evening we departed from the hospitable village of Statesville. This evening is introduced as being our initiation into camp life, not from any especial feature contained in the narration thereof, but that you may judge of our wild mode of life, of which this is a tolerably fair sample.

In high spirits we walked till the lengthening shadows cast by a declining sun warned us to seek a proper place for repose during the coming night. Our tent was pitched, by us for the first time, near a small stream called Third Creek, about four miles from Statesville. Pres (our cook) was dispatched to the house close by, to procure material for supper. On coming back he whispered mysteriously to Dutch, who soon showed remarkable activity in seizing a bucket, as he declared to bring us some cool well-water of which we stood in much need. Not returning, one or two were sent to inquire the cause of his delay. Behold! the secret divulged—Dutch sitting at the feet of a maiden wholly forgetful of the thirsty individuals left behind. Now friend D— is a great ladies-man and as this case proves, possesses a great propensity for seeking the ac-

quaintance of the fair sex. There he was talking away as though the mademoiselle and himself had known each other a life-time instead of half an hour. We could not but insinuate the friendly warning—to beware lest miss Jennie, should steal his heart, then Steel her's against him.

At length see us a merry group in a semi-circle discussing supper as hungry men know how. And *such* a supper! delicious fat pork broiled to a turn, Slap-jacks efficient protectors (when placed on the head properly) against a midday sun, and coffee strong enough to walk, still too weak for the palates of some of us. Eventually we retired to the tent for the night; for some time sleep was banished, the novelty of our position kept us awake. Several hours were consumed listening to Jud's experience on the road between Chapel Hill and Statesville. Here is the last of his yarns, on the strength of which we concluded to sleep, and when we awake will transport you to Black Mountain. "One evening "said he" Pres and I had just finished putting up the tent and had stuck the flag pole in the ground before it, when up comes an old woman, who after looking at us some time, broke out with: 'who in the nation yer gwine to fight? "I told her nobody." "Wal," said she, "I wants to know what yer got that ar' *cloth house* fer and that *streaked thing* snappin, 'bout like a whipper cracker ef yer aint gwine to fight?" "I told her 'twas the tent and flag of the Mountain Rangers." "I declar," "she cried out, "I *dew* wonder what kind o' *animals* them things be!"

A cloudless sky tinted with the warm rays of a June sun, welcomed us, as we arose with alacrity from our couch to prepare for ascending Black Mountain. The camp soon presented a busy scene. All hurried through the morning meal and commenced preparations for the expedition. After more than a week of fatiguing travels our hopes were about to be realized; the pleasure long expected to be consummated. We were to stand with exulting hearts upon the loftiest peak of the Blue Ridge and gaze upon a world stretched at our feet. Right willingly every-one exerted himself to hasten the departure; some engaged in packing the necessary articles for our comfort and others in strapping the bundles and culinary furniture upon the horses pressed into service to bear them up the steep ascent. Finally everything being ready, the Captain gave the command to start and off we sprang, each one striving to distance his competitors. The walking for a quarter of a mile was very pleasant, the road winding 'round the base of a hill with scarcely any perceptible ascent; and we began to imagine the tales of previous companies of Rangers as slightly exaggerated. It was no great length of time, however, before we were forced to acknowledge they had not told half, being somewhat astounded on finding the road turn almost perpendicularly up the side of the moun-



tain. Thence to the Hotel on the summit of this hill was but a succession of turnings and twistings, all tending upward. One advantage enjoyed was the coolness and shade of the path. The air was fresh and invigorating; while the Swanannoa river (or, rather creek at this place) as it tumbled along its rocky bed, forming miniature Niagaras, roared forth a pleasant, monotonous grumbling, exciting the mind, thereby producing a corresponding influence on the physical nature. We had but to rest a few moments when very much fatigued, and on resuming the climbing path, feel as freshly as when we left camp. There are one or two bubbling springs on the route, to whose sparkling waters the grateful pedestrian is sure to offer homage.

We reached the Mountain House in fine spirits, and while dinner was preparing enjoyed the limited scenery from the gallery of the hotel. Our over-coats were here brought into requisition, the wind was too cold for us, who had just left the warmer valleys below. While dining a shower of rain commenced pouring down and we imagined a very disagreeable journey to Mitchell's peak; but by the time we were ready to be gone, the clouds had passed on, and the sun was again shedding upon us his genial rays. Under his bright auspices we set out on the second series of our climbing operations. Our previous experience was as nothing, for the pathway from the Mountain House to the "Peak" seems to be but a continual stair-way, always slippery from the frequent rains. Soon after leaving the "House," we came to "Elizabeth's Rock." There is quite a romantic interest attached to this place. The story is that Mr. Patton, years ago, before there were any marks of civilization in this wild region, went with his two daughters on Black mountain, as they ascended its pathless sides they reached this spot and one of the girls, Elizabeth, rested upon this stone and looked out on the vast magnificence of the view stretching away miles beneath her. These were the first women visited "Black." They passed their first night in mingled terror and admiration, exposed to the fury of one of those fierce storms so frequent on this mountain. A plain slab of white marble affixed to the rock by a fond father, records the single name—"Elizabeth," and marks the spot where in time long departed she sat in the first blush of womanhood, endowed with youth and health. Traveller breathe a simple prayer when you have reached this place, for a heroine who leaving the delights of a home, so dear to every woman, bravely endured the toils, and exposed herself to the perils of the mountains, while she triumphantly accomplished her purpose amid the wild and raging elements.

The next place of interest to us, was the observatory, a rude structure of unhewn logs, reared to the height of some fifteen feet. From the top of this we obtained a splendid view. Gazing in silence upon the lower

world we were not aware of the time which had elapsed, till our guide warned us to push ahead, as a heavy rain storm was brewing. On we travelled in high good humor stumbling and slipping about, until we found ourselves suddenly enveloped in a dense cloud.

The strange feelings which then took possession of us will never be forgotten. The lightning seemed to flash in our very midst and darted its fiery, serpent like tongue of flame on every side, which the ceaseless roar of the rain *below* us, commingled with peal on peal of thunder around our heads and 'neath our feet, reverberating within the dark valleys on either side, gave to the whole a supernatural aspect and added to the awe we experienced. A burden seemed lifted from the souls of all, when the rain king ceased his batteries and drove onward his ethereal coursers charging with electric spirits. One great feature of the vegetation on Black mountain is the Balsam fir, which clothes its loftiest peaks with a growth so dense, in some parts, as to make it a very laborious, if not impossible task to penetrate it. At a distance its leaves seem to color the Mountain a deep black, but near by the true shade is a dark green. The wind sighing through it creates a hoarse, mournful sound, which combined with the pall like shroud it throws over the peaks, produces a sad, solitary feeling, in unison with the dirges chanted by the minds for the soul of him, who rests on one of the highest peaks, a lone traveler awaiting the resurrection morn. Before reaching Mount Mitchell we passed through an open place of one or two acres extent, overgrown with the rank mountain grass; here Dr. Mitchell parted with his son on the fatal evening which Providence willed should be his last among men. Pretty soon we were on the summit where the whistling wind, penetrating our damp clothes so chilled us, that we gladly sought shelter from its influence. An old hut some hundred yards from the top, covered with a few strips of bark, offered a very inadequate protection for a party of our number, we found refuge under an overhanging cliff which jutted out from the side of the mountain, near to the hut. It being quite early we made our preparations for the night and while Pres. was cooking supper, arranged our plans for sleeping. After supping and wrapping well in blankets, we paid a visit to the summit in order to behold the sun retire to his nightly couch. Fortune was propitious, and a pretty clear evening assured us we might expect a vision, which no other company of 'Rangers' had witnessed. It were a vain attempt to try to describe sunset as seen from off Black Mountain. Words would be void and description appear cold and unlikelike; the rich and varied coloring would be wanting; the delicate touches a vain attempt to essay. He bade us good-night in all his glory; we watched without firing till his upper edge dissappeared, slowly, beneath a sea with mountains for billows, and huge masses of

clouds tipped with silver for breakers. Our pent up feelings burst forth as with flushed cheeks and eyes expressive of the deep feelings within, we lingerly returned to our bivouac and the realities of life.

We were disappointed next morning and debarred the pleasure of seeing the sun rise, on account of the fog. After a slight repast we went to bid farewell to Mitchell's Peak and utter a sigh over the grave of him who has the grandest monument of any man in the New World.

He died a martyr to science, and one of Nature's devotees offered his life a sacrifice on her altar. As he was intellectually in life, so is he physically in death, high above the majority of the surrounding world. His resting-place a lofty mausoleum reared by nature's God. Alone of his species on this bleak and wild mountain, he awaits the final trump. Around his grave all looks desolate; the trees are dead, and their shattered trunks rock to the weird lullaby of the mountain gnomes. A few half-decayed logs, on which are carved the names of numerous visitors, are the only insignia of the mouldering form lying beneath.

The view this morning was fine. Far below and all around us were mountains and vales, forming strange shapes and the varied scenes of a grand panorama. Tearing ourselves, reluctantly, from the spell of this enchanting picture, we commenced our descent. A rough break-neck road was it to the Mountain House. If it was worse going up, 'twas *worser* coming down. After a short stay and slight refreshment at the Hotel, where we gave our last look from 'old Black,' we started again. Down, down we went for three miles, and arrived at camp thoroughly exhausted and almost famished.



## WHAT IS THE GRAND OBJECT OF EDUCATION?

BY R.

IF it be "an axiom" as some pretend, that the grand object of education is to enable a person to convey his ideas in the best possible manner whether orally or in writing, I think the drift of human desires has been greatly mistaken. I cannot believe the highest object of education is *the power of expression*; for while I would not *forget* a Pitt and Curran, a Clay and Calhoun, an Irving and Goldsmith, I have a *reverence* for Newton, Galileo, Davy, and Franklin.

I am well aware that elegance, fluency, and force of speech, and a clear vivid, beautiful, style are two rare and invaluable qualities, and are seldom if ever found combined in any single person: and when we examine the use to which they have been turned, it hardly seems possible that any higher or nobler end could be attained. The withering blasts of Demosthenes protected the Athenian commonwealth for a long time against the unbridled rapacity of Phillip. The stern invective of Cicero forced the daring conspirators from Rome, who had evaded the utmost vigilance, and so wound themselves into the very vitals of the republic that it tottered like a volcano when his oracular voice fell upon their ears. The eloquence of Reenzi could awaken the feelings which had slumbered in slavery so long and once more "the city of the seven hills" was her own mistress. The simple but guilty head of George trembled beneath the weight of the crown when the bold and eloquent Pitt said that he waged a cruel, murderous, and unjust war against his brethren.

Though the *voice* may be silenced by despotism and the eye may never flash, yet the *pen* from the secluded closet often guides and governs the destinies of nations. Like the magnet that slumbers amid the polar snows which no eye has ever seen, yet its influence is seen and power manifested in guiding the wanderer across the desert and the mariner over the trackless deep. Cicero did not cease to guide the nation even when the assassin's knife had hushed his voice. The flowing eloquence of Voltaire, to be seen in every line, his stern solid reasoning, his keen wit and elegant satire changed enlightened France in the very midst of civilization, from religion and morality into Paganism and heathenish darkness; for on her high-ways was written "death is an eternal deep." The immortal efforts of Bacon and Locke to elevate the reasoning faculties—to give direction to the untutored thoughts'—and to open new sources to human knowledge will ever aid in giving casts to character and new pleasures to national enjoyment. The green laurels that bend over the tombs of Homer, Virgil,

and Milton will wave in silent triumph as long as letters shall last ; and when time shall cease and the Eternal Judge shall turn to trace "man's footprints down the sands of time" the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, and the *Paradise Lost* will stand as beacon lights blending ages into one united chord. Eternal pyramids beneath whose towering heights the ancient, middle and modern worlds will lay spread out.

If these be the attainments of speaking and writing what nobler offsprings could education foster? What higher ends could it attain? It indeed seems the ultimatum of human conceptions and human desires.—But what is education? Is it an instrument by which the old philosophers could curb and enslave the mind into their own crude thoughts and dogmas? Was it even a noble attainment that enabled Hume and Voltaire to inculcate sentiments at variance with human happiness—to familiarize the feelings to scenes of vice—to teach the heart to forget God and to plunge with blind fury into the awful scenes of "the reign of Terror?" Or does it soothe with a Syren's song while vulture-like it tears at the vitals? No. I deny that these works are even noble by being great, but the mere risking of power in mens' hands who too often betray their trusts and bequeath a lasting curse upon mankind. But if you wish to see its noblest works read history, where educated minds have prompted men to action and which has told with such lasting beauty and force upon the condition and happiness of man. It uproots ignorance and the deeply seated bigotry of ages—tears down the baseless fabrics which tyranny has reared—and unlocks the avenues of Nature all glittering with the gems of knowledge and leads to high and noble thoughts.

In the days of Pericles and Thucídedes I believe that speaking especially and writing were the highest attainments of education ; for then when man's mind was hardly changed from brutalization ; when the nomadic hordes were settling permanently, and each was contending for the ascendancy he who could arouse their passions by bursts of eloquence or soothe their ferocity by flowing numbers was the soul of the state and the ruler of the nation. But those days have passed and things have changed accordingly. After the permanent establishment of nations, when commerce and agriculture began to thrive and to shed their invigorating and civilizing influence upon men, they began to despise the studied pomp of Logic and the rounded periods of Rhetoric. The energies of the mind were bent through the channels of education to supply home demands and inculcate the principles of Political Economy. And

Where Thetis dwells and Neptune dares to ride  
Sailed haughty man, the conqueror of the tide.  
At first near shore, he then more daring grew  
Until the land receded from his view ;

Then spread his canvas o'er the trackless deep  
Where other worlds and other nations sleep.

The heathen mythology ceased to be and Cæsar and Brutus lost their seats and became worlds peopled with living beings. The printing press lit up the pathes of science and shed its golden rays among the ignorant masses. The reformation was its immediate offspring which swept idolatry as with an inundation and with it the false and iniquitous deeds of men. Then Newton and Galileo aided by others opened another Pandora's box but in stead of those evils issuing which has wrought upon fearful woe, nature's secrets and wonders burst upon the startled mind to bless its condition and exalt its aspiration. The lightning made his messenger, steam his pack-horse, the wind his immediate agents, and water his element, man walked with untold rapidity along the pathes of civilization and improvement and plunged still deeper into nature's mysteries.

Thus you see the different ends education has promoted ; at first directed to speaking and writing and finally to the supplying of the wants of man. It has therefore been the instrument to ameliorate his condition and has Promethean like stolen from Heaven's bounty those vital sparks which enlighten and invigorate society, moralize and refine man and give him a just estimate of his duty to God and his fellow-man. In this manner it takes directly hold of the great moral and social relations of man and erects the standard of justice and religion. These are and ever should be the highest boasts of national glory and the Palladium of national honor. Then if all this be true Education has a noble trust.



## MY REVERIE.

“She seem’d  
For dignity compos’d and high exploit;  
But all was false and hollow.”

’Twas happy springtime, Floral May, an emblem of blushing blooming youth, shone forth in beauty and splendor. I walked methought upon the strand of Time ever-and-anon looking forth upon the vast ocean, Eternity, which lay spread out before, and sometimes glancing backward along the smooth pathway of my youth over which I was traveling. As up I toiled towards the proud Temple of Fame—the goal of my hopes—the acme of my aspirations—rugged steps loomed up before me, and gaping chasms threatened to engulf me. I was alone. For although others journeyed that way, ALL, ALL were grasping for self, each one striving for his own emolument. To a sanguine temperament like my own this loneliness afforded but little pleasure. Isolation through life would be death in its most hideous forms. I must have a confiding friend to cheer my toils, and share my triumphs. I looked around and saw just below me a form Angelic—black twinkling eyes, flowing ringlets, a fair neck, ruddy cheeks, and ruby lips complete the picture. She is a *terestial angel*, if such there be. A guardian perchance to my footsteps: a pilot to my frail barque where it shall launch upon great Eternity.

Remembering the poet had said there is nothing in the world like politeness, in silence I bowed, my heart fluttering like that of the transfixed stag when first he bows to the hunter. Yet I knew not when the fatal arrow entered, nor did I think one so fair could be so cruel. Often woman kills by caressing. For although I must invoke the muses to inspire me to express the transporting joy, the electric shock, which filled my soul, and thrilled my whole system, when casting those dazzling beams upon me she *blushed* and bade me welcome, yet that same glance pierced my heart with Cupid’s cruel arrow. I would have spoken, but it seems that “fear of silence made me mute.” As there speechless we stood methought I read a virgins heart in her face, all affectionate, trusting, noble, fit to enjoy the pleasures of prosperity, and the reverses of fortune. Thus step by step I traced her character and read the catalogue of her perfections, till inspired by the occasion I thus addressed her, Fairest of the fair, I seek happiness within the walls of that Temple of Fame just above us, I would engrave my name high upon its columns, and in a word “I love you and feel that on the fountain of my heart a seal is set to keep its waters pure and bright for thee,” will you be my companion to this land of

promise? As if won by the charm of manliness irresistible, and all in sweet disorder lost she *blushed consent*. Then "a long long kiss, a kiss of youth and love."

We set out up the craggy peaks of life with joy, and as we clambered onward the very sun, as if to lend its beauties, crowned us with bright rainbows where just now clouds gathered thickly. However, after the first transports of joy had subsided, I became serious, thought of the vow which had bound me to woman, of the galling chain of slavery. I looked at M\*\*\*\*\* (for such was her name) dispassionately. Behold how altered! What a change had come over her in a few hours! What would she be when decrepit old age should seize upon her! Already that soft, warm heart was icy-hard towards me, those *false* ringlets were fallen to the ground, those sparkling eyes, no longer animated by *brightening applications*; drooped, those rosy, *painted* cheeks were sadly pale. Is this, I naturally asked, the perfect being of my choice? yes but a pall of deformity has been cast over her. She is married.

As bright noonday differs from midnight, so the maiden from the wedded Lady. Oh woman how dissimilar to thyself! Just now you were all perfection, beautiful and lovely, now hideous, loathsome, and in nothing perfect. Just now as a star you shed a heavenly light over my soul, now no ray illumines my benighted pathway. Just now as a sun you lighted and warmed my heart, a little world, now you have passed behind the horizon of wedded life, and leave me in cold outer darkness. Thus deceived I have no hope of domestic joy in future.

These reflections I concealed within the depths of my soul. No word or action discovered the torrent of thought which was rushing through my mind. Ever kind I think I made her happy. We mutually helped each other up to the goal of destination, but, just as we were entering the portals of Fame, and men were greeting with loud applause, and swelling music, a discordant sound broke the melody—the College bell called me from this dream-land to the realities of terrestrial duties. The spell was broken and I awoke from my reverie; which, however, has left a lasting impression of the cruel falsity of that "securing Truth which cunning Times put on to entrap the wisest."

## A MEMORIAL FOR WILLIAM CAREY DOWD.

WILLIAM CAREY DOWD, lately a Tutor in the University of North Carolina, was born in Tawborough, N. C., on the 9th of April 1835. He died in Christiansburg, Va., on the 30th of June 1860.

The life of a young man is a prophecy rather than a history. What is passing in his experience is interesting chiefly because of the future it suggests. Should he die young and we recall that which is past, the imagination is immediately quickened by the memory, so that we mourn not only for the loss of that which we have had, but for that also which we would have had. His father and his mother, his brothers and his sisters, the playmates of his childhood and the companions of his youth talk of him as one who promised to be rather than as he who has been, and they dwell upon what may be written of him as one delights in the memory of an unfinished melody, with a regret that it had not been heard to its close. But prophecy hath its powers for us to feel as well as its reveries for us to enjoy. He that hath a pure hope within him is purified thereby. And he who prophesies this hope at once pledges his good name and engages his constant efforts to secure his aim and vindicate his truthfulness. While they who love the prophet and rejoice in the prophecy cheerfully enlist as interested and zealous co-workers for the much desired end.

Such is the influence of the short career whose beginning and end we have chronicled above. He who ran it was the second son of the Rev. Patrick Dowd, a well known minister of the Baptist Church, and so a grandson of Cornelius Dowd, a prominent citizen of Moore county and for years one of its representatives in our Legislature. His maternal grandfather was Mr. Henry Austin, a thrifty merchant of Tawborough. His schoolboy days began with his earliest years and they soon revealed his aptness for learning. He was always at the head of his class whoever composed it or by whomever it was taught. From the Academy of Mr. D. S. Richardson, a teacher of no small repute in Eastern Carolina, he came to the University and joined the Freshman Class in 1854. At his graduation, in 1858, the highest honors in his class for scholarship were conferred on him by the Faculty, and no member of the Dialectic Society received from his associates more frequent or more honorable proofs of their esteem and affection than did young Dowd. Immediately on his graduation he was selected to fill a Tutorship of Latin in the University, a position wherein both pupil and colleague cheerfully granted him re-



spect and confidence. Failing health prevented his long continuance there, and compelled him to seek for a softer air in the genial climate of Florida during the winter of 1858, where he got little if any benefit. A trip among the mountains of North Carolina and a residence at the Red Sulphur Springs in Virginia refreshed and strengthened him greatly during the summer of 1859, but a return to the Springs in April 1860 was not accompanied by the benefits of the year before. He sank to his final rest while attempting to reach his home, that he might die where he was known and loved the best.

All who knew loved Carey Dowd. He was so gentle in his manners, so amiable in disposition, of so generous a judgment, so truthful and so conscientious in his dealings with others that those who but met with him trusted him without hesitation, while his companions mourn for him as for a much loved brother. His interest in scientific and literary pursuits and his success therein awakened the liveliest hopes that his labors on earth would be widely influential for good. And besides these gifts of nature and these fruits of early and well directed discipline, his character was adorned with a piety which was simple, sincere, unobtrusive, constant, full of faith and good works. He was admitted into the fellowship of the Baptist Church at Salem, in Wake county, by his father, during the fall of 1848, and his reputation as a Christian man was never sullied. His professions as a believer were put to many and sore trials. Bright were his prospects for this life wherever he might labor. Still he hoped that the great Lord of the Harvest would select him as one of His laborers to go forth and preach to all men the glad tidings of the Gospel. To this glorious and to him most attractive mission he was ready to devote all his talents and attainments. But he was obliged to turn his eyes from these alluring prospects to those of protracted and severe bodily sufferings. Nevertheless, during his long and hope exciting yet hope deferring decline, no one ever heard from him a murmur of regret or a sigh of despondency. Always cheerful he sought to cheer those around him whose tears showed them to be less equanimous than himself. To his mother especially he was ever loving, attentive, and tender. When she was full of solicitude for his comfort and praying anxiously for his recovery, forgetting his own weakness he would strive to strengthen her breaking heart by pointing her to the sympathy of their common Lord and Saviour, and enforcing his advice by his own patience, he would whisper—"Be patient, Mother, we must be persuaded that this is best for us. If we wait awhile all things will be right."

Doubtless all things are now right with Carey Dowd: and all things will be right with his sorely stricken family if they abide by his exhortations; and all things will be right with his companions if, emulating his

example, they manifest his faith and patience; and all things will be right in our country when all her young men are as quiet, honest, sincere, courteous, intelligent and devout as was William Carey Dowd.

“Life’s duty done, as sinks the clay  
Light from its load the spirit flies;  
While Heaven and earth combine to say  
‘How blest the righteous when he dies.’”

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## “THE WOODY PLANTS OF NORTH CAROLINA.”

BY C. L. H.

It is gratifying to witness the rapid strides which have been made, within the last twenty-five or thirty years, in the investigation of Natural Science. Geology, Mineralogy, and Botany have especially claimed a large share of attention, and elucidation—each has literally “grown with its growth, and strengthened with its strength,” (*acquirit vires eundo*)—each been enriched with a vast addition of important discoveries:—and each been followed in its train with a series of practical results. Indeed, in this day of scientific progress, every intelligent person is *forced* to become, to some extent, a *Naturalist*. Who does not wish to *know something* of the various rich mineral products with which our State abounds—*something* of their constituent elements, and economic uses? Who does not wish to *know something* of the beautiful trees which surround the family mansion, cast their cool and refreshing shade over our enclosures in summer, and enliven the forest with their green, exhilarating foliage? Or, who does not wish to *know something* of the gay flowers which garnish the fields with their variegated colors, decorate our path-way wherever we go, and fill the air with fragrant, life-giving perfumes? Apart from their practical value, dull indeed, and monotonous would the outspread panoramic view of Nature be without them. The sturdy of Nature, in its diversified forms, is, at all times, grand, and ennobling; and should ever claim a share of considerate regard.

We have been led to this strain of remark from having received, within a few days, a copy of “the Woody Plants of North Carolina by Rev’. M. A. Curtis, D. D. It is a pamphlet of 123 pages, handsomely printed on fair paper. The author’s name is a sufficient guaranty of its thorough elaboration. Dr. Curtis, is well known to be one of our best botanists,

having explored the State, at intervals, for upwards of twenty years, from the sandy, martime district of the East, to the elevated and mountainous heights of the West. The pamphlet is a descriptive catalogue of the trees, shrubs, and woody vines of the State, written in plain popular language. It was prepared, as its preface imports, at the request of Dr. Emmons, and intended to form a part of his State Survey. We understand legislative provision will have to be made for its publication, and dissemination among the people; but surely no niggardly policy will prevent this from being done; and thus show to our own citizens the *botanical wealth* of the State. Surely, our enlightened statesmen will discard those selfish considerations which look upon nothing as valuable but what can be counted in *dollars* and *cents*—more tangible wealth. It should be borne in mind that it is not the *few thousands* of dollars spent in a State Survey that ever seriously affects its indebtedness. Very far from it. Nearly all of the States, and several of the Territories have authorized, and zealously carried on scientific explorations. Much valuable information has thus been spread before the people, far surpassing, in present, and prospective importance, any pecuniary outlay in procuring it. It may be true that our State Survey has unnecessarily lingered in its execution. More collaborators, we believe, ought to have been placed in the field at the beginning that the Geology, Mineralogy, and Botany of the State, might have been more rapidly explored, and their *applied*, practical value pointed out to the intelligent community. But it cannot be denied that much valuable information has been imparted.

It may be profitable to notice some of the more important contents of the pamphlet before us. "The plants of North Carolina," as stated in the preface, "have been considered by Botanists as unsurpassed in variety and beauty by those of any other States of the Union, excepting a few of those which lie upon the Gulf of Mexico." The distribution of plants over the State are naturally embraced in three well defined Districts. The Lower District is characterized by a predominance of *Pines*, and a few maritime species, as the *Live Oak*, and *Palmetto*; the Middle District, with the predominance of Oaks; and the Upper, or Mountain District with much peculiar and interesting vegetation, but abounding in "sombre Firs," "graceful Ferns," and "delicate Mosses." As truly remarked by the author of the pamphlet, "From the great elevation and extent of our Mountains, supplying many forms of plants proper to much higher latitudes, besides a large number peculiar to the Southern ranges, it is not surprising that these Mountains attracted the early attention of Botanists, and that they have continued to be visited by a larger number of them than has any other portion of our country." Among these early Botanists who visited our Mountains may be named Bartram, Michaux,



father and son, Frazer, Delile, Lyon, Pursh, Nuttall, Gray, and many others whom our space prevents us from enumerating. For an account of their labors the reader is referred to the pamphlet itself.

Passing over several pages of introductory information, the noble genus of *Pines* is first described. Of this important family of trees we possess eight species. The *Pitch* or *Long-Leaf Pine* (*P. Palustris*) covers a large area in the Eastern part of the State. It is probably, all things considered, the most valuable tree in the United States. In the collection of its resinous exudation thousands of our fellow-citizens find profitable employment, and its consumption enters largely into the commerce of the world. Of the Oak, the "monarch of the forest," we possess nineteen species! The Live Oak (*Quercus virens*) is found along the coast from Norfolk, Va., to Texas. In Dr. Gray's Botany of the Middle and Northern States we find only eighteen species! Of the Hickory we have seven species. The beautiful genus *Magnolia* comes in too for a full share of representative importance. There are now known to Botanists seven species of this ornamental tree in the United States. Of these, *every species* is found in North Carolina! Among the shrubs conspicuously stands the *Catawba Laurel* (*Rhododendron Catawbiense*). This beautiful shrub was discovered by Fraser, a Scotch Botanist under the employ of the Russian government in 1799. Since that time it has been introduced into cultivation, and extensively distributed. The Yopon (*Ilex Cassine*) is another interesting shrub found near the sea-coast. Its evergreen leaves, and bright scarlet berries render it quite ornamental. It is the plant from which the famous "*Black Drink*" of the Southern Indians was made. They traveled from their most distant habitations in the State to the coast to enjoy the luxury of drinking this *medical decoction*. They drank it in such copious draughts as to induce vomiting, and thereby cleanse themselves, as they supposed, of all "vile humors." The celebrated Mat  , or Paraguay tea, the favorite beverage of several South American Provinces, is prepared from a closely allied species (*I. Paraguayensis*).

The last ten pages of the pamphlet are devoted to the Woody Vines of the State. It is probably unknown to the great mass of the people that the finest grapes for making wine, and for table use originated in the South, and several of the best varieties in North Carolina. These facts, and other interesting information, relating to their history, are succinctly set forth, and will well pay perusal. But our prescribed limits will prevent us giving a more extended notice.

In conclusion, it may be interesting to State that Dr. Chapman's Flora of the Southern States contain 396 species of Trees, Shrubs, and Vines. Of these, 320 species are found in North Carolina alone—a Botanical exuberance truly astonishing, and worthy of being described in popular form and spread before an intelligent community.

## "I STILL LIVE."

THE bright luminary of heaven had nearly completed his course through the abient sky and his last ray was irradiating a land shrouded in gloom so dense that there was no "silver lining to the cloud," which might portend the dispersion of the storm, which in terrific sublimity hovered over the land. The ominous murmurings of distant thunder welling up from all parts of the devoted land, showed plainly the threatend danger that dismayed the boldest heart; whilst, anon the fearful play of lightning painted horrible phantasms upon the lurid bosom of the storm cloud. The elements now convulsed by the mighty euroclydon that sweeps with maddened fury over land and sea, emulate each other in their furious attempts to engulf that fragile bark that sails upon an unknown and unexplored waste of waters. The light of heaven has been withdrawn, and dark night hovers over land and sea, whilst the storm-tossed vessel ploughs through turbid mountains of water, that nod against the angry dome of heaven. The noble vessel labors hard as if it were a thing of life. Each surge threatens to plunge her into the abyss below. It is but a moment since, and now listen at the thrilling shout, "I still live!" which her noble helmsman shouts in ecstasy of happiness to his companions in danger. The chorus swells into a louder strain, as each sailor brave catches up the welcome shout, "I still live," which the tempest bears back to the land carrying happiness to thousands of distressed human beings.

The scene now changes: we stand by the bed-side of him who lingers upon the threshold of heaven. A large circle of friends and relatives stand around the loved object of their tender solicitude. The walls hung in deepest drapery, throw an oppressive gloom over all who are present. For they are prepared for the dread catastrophe, which only a few moments defer.

Upon his couch the dying Statesman lay. Friends watched by his side to see his form grow rigid in death and that towering intellect which awed Senates and Kings into listening silence cease its functions. The patriot, as he beheld these whom he most loved on earth around him who had rejoiced in his honors and civil victories—when he saw his dissolution near uttered a last prayer for his country's weal, and exclaimed in triumph over his last and greatest enemy, I still live! Yes, Webster! glorious, god-like man! none could boast better of living in the grateful memory of your countrymen! Your magnanimous soul received the death-spark of fanaticism into your own bosom, that your country might live free

prosperous and happy—that the Ark of the Union might be perpetual. And thus, the noblest heart that ever throbbed in the breast of man, after having stood the great bulwark of the Constitution against its enemies, as deeds of might and visions of glory his dauntless spirit swayed, confident in the proud future of his country's career, that its fame would culminate in the highest heavens, scanning in sublime repose the fields of Paradisiacal bliss, exclaimed in raptures of delight at the enchanting panorama, spread before his eyes glazing in death, I still live!

Oh delightful ecstasy of a well earned and proudly sustained reputation! Thy impress is the heaven-born influence that burns in the beams of patriotism and dwells in the heart of liberty! Thy charming lullaby is the song of some seraph bright, that a noble mind has wooed to earth!

Behold the weary herald of the Cross, as he with exhausted limbs plods his way across Lybia's burning main; with sinking heart and expiring energies he at last lays his himself down to die—to sleep—to dream with no pen to record the scene, no kindly tear of sympathy to sooth his panting agony—with no monumental pile to mark his last resting-place, with burning sands for his only pillow, and bleaching bones for his only sepulcher. Upon foreign soil heaven's ambassador prostrate lies; the film of death is settling upon his fevered brow; the aching heart trembles within its narrow home, whilst fancy carries the lone self-exiled back to the scenes of his youth. His mother's kiss, her solemn orison, when she implored the blessings of heaven upon her darling boy, all new as a sweet dream rush to his memory. The self-immolated victim smiles as these happy, halcyon, moments flit across his mind. The death damp is now upon his fevered brow, his soul mounts upon eagle's wings, ready plumed for flight above earth and its miseries; whilst yet on his trembling lips is heard the, whisper, "I still live."

Thus universal is this desire, this longing for immortality. You might fancy that the humble inhabitant of Carolina's most rugged mountain, whom you would say had never entertained an original thought in all his life, had never heard the whispers of the Siren. That an ambition to be known as great and good, and a benefactor to his race—to have his name emblazoned upon Fame's proud escutcheon, had never lived in his simple and honest bosom. But, methinks, I see some youth of humble and generous spirit, as he winds his way from cliff to cliff, wooed by the charmer until he reaches the summit around whose brow the lightning is wont to play in its fury, and the storm-cloud in solemn grandeur is wont to rest its dark and ponderous bosom, and there high upon some rugged column inscribe his name that the bold adventurer may read and know that he too once lived. And that when life's fitful dream is closed, pointing with



a skeleton finger to the scenes of his youthful prowess, he may exclaim, "I still live."

This fond desire to live in the memory of the good of all future ages, when bridled by calm moderation and not permitted to exceed the limits assigned it by a kind and beneficent Creator, is productive of all that should excite our admiration and love. It nerves the arm of the warrior in the face of leaden death, and sharpens his sabre for the carnage of relentless warfare. The orator, too, animated by this influence, bows more meekly at the shrine of Eloquence, culls some of Fancy's most fascinating gems, and gives utterance to another immortal sentiment. The monarch of countless millions of miserable human beings, whilst seated upon his throne and surrounded by all that luxury and ease all that absolute power confers—the hero, he may be of a thousand battle-fields, whose proud eagles have triumphantly swept over plain, mountain and flood, with no competitor to eclipse his glory or dispute his power, whilst gloomy thoughts carry his memory back to martial fields again—lost in contemplation of his career of vice and unhallowed ambition, once more the ghastly features of the slain, grinning horribly in death, haunt his guilty soul; and with a start and shudder of horror he exclaims, "I still live in history and that too pilloried high in infamy!"

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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WE were disappointed in getting the portrait we had intended for the present number and have presented Gen. LANE's earlier than we desired; wishing to wait until after the Presidential election. We, however, present him not as a candidate but a distinguished native of North Carolina.

PORTRAIT OF GENERAL JOSEPH LANE.—Joseph Lane, the second son of John Lane and Elizabeth Street, was born in North Carolina, on the 14th of December, 1801. In 1804 the father emigrated to Kentucky, and settled in Henderson county. He had the benefit of having sprung from Revolutionary stock, and, if he learned little else, imbibed many stirring lessons of patriotism and its glorious results from the elders who surrounded the hearthstone of his boyhood. At an early age he shifted for himself, and entered the employ of Nathaniel Hart, Clerk of the County Court. In 1816 he went into Warwick county, Indiana, became a clerk in a mercantile house, married, in 1820, a young girl of French and Irish extraction, and settled on the banks of the Ohio, in Vanderburg county.

Young Lane soon became the man of the people among whom he had cast his lot. In 1822, then barely eligible, he was elected to the Indiana legislature, and took his seat, to the astonishment of many older worthies. Hon. Oliver H. Smith, a new member likewise, and since a United States Senator from 1837 to 1843, describes, in a work recently published, the appearance of Lane on the occasion. "The roll-calling progressed as I stood by the side of the clerk. 'The county of Vanderburg and Warwick!' said the clerk. I saw advancing a slender, freckled-face boy, in appearance eighteen or twenty years of age. I marked his step as he came up to my side, and have often noticed his air since: it was General Joseph Lane, of Mexican and Oregon fame in after years."

On the Ohio, Lane became extremely popular as a good neighbor and a man of enlarged hospitality. Near his dwelling, the river has a bar, which never fails at low water to detain a small fleet of boats. Lane's farm-house had ever its doors open; an invitation was extended to all to come and help themselves, the host never consenting to receive remuneration, though hundreds have partaken of his store. Any boatman on the river, says a reliable informant, felt himself at liberty to take any of his boats for temporary use without asking. Such was Joseph Lane on his homestead. Acquaintance with river life made him a good pilot of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, which gained him an additional meed of respect from the "river men."

As farmer, produce-dealer, and legislator, many years rolled over his head, every year adding to his popularity as a man, both in his private and public capacity. He was frequently re-elected by the people, and continued to serve them at short intervals, in either branch of the legislature, for a period of twenty-four years.

Mr. Lane was a fearless legislator, always acting from a conscientious belief in the truth of his views, and following them up with spirit and undeviating vigilance. Those who are best acquainted with this portion of his career, delight to dwell upon the zeal and tenacity with which he upheld the trusts confided to him, and denounced the wrongs which threatened to thwart his designs for good. He is, however, a man of deeds rather than words—though he does not lack the power to express his views clearly and forcibly.

Never in favor of expediency, he was always for what seemed right to him. When it was thought that Indiana, overburdened with debt, would be compelled to repudiate, the prospect of the disgrace which would thereby result to the State aroused all his indignant energies. He would not hear of such a thing. He felt it would be a disgrace to him, as a working-man, with the will and the strength to labor, to repudiate a debt. What was it, then, to a State of which he was a representative? He toiled untiringly to avert it, and had the satisfaction of seeing his efforts successful.

In politics, General Lane has always been of the Jefferson and Jackson school. Possessing a strong intellect, and a memory retentive of facts, and quick to use them, he has become thoroughly acquainted with the history and politics of the country. Mr. Yulee observes, "He has written with his plough and sword, and spoken by his deeds; and, though unused to the ornaments of rhetoric and literature, he is, nevertheless, powerful in debate, and especially well qualified in political and Presidential conflicts on the stump to overwhelm the opponents of Democracy." He supported Jackson in 1824, '28, and '32, gave his voice and energies for Van Buren in 1836 and '40, "as long as the latter followed 'in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor,'" and went for Polk in 1844. His activity and earnestness were contagious, and could not but infuse into those about him, and into the public men of the State generally, the spirit which had led him to so honorable a prominence.

In the spring of 1846, the war commenced between the United States and Mexico, and a call was made upon Indiana for volunteers. Lane, then a member of the State Senate, immediately resigned and entered Captain Walker's company as a private. He chose Walker as his commander, having a high opinion of his bravery—an opinion which that gallant officer's conduct and death at Buena Vista completely justified. When the regiment met at the rendezvous—New Albany—Joseph Lane was taken from the ranks by the unanimous voice of the men, and placed at the head as colonel; and in a very few days afterwards he received—unsought and unexpected by him—a commission from President Polk as brigadier-general. On the 9th of July he wrote a letter of acceptance, and entered on the command of the three regiments forming his brigade. Two weeks after (24th of July) he was at the Brazos, with all his men, and concluded the report announcing his arrival to General Taylor in these words: "The brigade I have the honor to command is generally in good health and fine spirits, anxious to engage in active service." On the 20th of August, he wrote to Major-general Butler, claiming active service. His brigade did not relish being left in the rear to garrison towns or to guard provisions and military stores, while the regular army, and the volunteers ordered on to Camargo, would have the honor of being actively engaged.



Lane had an idea that the Indiana men were raised to do some fighting, and he was impatient of delay. The second day after his letter to Butler, he wrote again to General Taylor, complaining of the advance of troops out of their order of precedence. Without being disrespectful, he demanded for his command a share in the dangers and honors of the active service. Despite his anxiety to go on, he had to remain several months, in a most irksome mood, on the swampy banks of the Rio Grande, where his troops, suffering under the sweltering sun, where decimated by the pestilential diseases of the climate.

At length he was ordered to Saltillo, and made civil and military commandant of that post by Major-General Butler. After the battle of Monterey, Lane was ordered to join General Taylor.

The famous battle of Buena Vista was fought on the 22d and 23d of February, 1847. General Lane was third in command, and served on the left wing. From the beginning to the end he was in the hottest of the fight. On the morning of the 23d, Lane had the honor of opening the continuation of the battle, on the plain, where he was attacked by a force of from four to five thousand infantry, artillery, and lancers, under Gen. Ampudia. At this crisis, Lane's force was reduced to four hundred men; and with this phalanx he received the Mexican onset.

As Lane commenced the fight on the 23d, so was he in "at the death."—The Illinois and Kentucky regiments, suffering sorely, were falling back under a terrible charge by the collected infantry of Santa Anna, when Lane, though wounded, came up with the Indiana men, and with the Mississippi men, under Colonel Jefferson Davis, opened a destructive fire upon the Mexicans, checked their advance, and enabled the retreating regiments to form and return to the contest. Failing to pierce the American centre, Santa Anna retired from the field.

In this battle, where all were heroes, it is more honorable to find Lane, with four or five others, particularly noticed. Here is a picture of him: "When the grape and musket-shot flew as thick as hail over and through the lines of our volunteers, who began to waver before the fiery storm, their brave general could be seen fifty yards in advance of the line, waving his sword with an arm already shattered by a musket-ball, streaming with blood, and mounted on a noble charger, which was gradually sinking under the loss of blood from five distinct wounds. A brave sight indeed was this!"

Major-General Wool, writing to Lane, May 23d, regrets that he is about to lose his valuable services, and testifies to his readiness to do honor to his command, his country, and himself. Again July 7, Wool writes, "I have seen you in all situations—at the head of your brigade, in the drill, and in the great battle of 22d and 23d of February; and, in the course of my experience, I have seen few, very few, who behaved with more zeal, ability, and gallantry, in the hour of danger." And General Taylor, in his report, says, "Brigadier-General Lane (slightly wounded,) was active and zealous throughout the day, and displayed great coolness and gallantry before the enemy."

Remaining encamped near the battle-field until June, he was ordered with his brigade, to New-Orleans, where the latter was disbanded, its term of ser-

vice having expired. On his return home, public festivals at New-Albany and Evansville greeted him, while his appearance everywhere commanded and elicited the most enthusiastic admiration. An order to join Taylor's line, however, allowed him but a short season of repose in the bosom of his family.

Having been transferred to General Scott's line of operations, he reached Vera-Cruz, with his command, on the 16th of September, 1847. On the 20th, he set out for the city of Mexico, at the head of two thousand five hundred men. At Jalapa this force was increased by Major Lally's column of one thousand men, and at Perote by a company of mounted riflemen, two of volunteer infantry, and two pieces of artillery.

Leaving his train at San Antonio Taamaris with a suitable defence, Lane marched against Huamantla with over two thousand men. On the morning of the 9th of October, the people were startled by the approach of the soldiers. White flags were immediately displayed; but no sooner had the advanced guard, under Captain Walker, entered the town, than volley after volley assailed it. A deadly combat ensued. Walker gallantly charged upon a body of five hundred lancers and two pieces of artillery on the plaza. General Lane, advancing at the head of his column, encountered the heavy reinforcement of Santa Anna, who had arrived with his full force. Soon the roar of battle resounded from street to street. For a short time the Mexicans confronted their assailants with the energy of despair; but the terrible decision of the Americans prevailed, and their flag soon waved over the treacherous town. A large quantity of ammunition was captured, and some prisoners—one of whom was Major Iturbide, son of the former emperor of Mexico. This was the last field on which Santa Anna appeared in arms against the United States. For this victory Lane was breveted major-general.

Having rejoined his train, General Lane arrived at Puebla on the 12th of October.

Lane's campaign, from the departure from Vera Cruz up to this point, was a series of brilliant movements and victories. A surgeon attached to his command wrote home, about this period, that no writers—only the soldiers—could tell with what ingenuity and bravery Lane conducted his handful of men.—“I never”—he adds—“before could understand how cowards were transformed into brave men as by miracle.”

The battle of Tehuallaplan was the last fought in Mexico. Peace was soon declared; but General Lane—who, not inappropriately, says Jenkins, was styled by his brother officers and soldiers “the Marion of the army”—remained some months directing the movements consequent upon the return of our troops. On evacuating the conquered land, Lane remarked to a friend, “I left my plough to take the sword with a thrill of pleasure; for my country called me. I now go home to resume the plough with as sincere joy.”

About the 1st of August, 1848, General Lane reached Indiana. His fellow-citizens were rejoiced to see him; but he had not time to respond to the favors extended to him, for on the 18th he—without any solicitation on his part—was appointed Governor of Oregon. On the 28th his commission reached him, and on the next day he set out for his post.

On the 2d of March, 1849, about six months after his departure from home, he arrived safely in Oregon City. This journey cost the Government *nothing*—General Lane not making any charge for his expenses, besides which, he aided largely in subsisting the troops the greater part of the time with the product of his rifle, as he was both the pilot and the hunter of the party.

The Indians of Oregon—of whom there were between fifty or sixty tribes—kept the whites in a constant state of jeopardy. The progress and settlement of the territory were greatly impeded by their depredations. In 1850, a formidable outbreak took place on Rogue River, in the southern part of Oregon. Governor Lane took the field in person, collected a force of settlers, miners, a few officers and men of the regular army, attacked the Indians at Table Rock, and, after a desperate conflict, in which he was severely wounded, drove them from their position. Following this success up with his accustomed vigor, he so severely chastised them that they were glad to accept any terms of peace.

As a Delegate from Oregon, General Lane was unremitting in his advocacy of the interests of the Territory, and untiring in his efforts for her admission into the Union.

The evening of the day Oregon was admitted to the sisterhood of States, the federal city was alive with festivity in honor of the event. A band serenaded the President, Vice President, Mr. Stephens of Georgia, General Lane and others. In response to a call, Governor Stevens introduced General Lane—new Senator elect from the State of Oregon—to the people. He made a brief speech, in which he said that a bulwark had been raised that day on the shores of the Pacific against foreign invaders, and a fresh assurance given of the perpetuity of the Union.

While Governor Lane was in Oregon, he was named for the Presidency by the convention assembled at Indianapolis to revise the State Constitution of Indiana. The Democratic State Convention, which met February 24, 1852, formally presented his claims for the Chief Magistracy, pledging the vote of the State to him. On his arrival in Indiana from Oregon, he had a public reception, at which, in the course of an address of welcome, Governor Wright thus briefly viewed the career of the guest of the day:

“He has been the artificer of his own fortunes; and, in his progress from the farmer on the banks of the Ohio and the commandant of a flat-boat, to posts of honorable distinction—to a seat in the House of Representatives and in the Senate of Indiana—to the command of a brigade upon the fields of Buena Vista, Huamantla, and Atlixco—to the Governorship of Oregon, and thence to a seat in Congress—he has displayed the same high characteristics, perseverance, and energy. The annals of our country present no parallel for these facts. He entered the army a volunteer in the ranks, looking forward only to the career of a common soldier. He left a major-general, closing his ardent and brilliant services in that memorable campaign by fighting its last battle and capturing its last enemy.”

We acknowledge our indebtedness for this sketch to the “Portraits and Sketches of the Lives of all the Candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency,” a neat 8vo. volume published by J. C. Buttre, New York.



LOCAL items are very few. The past month with one or two exceptions has been unusually calm and pleasant. The Sophs took a little "flare-up" but soon got tired of the *fun* and have returned to their duties.

Dr. Barker has been delivering lectures, during the last week, on Phrenology. We have not had the pleasure of hearing them but have understood that they are very good.

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The Editors of the "Fly-Leaf" will please accept our thanks for the V vol. of their Quarterly.

EXCHANGES.—Since our last we have received THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for July. Republished by L. Scott & Co., 54 Gold Street, New York

The high reputation and extensive circulation of this Review render remarks by us unnecessary. Questions in Politics, Social and Political Economy, Theology, the Fine Arts, and Education, which can only be superficially touched upon by the newspaper press, here undergo that calm consideration and discussion best calculated to insure the formation of a correct judgment and elicit the truth. This number contains several superior articles and we are sorry we have not room to notice them.

The present number we notice commences a volume, as also do two or three other Periodicals making the present a desirable moment to commence subscriptions.

Price of one Review \$3 a year. Price of four Reviews, \$8. "Blackwood" and the four Reviews \$10.

Also, LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for July which is also republished by L. Scott & Co., New York. We see that Messrs. L. Scott & Co., are rapidly putting forth their reprints of the English Reviews for the current quarter. These publications have long issued with such regularity, that the announcement of their issue has become almost unnecessary, as readers know when confidently to expect them. The following is an extract of the Contents of the present number of the London Quarterly:—I. The Missing Link and the London Poor; II. Joseph Scaliger; III. Workmen's Earnings and Savings; IV. The Cape and South Africa; V. Ary Scheffer; VI. Stonehenge, VII. Darwin's Origin of Species; VIII. The conservative Reaction.

We believe that the ladies but seldom read these periodicals considering them the exclusive property of the gentlemen. But it is high time that they should reject the trash usually provided for their amusement and resort to such periodicals as these. We are certain that no woman can read such articles as Nos. I and III without deep interest and sympathy: few can reflect upon them without feeling that their estimate of their social and domestic duties has been hitherto narrow and imperfect.

---

NOTICE.—As we are yet in debt and our Creditors clamorous we will be much obliged to those who still owe us if they will come forward with *the cash*. It would be unpleasant to us and annoying to you (to say nothing of the sacrifice of pride) to take the rounds of College on a dunning expedition. Save us this trouble by settling immediately.

BALL MANAGERS OF 1860.

“Read, meditate, reflect, grow wise—in vain;  
 Try every help, force fire from every spark;  
 Yet shall you ne’er the poet’s power attain,  
 If Heaven ne’er stamped you with the muses’ mark.”

It is very strange that we prefer writing verse to prose. Many subjects that otherwise would have been interesting are often made dull and obscure by the multitude of words, far-fetched metaphors and jingling rhymes in which they are wrapped up. We allow all moon-struck lovers and youngsters just fledging to poetize; for the former pester no one except “pale faced Diana” and the latter mount their Pegassus to meet with the fate of Bellerophon. But we have no sort of patience with those who continue to *scribble* after they have become old enough to know better. Do not understand us to intimate that all are such. Very far from it. Some certainly even in our matter-of-fact day, have the *feu sacré* but by far a greater number have mistaken “the concord of sweet sounds” for true poetry and have flooded us with rhyme. Perhaps it is for the better; for there is an old proverb that says “we shine more by comparison than by true merit;” if so, they have their part to perform.

---

THE following speech was delivered by Mr. Barrett in defence of Mr. B. who was charged “with having poisoned Mrs. Tabitha Hogan.” Read it and think for yourself.

Mr. Cooper having concluded, Mr. Barrett continued the argument for the defense:

May it please your Honor, Gentlemen of the Jury, in all my practice never have I felt a greater responsibility resting on me than at this time; not that I have any doubt as to the innocence of the prisoner at the bar, but that the issue of this case will involve consequences of the most significant importance to the country at large, and especially to this University. This community has been panic-stricken by the announcement of the sudden decease of a quiet and unpretending citizen, Mrs. Tabitha Hogan. We are told that the circumstances attending the disease and death of the deceased were sufficient to warrant the suspicion that the unfortunate woman had received foul play. Suspicion attached immediately to the prisoner J. R. B——. Why did it fall on him? Let us see who were the first to raise this suspicion. Was it not his rivals in an honorable pursuit of a noble science? Ah! here is the secret of suspicion. It was but the legitimate result of that envy caused by the superior proficiency of Mr. B—— over his rivals. We have a somewhat similar case in the early life of Mr. Pitt whose resplendent talents were so destined to surpass the powers of his giant cotemporaries as to create a deadly envy in their bosoms. What is the character of the young man Mr. B——? He came to this community two years ago, bringing with him the impulses of a noble and ingenuous mind. Throughout the two years that have elapsed he has so conducted himself as to merit increased confidence and esteem. He has elicited the admiration of all with whom he has come in contact,

“None knew him but to love him;  
 None named him, but to praise.”

But alas! what a sad reverse of fortune has befallen that young man. He whom but two days ago I left exhibiting all the promises of a brilliant and useful life, is now occupying the criminal's box under the charge of a crime the most detestible and revolting to human nature—the murder of one of our most valued citizens. As to the other prisoner who stands charged in the bill of indictment, it is unnecessary for me to say anything; and, as there has been little or no testimony against either of them, I presume his Honor will release them before the jury retire.

But let us look to the testimony. And here we find nothing but vague uncertainties. A great many distinguished physicians have been brought forward by the prosecutor to prove that arsenic was administered by the prisoner B——; they state that they were present at a *post mortem* examination—that they subjected the contents of the stomach of the deceased to color-giving tests. But you will recollect gentlemen, that it has been proved by Dr. Borden and Mr. Cole that Professor K—— emphatically remarked in their hearing, that in medico legal investigations the defense should always insist on octahedral crystals being produced. Prof. K—— you know stands the very highest in his profession. He has been through the laboratories of Liebig, Bauston, Will, and other distinguished European chemists; he is as well acquainted with every element, understands their various combinations, and can separate and distinguish between them by his wonderful manipulations as easily and as readily as the compositor can his type. Well, have these crystals been produced? No witness has been able to detect them himself. But suppose we admit the production of these crystals, then do we not have the record of Dr. Draper, whose authority is, if possible, nearly equal to that of Prof. K——, that antimony yields a crystal precisely like the arsenical octahedron; so that the one may be confounded with the other and thus render abortive the reliability of this test, unless heat be applied which volatilizes arsenic but does not antimony, and which test has not been proved to have been effected?

I stated in the beginning of my remarks that the issue of this trial is of the highest importance to this Institution. In this connection I propose to examine the reliability of color-giving tests. Take the one with ammonia sulphate of copper which gives a precepsitate undistinguishably similar to the contents of a stomache which is want to receive from time to time a moderate portion of “old Nick” or “Nash brandy.” So you see that if the contents of the stomachs of some of our Professors should be examined after death and this test applied, it might lead to the suspicion of their having been treated with arsenic, and one experiment of this kind might be followed up by others which would finally break up College.

But what are some of the arguments of the prosecution? They get up here and magnify the enormity of this crime in general for the purpose of prejudicing your understanding against the prisoner B——. But gentlemen, you who have explored the mazes of the human heart, and who are so highly distinguished in this community by a superior discriminating judgment will never reconcile such pictures of atrocity with the pure heart and upright course of J. R. B——. Mr. Martin, on the prosecution, has for the first time



in his life discovered any importance in the science of Chemistry. Never have I heard, in all my intercourse with him, that he ever kept pace with that remarkable science until to-night. He has suddenly out-stripped the science. Mr. Cooper's obscure and distorted idea refined into sophistical jargon will only find an interpretation in some lunatic asylum.

Gentlemen—I can well appreciate your feelings. I know the responsible position you occupy. You hold the life and death of the prisoner in your hands. If you hurry him into Eternity he may there find a laboratory in no wise analogous to the one in which he has lately been operating; the elements which he would have to contend with might not be so readily controlled as those with which he is now acquainted. Should he go there unprepared for that new field of labor, you will be responsible for him. Rather let him be restored to the confidence of an appreciative community. And may your generosity grant him a safe deliverance.

---

It seems to be the prevailing opinion, and especially here in College, that some men are born to be great whether they make any effort or not. For the benefit of those who believe this we publish the following from the Home Circle:

INDUSTRY AND GENIUS.—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton virtually defines Genius in one word, Industry. Certainly no man living has a better right to the respectful attention of mankind in any thing he may say upon that subject. One of the most accurate and various scholars of the age, perhaps the very greatest living writers of fiction, and, if not a first-class poet, at least one of the most exquisite versifiers who has written in our language, he honestly affirms that systematic *industry* has made him what he is. He, perhaps, reaches an extreme in his definition of Genius. Yet, if we were called upon to name the very greatest of human talents, we should unhesitatingly say Industry. If not Genius, it is at least the invariable companion of all successful genius.

In confirmation of this view, we find the following waifs afloat among the newspapers:

Alexander Hamilton once said to an intimate friend, "Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius that I have lies just in this: when I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me. Then I explore it in all its bearings. Then the effort which I make is what the people are pleased to call the fruits of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."

Mr. Webster once replied to a gentleman who pressed him to speak on a subject of great importance, "The subject interests me deeply, but I have not time. These, Sir," pointing to a huge pile of letters, "I must reply to before the close of the session, (which was then three days off,) I have not the time to master the subject, so as to do it justice." "But, Mr. Webster, a few words from you would do so much to awaken public attention to it." "If there be such weight in my words as you represent, it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject till I have imbued my mind with it."

Lord Brougham was once complimented on the highly-polished and very finished character of a lecture he had just delivered. "It ought to be pretty well polished," replied his Lordship. "I read from the *thirteenth copy* I made of that lecture."

Demosthenes was once urged to speak on a great and sudden emergency. "I am not prepared," said he, and obstinately refused.

The law of labor is equally binding on genius and mediocrity.

Dr. Adam Clark said, that "the old proverb about having too many irons in the fire was an abominable old lie. Have all in it, shovel, tongs, and poker."

Wesley said, "I am always in haste, but never in a hurry: leisure and I have long taken leave of each other." He travelled about five thousand miles in a year: preached about three times a day, commencing at five o'clock in the morning; and his published works amounted to about two hundred volumes.

Asbury traveled six thousand miles a year, and preached incessantly.

Coke crossed the Atlantic eighteen times, preached, wrote, travelled, established missions, begged from door to door for them, and labored in all respects as if, like the apostles, he would "turn the world upside down." At nearly seventy years of age, he started to Christianize India.

Bonaparte said that "three hours was long enough for any person to sleep." And when he tells us that he slept only that length of time we are not so much surprised at the amount of work that he accomplished.

In fact the history of every individual who has risen to distinction shows that their success was only equal to their *industry*.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—The following are the Officers and Committees of the Young Men's Christian Association for the present session:

PRESIDENT—Guilford Nicholson, Halifax Co., N. C.

VICE PRESIDENT—L. R. Bell, Oxford, N. C., H. B. Lyon, Edgecombe Co., N. C., A. Hill Patterson, Milton, N. C., Lawson W. Sykes, Mississippi.

RECORDING SECRETARY—Octavius H. Blocker, Fayetteville, N. C.

ASSISTANT RECORDING SECRETARY—John M. Melver, Moore Co., N. C.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY—Henry G. Williams, Warren Co., N. C.

TREASURER—Archibald McFadyen, Cumberland Co., N. C.

LIBRARIAN—J. D. Currie, Bladen Co., N. C.

MANAGERS—D. H. Foy, New Hanover Co., N. C., George W. McMillan, New Hanover Co., N. C., L. R. Bell, Oxford, N. C., S. B. Staton, Edgecombe Co., N. C.

#### STANDING COMMITTEES:

SENIOR CLASS—Robert Murphy, Sampson Co., N. C., L. R. Bell, H. G. Williams.

JUNIOR CLASS—A. Hill Patterson, O. H. Blocker, Wm. C. Jordan, Greenville, Pitt Co., N. C.,

SOPHOMORE CLASS—N. R. Kelly, Moore Co., N. C., Jesse D. Franklin, Miss., J. H. Person, Franklin Co., N. C.

FRESHMAN CLASS—E. A. Nicholson, Halifax Co., N. C., W. Webb, Alamance Co., N. C., J. A. Cutchin, Edgecombe Co., N. C.

COMMITTEES ON RELIGIOUS MEETINGS—A. Hill Patterson, H. G. Williams, A. McFadyen.

COMMITTEE ON ROOMS—Lawson W. Sykes, J. D. Currie, S. B. Staton.

COMMITTEE ON LECTURES AND ADDRESSES—L. R. Bell, D. H. Foy, J. M. McIver.

COMMITTEES ON FINANCE—G. W. McMillan, H. P. Lyon, O. H. Blocker.

CORRECTION.—We owe Mr. Stedman an apology for not having inserted his name among those who obtained the first distinction in the Junior Class. The mistake was caused by relying too much on an extract which had accidentally omitted it.

## TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

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PHILANTHROPIC HALL, August, 1860.

Whereas the death of George M. White has caused unfeigned sorrow in the Philanthropic Society of which he was a useful and shining member, one who when with us was beloved and respected by all and departing from us carried with him the highest honors has been cut down by the hands of death. Therefore,

Resolved, That the Philanthropic Society while she bows to the inscrutable wisdom of Omnipotence cannot but deeply lament the death of one who by his generous disposition and many brilliant qualities of mind was so well calculated to reflect honor upon himself and upon the Society which can boast his membership.

Resolved, That the Society offers her warmest sympathies to the family of the deceased and would exhort them to be submissive to the decrees of Him whose decisions are always for the best.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased to the Raleigh Register, Wilmington Journal, Fayetteville Observer and University Magazine with request for publication.

ARCHIBALD McFADYEN, }  
JOHN D. CURRIE, } Com.  
WILLIAM H. REEVES, }

---

DIALECTIC HALL, August, 1860.

The Dialectic Society by the recent sudden death of our late fellow member, Thomas J. Badgett has been afflicted in no ordinary degree. For we deplore one who, a member of the class of 1858-'59, left our halls a year ago looking forward to the future with the brightest anticipations and giving hopes to his friends of a life to be spent in usefulness and honor, but all of these fond anticipations have been buried in a watery grave and we have failed to reap the rich rewards which his talents and nobleness of character would have bestowed upon us. Therefore,

Whereas the Dialectic Society has been called upon to mourn the loss of one of her most worthy members.

Resolved, That while she grieves over his untimely end and cannot but lament her loss, she submits with humble reverence to the will of Him who has seen fit thus to afflict her in so melancholy a manner.


Resolved, That the society tender to the family of the deceased her heartfelt sympathies and while mingling her tears with theirs would point them to Him who, doeth all things well.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of the deceased, and also to the Milton Chronicle, Greensboro' Patriot, Raleigh Register, and the University Magazine with the request that they be published.

N. L. WILLIAMS, JR., }  
A. HILL PATTERSON, } Com.  
J. N. THOMPSON, }



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References: Faculty of the University; W. J. Bingham & Sons, Oaks, N. C.; A. Wilson, D. D., Melville, N. C.

March, 60.

WM. B. LYNCH, Principal.

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NEW YORK, *February 1st, 1860.*

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mh, 60

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Vol. X. OCTOBER. No. 3.

# NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

## EDITORS:

OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

JOHN T. JONES,  
OLIVER T. PARKS,  
DAVID W. SIMMONS, JR.

OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

THOMAS T. ALLEN,  
ROBERT S. CLARK,  
JOEL P. WALKER.

FOR SALE BY  
W. L. POMEROY, Raleigh, N. C.

CHAPEL HILL:  
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1860.



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WE acknowledge the following receipts since Sept. 1st: Collin McNair \$2; Hon. Wm. H. Battle, \$2; Richard H. Battle, \$2; Wm. S. Battle, \$2; Kemp P. Battle, \$2; Wm. R. Cox, \$2; F. T. Seymour, \$2; J. J. Mathews, \$4; W. T. Plummer, \$2; John L. Haughton, \$2; S. S. Jackson, \$1 50; Long & McCauley, \$2; Prof. A. D. Hepburn, \$2; Miss Sophia Klutts, \$2; Hon. W. N. Edwards, \$2; Jos. A. Engelhard, \$2.


## NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

As we receive a good many letters asking the price, &c., of the Magazine, to save time and trouble we publish below all necessary information.

The MAGAZINE is issued regularly at the beginning of each month (excepting January and July.) TERMS: For single copies \$2 per annum *invariably in advance*; six copies \$10; and for clubs of more than ten a reasonable deduction will be made.

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 All letters should be addressed to the "Editors of the North Carolina University Magazine."





Engraved by J. C. Buttre from a Daguerrotype by J. H. Whitehurst

*Will. A. Graham*



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Vol. X.

OCTOBER, 1860.

No. 3.

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## WAR OF THE REGULATION.

(PART V—1775.)

BY HON. DAVID L. SWAIN.

WE have had occasion in the course of the preceding narrative to refer in very general terms, to the character of some of the leaders, in the incipient stages of the Regulation. It is now time to ascertain as nearly as accessible evidence will enable us, the true character of the great body of the insurgents at the era of the battle of Alamance. So far as this may be inferred from that of their Chiefs, the names of Boon and Robertson are ample vouchers for the first colony, that passed from the midst of the Regulators to become the founders of Tennessee. The fabled Romulus and Remus, though more savage and ferocious, were less intelligent and humane, and not more heroic than these early Regulators, and Rome at the proudest period in her annals, in no one of her districts exhibited purer patriotism or loftier courage than are presented in the earlier history of their descendants. Washington Irving in one of his fugitive papers remarks that there is something ennobling in the idea of being born at the base of a lofty mountain or on the banks of a noble river. These colonists found refuge if not repose, in beautiful vallies, in the shadow of the tallest mountains east of the Mississippi, were fanned by the breezes which played upon their summits, and refreshed by the waters which formed the head springs of one of the main sources of this mighty river. It was from these vales that in a little more than twenty years thereafter the sons of these pioneers under the leadership of McDowell, Sevier and Shelby went forth to victory and renown at Enoree and King's Mountain.

Of the Regulators within the boundaries of the Granville patent and east of the valley of the Yadkin, Williamson a native of Pennsylvania, born in 1735, a citizen of Edenton from 1776 until about the close of the century speaks as follows:

"The insurgents in North Carolina, who called themselves Regulators, lest they should be called a mob, were in general of the poorest class of citizens. Three or four of their leaders had some information, and a considerable degree of cunning; but the great body of those people were unacquainted with the laws, and very deficient in every kind of knowledge. They lived chiefly in new settlements upon poor land. They had also been culpably neglectful of private schools, and other means of instruction."

Williamson was a scholar, at one time Professor of Mathematics in the University of Pennsylvania, an army surgeon under Caswell in 1780, a member of the Convention that framed the federal Constitution, and subsequently during several years a representative in Congress of the Edenton district. He was a man of studious and retiring habits exclusive associations and little familiarity and sympathy with the common people. With ample opportunities to obtain information, and the requisite attainments, to have made the proper use of his acquisitions, his contributions to our history are by no one familiar with the subject regarded, as very interesting or very accurate.

Of the Regulators in general and especially of the Presbyterian element of the population east of the Yadkin, Caruthers in his life of Caldwell, replies to Williamson's criminations, with an apparent candor and fairness well calculated to win the confidence of the reader:

"The Regulators have been, in several respects, not fairly represented; for it happened to them, as it has usually happened to most others in similar circumstances, because they were unsuccessful, however just their cause, it became the fashion to misrepresent and to abuse them. The victors made their own statements and representations; and in time these were adopted even by their friends, because they had no others on whom they could rely. Williamson says that they were in general of the poorest class of citizens; that while three or four of their leaders had some information and a considerable degree of cunning, the great body of them were deficient in every kind of knowledge; that they lived chiefly in new settlements upon poor land; that they had been culpably neglectful of private schools, and of all other means of instruction; and that the people in the older settlements, near the coast, had better means of acquiring knowledge, implying that this was the great reason why they were not Regulators too. In all this there is some truth; but it is not the whole truth. The people were not in general either wealthy or learned; but then they were not paupers, and they were not heathen. It was with them as it is with the people now: some lived on land which was poor; and others on that which was fertile: some were very poor and others were in better circumstances, but taken altogether, as any one may see, they had the best lands in the whole province; and while they were mostly destitute of the comforts, they had the substantial of life in abundance. They had not time to amass property or procure luxuries; for having been but a few years in the country, their time had been occupied in clearing land, and in providing the bare necessities of life for themselves and their families. As

they had, in some parts, no saw-mills, no improved roads, hardly any wagons or conveniences for getting to market, and were obliged almost to give their produce away when they got it there, money, and the comforts which money alone can procure, must have been scarce. Several old men who lived in the south side of Guilford in the parts of Randolph adjoining it, told me a few years ago, that about the time of the Regulation, there was not a plank floor, a feather bed, a riding carriage, nor a side saddle within the bounds of their acquaintance; but it was not so everywhere; and on the whole there was probably about such a state of things as might be seen now in any of our frontier settlements to the west.

"As most of them had come from Pennsylvania, where the principles of civil and religious liberty were then better understood, and more fully reduced to practice than in any other colonies, or in any other part of the world, they could not be wholly ignorant of their rights, as British subjects; nor were they entirely without the means of information. Wherever people have an enlightened and evangelical ministry, they will be instructed in the prominent doctrines of the gospel, and in their relative duties; and so far as Presbyterians were concerned they had such a ministry, not adequate to their wants but to a greater extent perhaps than any other denomination at that time in the country. When the Orange Presbytery was organized the summer before the Regulation battle, it consisted of seven ministers; and all these lived in North Carolina. They were all men of classical education; and most of them were graduates of Princeton college. There seems to have been, as already stated, a classical school in Charlotte; probably another in Orange or Granville; and Dr. Caldwell's school, which had now been in operation about five years, had prepared several young men for college, and some who became distinguished ministers of the gospel. There were several English schools within the limits of what is now Guilford county: and the people generally understood the value of education. The Rev. Mr. Beuthahn,\* who, as I am informed, organized the German Reformed Churches in Guilford and Orange, taught a German school for several years about this time, in the south-east corner of the former county; and the Lutherans had their preachers, who, being from Germany, were educated men. In a communication just received from Bishop Vanvleck, of Salem, he mentions the Rev. Messrs. Nussman and Arnt, who, having been sent over at an early period, 'labored faithfully in poverty and privations till, on their urgent application, the Rev. Charles A. Storh, Roshen, and Bernhard were sent to their assistance.' The German Reformed Churches had several ministers, some of whom were devoted and useful men; and the Moravians were well supplied. There were several Baptist ministers in the province; but of their character I know nothing. People in these circumstances could not be so grossly ignorant as they have been represented; and the Quakers, although they differ from most others in their views of the ministry, have always advocated and maintained a high degree of English education. There is no class of people in the country who are better acquainted with all the business transactions of ordinary life, or who have

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\*Pronounced nearly as if it were written *Bittoun*.



a more correct understanding of their rights and privileges, as citizens ; but the Quakers if they were not foremost in the Regulation, appear to have united heartily in all the measures for the correction of abuses, except fighting ; and it is said that some of them had metal enough to try their hand at that too. Such, in brief, appears to have been the general character of the population ; and there were a number of men over the country of liberal education, besides ministers, whose names might be mentioned, if it were necessary, so that the community was far from being in a state of barbarous ignorance, or regardless of their moral obligation."

Dr. Caruthers is a native of Rowan, was the pupil of Dr. Caldwell, has resided all his life in Rowan and Guilford, was from early boyhood familiar with hundreds who fought at Alamance or sympathized deeply with those who fell, and those who fled. No man now living can be esteemed a more competent, and no one who knows him, and his range of acquaintance is not very limited, will demand a more reliable witness.

Of the Baptists not even excepting the Quakers, the sect most obnoxious to and most persecuted by Gov. Tryon, Caruthers speaks cautiously, because less familiar with their history, than that of his own denomination. Of the fifteen hundred families which according to Morgan Edwards fled from the province immediately after the battle of Alamance, a large proportion were members of the smitten flocks of Shubal Stearns, Daniel Marshall and Tidence Lane. It will not be very easy to name three revolutionary clergymen of any denomination, who impressed themselves more widely and deeply upon their generation, and had more numerous seals of their ministry. Stearns may be regarded as the spiritual father of the Baptists in North Carolina, Marshall of the churches in Georgia and the western portion of South Carolina, and Lane of Tennessee. The last named was the pioneer of his denomination in the valley of the Mississippi, as well as the founder of the Holston Association.

The character of the soil is one of the evidences of wealth, not to be disregarded in an estimate of the comparative condition of various sections of the province. With the exception of the Roanoke, there is no large section of the State which will compare favorably with the vallies of the Yadkin and Catawba. At the time of which we have been speaking, this region was inhabited chiefly by Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, who found their way thither through Pennsylvania, or more directly from the mother country, through South Carolina. They had received instruction in the principles of civil and religious liberty in the old, which never ceased to exercise the proper influence, in their new country. They were then as now comparatively well to do in the world. To Scottish thrift, intelligence and piety which they carried with them from their Caledonian hills they added the fertility of invention, the gallant and generous en-

thusiasm of the southern clime and in aftertimes in the mingled current of Scottish and Irish blood united elements, producing in individuals and classes finer specimens of men than either separate race had exhibited. To this rare combination of races was added a third element in smaller proportion, but with no less interesting characteristics; Dutch Calvinists and Lutherans, springing from the protestant blood which flowed so freely, in defence of civil and religious liberty in the ranks of William the Silent.

The disallowance by Governor Martin in 1773, of the Bill to re-charter Queen's College and of the Bill to repeal the disabilities imposed upon the Presbyterian clergy, sundered the last ligaments which bound the Southwestern Regulators to the Crown. Before the Battle of Alamance, nearly all Rowan and a large portion of Mecklenburg, were in close union with the Regulators. General Waddell's magazine, in his march through Mecklenburg, was destroyed three miles west of the present village of Concord, by "the Black Boys of Cabarrus," and on the 10th May 1771 a council of officers at General Waddell's Camp at Potts Creek, "considering the great superiority of the insurgents in number, and the resolution of a great part of their own men not to fight, it was resolved that they should retreat across the Yadkin." Captain Alexander deposed that "he had passed along the lines of the Regulators in arms, drawn up upon ground he was acquainted with. The foot appeared to him to extend a quarter of a mile, seven or eight deep, and the horse to extend one hundred and twenty yards, twelve or fourteen deep." Instead of the anticipated junction with augmented forces previous to the battle, Governor Tryon found it necessary, after the conflict, to march to the relief of the beleaguered General. Williamson states that the Governor by proclamation on the 7th June 1771, offered pardon to all insurgents who should come to his camp or to that of General Waddell before the 10th July, take the oath of allegiance, and promise obedience to the laws, except outlaws, prisoners, those who blew up General Waddell's ammunition," and fifteen other persons whose names were set forth. "A reward of one hundred pounds, and one thousand acres of land was promised to any person who should bring in Howell, Husband, or Butler, dead or alive, they being outlawed. The insurgents in general delivered up their arms and took the oath of allegiance."

It requires no very minute examination of these details to dissipate the delusion which prevailed so long and widely, that the great body of the Regulators, were tories during the Revolutionary war. Were the fifteen hundred families that fled beyond the Alleghanies tories? or the inhabitants of Rowan and Mecklenburg, the two most rebellious counties in America, tenanted by traitors? Those who were "cowed down at the

Battle of Alamance" surrendered their arms and took the oath of allegiance, in many instances became tories, and no small proportion of them were, as shown by Caruthers, concientious men who trembled at the suggestion of a violated oath. The forced requisition of a wagon and team from John Pile, exhibited in our last number, shows the severe process which secured his allegiance. His followers, who with him rendered such fearful retribution in the sanguinary conflict with Pickens and Lee on the 25th February 1781, were fellow sufferers in the ravages of Tryon in 1772. Col. Pile was a physician, an amiable man, and for faithful and skilful services rendered to wounded Whigs at the Battle of Cane Creek a few months after his discomfiture on Haw river, was pardoned by the executive authority.

About the same time that the political reformers first known as the mob, assumed the name of Regulators, a similar commotion under the same name arose in South Carolina, from analogous causes, but with very different results. Dr. Joseph Johnson in his "Traditions and Reminiscences of the Revolution" gives the following account of it:

"Political discussions were for a while suspended in South Carolina, by commotions in the west and north-western portion of the Province, where no courts of justice had been yet established. There a number of lawless men had collected from different parts of the world, probably from the number of soldiers disbanded from the armies in Europe and America after the treaty of peace in 1762.

"These indolent, profligate settlers committed depredations on their neighbors, who by industry and frugality were acquiring property, or had brought it with them into the Province. The negroes, cattle and horses of the industrious citizens were the chief objects of those depredators, but they frequently burnt the houses, barns and provisions of the respectable and industrious farmers who opposed them, and escaped with their plunder among the Indians, Spaniards and French, on the south and south-west of the Carolinas.

"Even when any of those plunderers were captured, being one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles off from the jails and courts of law, many of them would effect their escape; the captors, also, having to guard their prisoners that distance for trial, and afterwards to attend as witnesses on their trials, found the hardship intolerable. Sometimes, after all their trouble, the culprit would escape his merited punishment, and return upon them with vindictive feelings against the prosecutors. Under these difficulties, the most respectable inhabitants united to inflict summary justice on the depredators, and called themselves Regulators. The culprits, finding that punishment was inflicted on them without the forms or delays of courts, appealed to the royal governor for protection, and he sent a commissioner among them to adjust their differences. This was Colonel Schovel, who, instead of redressing the grievances on both sides, armed the depredators and paraded them for battle; they were, consequently, called Schofflites. When on the eve of bloodshed, some more considerate persons interposed, and they both sent delegates to the governor,



claiming relief. The governor and council saw the source of the difficulties, and in 1769, seven new courts, with suitable jails and court-houses, were established in different parts of the back country. By these established courts, the honest Regulators gained all that they wanted, and many dishonest Schofieldites got what they long merited—suitable punishment for their offences. It was remarkable with these men, that having been marshalled by Schovel, under authority of the royal governor, most of them joined the tories or royalists when the revolution broke out, about six years after having been thus marshalled.

Governor Graham in his Lecture on our Revolutionary history, in connection with an account of Gen. Howe's expedition to Norfolk for the relief of Virginia in December 1775, remarks :

"About the same date, an expedition under Colonels Martin, Polk and Rutherford, marched from the western part of the state against the tories, (called Scovillites, after the name of a royal emissary,\*) in the northwestern section of South Carolina; and in connection with the troops of that State, under General Richardson and Colonel Thompson, drove the Tory commanders Cunningham and Fletcher from the seige of the village of Ninety-six, and on their retreat, surprised and defeated them, with the capture of four hundred of their followers. This is known in tradition, as the Snow Camp campaign, from the violent snow storms with which its camps were visited."

Gibbes' Documentary History of the American Revolution, published since the delivery of this lecture, gives from the original manuscripts three letters from Col. Richard Richardson to Mr. Laurens, President of the Council of Safety of South Carolina, presenting a detailed account of his operations from the beginning to the close of the campaign. On 12th December 1775, he remarks, "Our army is about 3000 of different corps, viz: my own regiment Col. Thomson's and volunteer light horse, Col. Thomas', Col. Neil's, Col. Polk's and Lieut. Col. Martin's of the N. Carolina regiment upon the continental establishment, who voluntarily stepped out on this occasion, as did Col. Thomas Polk, and they say if you have occasion for their services, they are ready to go to Charleston when called upon." On the 22nd he writes, "on Saturday last, the 16th instant, we were joined by Col. Rutherford of Rowan and Col. Graham of Tryon counties in North Carolina with about five hundred men who unasked stepped forth, hearing of the commotions in this province, to give their aid in the common cause." The third letter bears date the 2d Jan'y 1775; we copy so much of it as relates to the leading incidents of the campaign :

"CONGAREES, Jan. 2, 1775.

SIR:—In my last I informed you of the detachments I had sent out, and in a postscript, of my intelligence of success. Our people surrounded their camp by daylight in the morning after a long march of near twenty-five miles, and

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\**Scovil or Scofil.*

lying on their arms till day, they then attacked and took about one hundred and thirty prisoners, with baggage, arms, ammunition, &c., which completed the conquest of that flying party which had till then kept out of reach. They had encamped at a convenient place called the Brake of Cane, the Cherokee land; Patrick Cunningham escaped on a horse bare-backed (and they say without breeches) telling every man to shift for himself. None of our men were killed or wounded, except the son of Col. T. Polk,\* a fine youth, was shot through the shoulder, and was in great danger. Some five or six of the other party, I am told, were killed; happily the men were restrained or every man had died. The next day they returned to camp, the snow set in, and continued for thirty hours without intermission, which, with the hardship and fatigue the men had suffered before, made them very uneasy, and seeing no more could be done they grew so uneasy it was out of my power to keep the troops together any longer. I, therefore, on Christmas-day dismissed the North Carolina troops, viz: Col. Rutherford, Col. Graham, Col. Martin and Col. Polk to all of whom, in behalf of my country, I returned my cordial and hearty thanks, &c.;

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\*Col. Thomas Polk it will be remembered commanded the militia of Mecklenburg at the era of the Mecklenburg Declaration, and was the most influential of all the gallant spirits connected with that proceeding. He was the immediate predecessor of Colonel Davie as Superintendent Commissary General, and on his resignation of this most important and arduous office, was appointed Brigadier General in the army under General Greene. Three sons shared with him the perils of the revolution. Charles was an officer under General Rutherford in the expedition undertaken for the relief of Wilmington in the autumn of 1781. His namesake Thomas, a lieutenant in the continental army, fell on the well fought field of Eutaw, on the 8th September 1781. The interesting youth referred to in Col. Richardson's dispatch was then in the seventeenth year of his age. He was subsequently Col. William Polk, and for some time previous to his death, the only surviving field officer of the North Carolina line.

He was in rapid pursuit of a fugitive Schovillite officer, when the latter suddenly sprang from his horse wheeled and planted a rifle ball in his left shoulder which disabled him for life. The arm was almost severed from the body and yet so little did it affect the appearance of the erect and stalwart soldier, that the ordinary observer not merely regarded him as having escaped unscathed in battle but as one of the stoutest of men. He was confined for several months with this wound, and when he left his bed his hair which he wore in a cue, in accordance with the fashion of the time, formed a mat in which, to use his own language "every hair stood out for himself." It became necessary to remove it, and the young woman who officiated as hair dresser, clipped it off with her scissors in a solid fleece. He was in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown and was with General Nash when the latter was mortally wounded. He had two molar teeth extracted by a musket ball and in the midst of his sufferings was the immediate witness of the agonies endured by Nash during the terrible night which succeeded the battle of Germantown.

He was the aid of General Davidson and at his side, when that gallant officer fell at Cowan's Ford on the 1st February 1781. He served under Pickens and Lee at Pyles defeat, and fought with his old companions in arms, Lee and Eggleton, when his brother Thomas was killed at Eutaw.

At the beginning of the war of 1812, from age and other causes he declined the office of Brigadier General in the regular army tendered by President Madison. He was born in 1759 and died at Raleigh, where he had resided for many years, on the 14th Jan'y 1834, in the 76th year of his age.

the same day Colonels Neel and Thomas, and Major Williamson with proper orders to pursue such measures in their different marches, as I was convinced would be necessary for the public service. I then as I found the service pretty well done and no possibility of detaining the men longer, the snow then lying on the earth in the smoothest places at least fifteen inches (most say two feet) I marched in the best manner we could downward. Eight days we never set foot on the earth or had a place to lie down, till we had spaded or grabbed away the snow, from which circumstance, many are frost bitten, some very badly: and on the third day a heavy cold rain fell, together with sleet, and filled every creek and river with a deluge of water; but with all these difficulties we reached this place yesterday with the prisoners, whom we have used in the best manner we could—about ten Captains and a hundred and twenty of the most mischievous men (some of whom will make good soldiers); all the powder; Ninety-six and New Camp men. We took seven kegs of gun-powder, six of which I delivered to Maj. Williamson to be sent to Mr. Wilkerson for the Cherokees; many arms have been delivered up, and I caused the men to sign an instrument of writing, which they did willingly with fear and trembling, by which they forfeit their estates, real and personal, if they ever take up arms against, or disquiet the peace and tranquility of the good people of this colony again, and to assist them if they are ever called upon.”

It was natural enough that the Regulators of North should sympathise with those of South Carolina. It may not be easy however, to turn to a parallel instance even in the heroic period of our annals of the promptitude and numbers with which they flew to aid their oppressed brethren. The following editorial article, is copied from “the South Carolina and American General Gazette for the week ending February 9th 1776:”

“A North Carolina correspondent, who signs himself *Philo-Gunc* informs us ‘that the young ladies, of the best families in Mecklenburg county, in North Carolina, have entered into a voluntary association that they will not receive the addresses of any young gentleman of that place, except the brave volunteers, who cheerfully served in the expedition to South Carolina, and assisted in subduing the Seovelite insurgents. The ladies being of the opinion, that such persons as stay lazily basking at home, when the important calls of their country demand their military service abroad, must certainly be destitute of that nobleness of sentiment, that brave, manly spirit, which qualify the gentleman to be the defender and guardian of the fair sex.’ Our correspondent adds, ‘This is the substance of the association, and we hear that the ladies in the adjacent county of Rowan, have desired a similar association to be drawn up, and prepared immediately for signing.’”

It is to be regretted that no memorial of the names of the signers to this in some respects more interesting paper than the Mecklenburg Declaration of the preceding May has come down to our times. The records of the Rowan Committee, in a good state of preservation, and kept with a neatness and boldness of chirography characteristic of the era under date



of the 8th May 1776, exhibit the following entries: "A letter from a number of young ladies in the county directed to the chairman, requesting the approbation of the Committee to a number of resolutions enclosed, entered into and signed by the same young ladies being read,

Resolved, that this Committee presents their cordial thanks to the said young ladies for so spirited a performance; look upon these resolutions to be sensible and polite, that they merit the honor and are worthy the imitation of every young lady in America."

We close for the present, the evidence in relation to the character of the Regulators, with the following extract copied from the original letter in the public archives, from our delegates in Congress, William Hooper of Wilmington, Joseph Hewes of Edenton and John Penn of Granville. The letter is addressed "To the Honorable the President and the members of the Provincial Council of North-Carolina" and is dated "Philadelphia December 1st 1775." The associations of Hewes upon the Chowan and Hooper upon the Cape Fear can scarcely be supposed to have biased their minds in favor of the Regulators. Penn the neighbor of Gen. Person, if not one of them resided in their midst, and may well be regarded as speaking from personal knowledge.

"In our attention to military preparations, we have not lost sight of a means of safety to be effected by the power of the pulpit, reasoning and persuasion. We know the respect which the Regulators and Highlanders entertain for the clergy, they still feel the impressions of a religious education and truths to them come with irresistible influence, from the mouths of their spiritual pastors. The present controversy is the cause of liberty, of religion, of God—it is a theme worthy the character of the divine missionaries of the Holy Jesus, like him his followers ought to go abroad doing good, and what employment more meritorious, more purely evangelical, than to lead those who err into the way of truth, to confirm those who waver, and to call forth the powers of every American in support of the constitution, and to struggle to prevent the downfall of the whole British Empire. Influenced by these views, the Continental Congress have thought proper to direct us to employ two pious clergymen, to make a tour through North Carolina in order to remove the prejudice which the minds of the Regulators and Highlanders may labor under with respect to the justice of the American controversy, and to obviate the religious scruples, which Gov. Tryon's heart-rending oath has implanted in their tender consciences. We are employed at present in quest of some persons who may be equal to this undertaking and at a future day shall inform you of the result of our inquiries. You will observe that the Congress here, conceived the continent so much interested in the measure, that they have made the expense of their support Continental."

LITERARY FAME--ITS PERMANENCE AND  
COMPARATIVE WORTH.

BY THETA.

FLOODS of volumes annually issue from the press. Everybody seems to have been seized with a desire to write a book. Not a few seem to have adopted as a maxim :

“’Tis pleasant sure to see one’s name in print,  
A book’s a book, although there’s nothing in’t;

and the idea of a violation of it the scrupulous conscience of these men seems to have completely precluded. Nor is this prevailing propensity to trespass upon the public patience checked ; it is, on the contrary, not only allowed to be indulged without censure, but in most cases is fostered by all the means within the power of a public press. Long before a book is published it is announced as forth-coming, and public expectation is raised to the highest pitch. After its publication, whether it be really useful and original, or trite and worthless, it is heralded before the world by a thousand newspaper advertisements, and men are instructed to look upon its author as a prodigy of learning. A really useful history or novel meets with scarcely a more cordial reception than the crude effusions of the collegian. By the critics of the day a laurel-crown is given to all alike. Yet how few of the books that now lie upon our library shelves, of recent publication, will survive ten years amid the general wreck ! There are so many books that we cannot read all, and we will only have the best. The others, with the names of their authors, must shortly be forgotten. Of course, the latter cannot be considered of the number of those who have attained to literary distinction ; for otherwise, all writers of the doggerel rhymes which we see in newspapers, and indeed all petty scribblers indiscriminately must be included in the same number. These may, indeed, be the object of praise in some paltry village ; may be thought heroes or sages by some illiterate people of their immediate acquaintance. But their fame extends no further. A few short years will obliterate all traces of their works, and the world will still move on, unmindful that they ever had an existence. Those only are entitled to literary fame, who have written something intrinsically useful, instructive or interesting, and which will be worth preserving after the occasion which called it forth has been forgotten. By applying this test to every literary effort, it will be found that only a few there are who are entitled to distinction in any branch of literature.

Ever since the invention of the printing press, there has been a rapid and ceaseless increase of books, and an enormous accumulation of them every year. To convince us of this fact, we need simply refer to some catalogue of those published in our own country; in other countries, as in England or Germany, the yearly addition is perhaps still greater. Think only of the voluminous remains of Goethe and Schiller, of Byron, Scott and Macaulay, and of Irving and a thousand others almost equally as celebrated. To the prodigious number of books already published, each day is adding fresh accumulations; and it is impossible to determine what a vast, unmeasurable pyramid of volumes of every description, will in the course of a few centuries have been collected.

In the knowledge of these facts, all may reasonably rejoice. Already we begin to anticipate a more general diffusion of knowledge, and the consequent enlightenment and improvement of all classes. We cannot indeed calculate the benefits which will inevitably result from such a wide dissemination of books. We only hope that the time may speedily come when all men from the smallest to the greatest shall receive a liberal education; for we believe that then and not till then will be realized the philanthropist's fond hopes of that universal prevalence of virtue and intelligence among mankind which will usher in the dawn of the happy "millennium."

But there is a darker side to the picture, which we cannot overlook or disguise. Work after work of science, of history and of poetry, is daily passing into quiet oblivion; many perish from violence or accident, and many from natural decay. It is a fact which every lover of literature cannot but mournfully contemplate, that there is an annual decay or destruction of truly valuable books, which we have no means of preserving, almost equal or at least bearing a large proportion to the annual production of them. It is an impressive thought that every day sees the extinction of the product of "some once busy and aspiring mind." And the printing press, the very means invented for their preservation, is but another instrument of their extinction—burying under the pile formed by recent publications those of an earlier date. Thus names once held in high esteem are continually passing away, or their works no longer read. Let the reader, no matter how well informed he may be, consider for a moment how many, many authors even of wide celebrity there are, of whose writings he has never read even ten pages. In this way, he may form some slight conception of the vast number of books which are annually being forgotten or mouldering into dust.

But notwithstanding all the vicissitudes of fortune to which all the productions of the human mind are exposed, and the mutations which the tastes and the literature of each succeeding age may undergo; still, there are some deeds which cannot pass away, some names that cannot perish.



The names of Homer, Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon and perhaps of Goethe can never be forgotten. Empires may rise in power and splendor, and then in all the glory of their magnificence may perish; whole kingdoms and cities may be overwhelmed amid the convulsions and revolutions of earth. But the works of men like these are as imperishable as the eternal hills, and their names will continue to shine on from age to age with undiminished lustre.

Yet how few men like these the world has ever seen! It may well be doubted if the world will ever again produce one other man, who so far surpassing in excellence both his predecessors and contemporaries, is capable of so impressing his genius upon his productions, so moulding and shaping them to beauty, as to attain a longevity commensurate with that of the Grecian Bard. And it is a melancholy reflection that all those who cannot attain this superior excellence, must like a bubble be swept silently and rapidly away upon the current of Time, without scarcely creating a ripple upon its surface! But let not the young aspirant to literary fame droop his head in despondency. 'Tis true, upon all things earthly is written "vanity," and the highest glory which industry and genius can claim is as fleeting as a shadow. Well may youthful ambition sigh over the destructibility of all human performances, the instability of human works. Yet, though the dreams of the enthusiast may never be realized, the works of genius are capable of a much longer duration than these facts would seem to shew. And to the author there is this consolation—if *his* works perish, so surely must the name and deeds of other men be forgotten also; for to him they owe the perpetuity of their fame. Though no pen however powerful, no theme however grand, no skill however consummate, no intellect however superior, may establish a celebrity which will fully gratify man's natural longing for immortality, still the author may erect for himself a monument more durable than that of brass, and perpetuate his memory for centuries. The corroding hand of time makes less fearful depredations upon his works than upon those of any other; and as his glory is more difficult to be won, so we believe it should deservedly meet with greater applause and gain a higher reward.

In the remote ages of antiquity, it is true, the conquests and triumphs of the warrior were more loudly applauded than the sublimest strains of the rhapsodist; and the time perhaps has been when even Homer's fame was as naught, compared with that of the heroes he celebrated. The hoarded treasures of a Croesus placed their possessor in higher esteem than the loftiest measures of the poet, and the exploits of the athlete once won a higher name than all the labors and researches of the historian. To win the palm at the Olympic games—or to return from the field of battle, commanding an army burdened with the spoils of war and covered

with the laurels of victory, and to enter the streets of ancient Rome at the head of a triumphal procession—such was once perhaps the summit of human ambition. But long since the time has passed away when men took delight only in the wild clangor of drums, the heavy tramp of the war-horse and the fearful clash of armies. Christianity and civilization have diminished the love of martial glory. Another era has dawned upon the world; the spirit of the times is changed, and men have now learned to appreciate the performances of those who have achieved great deeds in the department of mind. The brightness of Homer's fame has eclipsed that of his heroes, and while thousands have won by their writings a deathless name, ancient warriors and athletes, once so loudly celebrated, are now but vaguely remembered. Time throws a mist over the doings of the past which even the most vivid imagination cannot penetrate, and the people of a former age seem to "live in twilight and speak in whispers." After the lapse of a few years the excitement produced by the exploits of the warrior gradually subsides, and finally dies away, and he is partially forgotten. But the work of a man of letters remains fresh and vivid. His works are still before us and we may judge them for ourselves. The historian leaves in his writings the evidence of his own labors and careful study; the poet stamps upon every page the impress of his own struggles and passions. By thus coming into intimate, personal communion with the minds of his readers, the author still continues to excite our sympathies, and we unconsciously bring ourselves to look upon him as one of our own age. The writer, therefore, who has once attained great literary excellence, suffers no loss in reputation by the lapse of time. On the contrary, every age gives him a crown of fresh laurels; and while military glory decreases year by year, literary excellence gains louder and higher applause. Such has been the fortune of Homer and many others quite inferior to him, and such will probably be the destiny of some others who at present are held in comparatively little esteem. The writings of many an author, as we all are aware, are read, studied and admired long after the language in which he wrote has ceased to be employed.

And the work of an author is deservedly entitled to a higher reward than any other. If fame be the object of his desire and his works be truly meritorious, let his ambition be gratified. But just here there is a difficulty which cannot be overcome. There are many worthy names which posterity would willingly perpetuate, many valuable books which we would cheerfully save from decay, injury or destruction, were there any possibility of escape. There are many bright stars in the literary firmament which we would gladly see shine on forever with a lustre as glaring as when they first shone forth in all their glory upon the world;

but alas! unfortunately for them, yet happily for succeeding ages, brighter luminaries will appear, and excel them in splendor; and they must be content to live in partial obscurity.

Again, if an author's object be to improve and enlighten society, it is to be hoped he will gain his appropriate reward also. And it is interesting to remark not only how successful have been the efforts of those who have exerted the powers of their intellect towards the accomplishment of this purpose, but what grateful tributes of esteem the world is ever paying to their memory. Galileo, Copernicus and Newton still live; after having achieved an incalculable amount of good for the world, they have left behind them names which time itself cannot erase; for they are engraven in eternal adamant upon the very face of Nature itself.

But again, if the writer labors for pecuniary motives, here, too, let his wishes be realized. Authorship is seldom a lucrative profession, and if there were not higher motives to impel an author to his work, or greater rewards for his labor, than gold or silver, verily the number of writers would be few and the scarcity of good books would be lamentable. Goldsmith ever felt the pain of pinching poverty, Chatterton, the precocious child of genius, without a penny was driven to despair, and Otway, we are told, died of starvation. But for the author *there are*—*there should be* nobler aspirations, more powerful incentives to action, more desirable rewards of his industry, than the simple increase of his coffers above what is required in order to meet the common necessities of life. 'Tis a matter of no little consideration with him that he shall win the applause of his contemporaries and bequeath a lasting inheritance to posterity.

Literary fame is perhaps the most difficult to win of all. Other men may be favored by circumstances; the warrior may take advantage of some favorable occasion to display his powers and push his conquests, and may establish his fame by performing some deed, not difficult to be done indeed, but conformable to the wishes of his contemporaries; and thence be transmitted to posterity as worthy of commendation. But the writer must not only work his way step by step up the hill of fame, but must stand the test of time and the criticism of each succeeding age. And unless his writings are adapted to the tastes of each following generation, he must either wholly relinquish his high position in the eyes of the world or suffer a partial degradation from it. But perhaps there are some who will deny that the writer is entirely unfavored by circumstances, and will maintain that he, too, owes much of his reputation to the state of men's feelings and judgment in the age in which he lives. Some men hold the opinion that had there never been an Edinburgh Review or a Mary Chaworth, the latent fires of Byron's genius would never have blazed forth upon the world. Now upon this point no very definite



conclusion can be formed. Human sagacity and foresight are incapable of penetrating the future, or of determining in every case what cause will produce a given effect and what result will be brought about by the operation of a given cause. It should seem, however, that reason in this case would lead us to a decision somewhat different from that of those men just alluded to. No one will doubt that Byron's literary piques, disappointed love and personal deformity, all acted as powerful influences in the moulding of his character; yet, in the absence of these influences, probably others and no less powerful would have roused his dormant energies into action. It is only to be regretted that influences such as these did act upon him; for otherwise, his writings would not, in all probability, have been tainted by that misanthropy and licentiousness, which now pervade the whole. This seems to have been his own opinion, as we may gather from several passages; thus, before concluding that most bitter satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," he exclaims:

"The time hath been, when no harsh sound would fall  
From lips that now may seem imbued with gall,  
Nor fools nor follies tempt me to despise  
The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath my eyes:  
But now, so callous grown, so changed since youth,  
I've learn'd to think and sternly speak the truth;  
Learn'd to deride the critic's starch decree,  
And break him on the wheel he meant for me."

A great many other passages might without difficulty be selected, that would corroborate this opinion.

To those who advance the opinion that the writer is largely indebted for his success to the existing circumstances of his time, it may again be answered that those authors who select for their subject some topic or event of only transient interest; that those who suit their works to the tastes of the present age alone, are the very ones which most speedily perish. If an author would have his name perpetuated through the long march of time, he must choose a theme of permanent interest; and the durability of his works will be in direct proportion to the length of time that his subject engages men's attention or curiosity. This rule, however, is not without exceptions. A work even of superior merit upon any subject may be superseded by another upon the same subject of still greater merit; and for this reason, it is sometimes said that the poet has fairer prospects of immortality than the man of science.

Upon the true historian—the faithful chronicler of events and the useful deductions drawn from them—too much praise cannot be bestowed. More is dependent upon him than men generally admit. To him we are indebted for the lessons of the past and, in a degree, the prosperity of the present and the fortunes of the future; since past events furnish lessons of wisdom by which we are instructed how to direct our course for

the future. It is a common observation that to write a history—to collect and arrange all the materials—to read and re-read thousands of volumes “dim with the mist of years”—and to weave an interesting narrative out of dull, naked facts—is no small labor. It would be, indeed, a pleasing task, were it in our power, to fulfill his “fond desire,” to gratify his “longing after immortality.” But alas!

“*Omnes una manet nox  
Et calcanda semel via leti.*”

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## COLLEGE LIFE.

BY EDGAR.

—*In te omnis domus inclinata recumbet.*—VIRGIL.

As it is natural for the traveler, who gazes upon the pyramids or pauses by the scattered columns of some ancient city, to speculate upon the solitary grandeur of the one and the melancholy fate of the other, so the student who passes through the College mint will naturally reflect upon its operations. But the majestic monarchs of the desert look down forever with the same mournful gaze upon the millions that have paused at their feet and passed away; while the College aspect changes with circumstances and the onward march of civilization. A four years residence in the halls of learning modifies essentially the moral, mental and physical powers. Its influence is felt least of all upon the moral, however, for they generally have been germed at home, and after life only develops its traits more prominently; the youth of firm principles and good morals while at home, needs much temptation to seduce him from the path of honor when abroad. The home influence is predominant, the tree that starts upright beneath the parental roof, though it may bend to the blast or pine beneath the pestilent heat, will spring again to its position and still point to the sky.

“’Tis education forms the common mind,  
Just as the twig is bent the tree’s inclined.”

And as many are not thus prepared, they of course are liable to fall into bad habits. That Collegians (as well as others) have temptations, no one will deny—but that they affect as dangerously as elsewhere, is a matter of very great doubt. College dissipation is of a different cast from all other, a higher order; it is the refinement of the gross indulgence of the common herd. There being no necessity of concealment from their equals, and the

moral expansion being incited by the mental, they discard the low, filthy degradation of the city debauchee, and only aim at those generous, liberal spree, which though they weaken, do not degrade. Here the invitations to vice being fewer, the consequent indulgence is not so regular as to form a strong habit; though the affected *sang froid* of occasional hilarity often deceives observers into the belief that such is universally prevalent, and thus leads them to consider Alma Mater as the seat of all wickedness. But even those few who do sometimes dissipate, when they go forth into the world and find indulgence so insipid compared with the "feast of reason and flow of soul" that once prevailed, when instead of companions worthy of themselves they must embrace the scum of society, when they dare not acknowledge such associates in the broad light of day, when conscious of degradation they must blush beneath the glance of those they esteem; conscious of this change they generally reform in disgust. But he who imbibes a taste for debauch in its blackest form, who wanders forth from the joyous social circle where every endearment binds to virtue to seek the dens of vice, is generally stained forever. And the student, who for years is absent from home, centers round its memory all his brightest hopes, merges all his ambition to merit their confidence, remembers with fond regret its many joys, and learns to love it far more than he who never felt its want. But the great effect of education here is upon the mind. The world is beginning to know "'tis the mind that makes the man," the groans of the mighty steam as it wrestles in its bondage, and the song of the loom as it beguiles its captivity, tell mankind in tones unmistakable, that "knowledge is power." And as more attention is devoted to its cultivation, and as Collegiate training has an important influence, this has received due consideration, and the long line of youth that daily seek its advantages is strong evidence of its merit. It is a gymnasium, where the faculties of the mind are strengthened and its powers developed. Every noble principle is excited by every stimulant that can be applied. Emulation spurs industry and excites activity. By comparison with its fellows, the mind discovers in what it is strong and what weak, what precocious and what backward. The problems of Mathematics exercise ingenuity, and Greek and Latin exercises encourage facility of translation. For a long time these three departments filled up the curriculum, and even then secured that perfect command of faculty and that grasp of comprehension which seldom failed of making their mark. But the utilitarianism of the age, unwilling to devote so much time to training for training itself, has introduced in the same space all those beautiful and instructive sciences which have resulted from the remarkable discoveries of the last century. These while they to some extent train, will also furnish the mind with the most valuable facts capa-



ble of immediate and practical application. By dealing in abstraction the mind learns to depend upon itself, but from the later sciences it forms a better idea of the wonderful structure of creation and the omnipotent Architect who planned it.

Truth and beauty having no connection with selfish ends are sought for themselves alone. Libraries open their doors wide to the enquiring gaze. The experience of ages furnishes food for reflection and light for future action. The exercises of debate encourage eloquence; and those of composition, depth of thought and beauty of expression. The only danger is that this refinement may be carried too far and produce an aversion for the practical, or a mind too deep for comprehension.

The collegian seldom possesses that shrewdness of trade, and that intimate acquaintance with the people which characterize the man who from earliest infancy has struggled with adversity. To him the people invariably give the preference, *omnibus paribus*; for their logic is, that he who has the superior advantages if true to himself, would have made superior advancement, and if not true to himself, he will hardly be to us. And thus you often hear men say "here is a collegian who is utterly worthless, and here a self-made man who has won the affection and esteem of thousands." How is this? Plain enough. College can not create mind, nor compel improvement; it only proposes to offer the means of improvement, and if those means are neglected or the raw material is wanting, the fault belongs elsewhere.

A proper education not only gives the signet stamp of superiority, but also that *je ne sais quoi* of refinement that softens every action. The dullest plow-boy sees and yields to its invisible influence and the most turbulent assembly bows in respect. In every department it occupies the highest places; it adorns the ermine of the judge, it points the wit of the lawyer and clings to the robes of the senator. In politics, though often the breath of the blatant politician falls like a syren song upon ears distorted by passion, yet education carries that nobler consciousness of knowledge that will in the end prevail and grasp the highest honors of government. Such are its mental effects. The existence of health and bodily power, however, is the back-bone of a nation; it is not only necessary to the prosecution of agriculture and all those hardier forms of industry, which are the bases of society; but it is the understructure which sustains the citadel of the brain, and when once this is undermined, the former preys on itself and falls a melancholy spectacle of ruin. Its proper development is therefore essential, and as at Southern Colleges this is too much neglected, lassitude, indigestion and frequent bad health ensue. The reason is this, that in order to attain and preserve good health, industry and exercise are indispensable. But the majority of Southern stu-

dents are from the richer classes, and as poverty stings to exertion, while wealth allures to indolence, it results that very few of those raised in luxury ever make the exertion to secure the "*mens sana in sano corpore*." And as these would at home have been indolent and made no progress in mind or body, it follows that this is not at all owing to college education, but is due to the weakness of our own society. And to this very fact, is due three fourths of the imperfection of college discipline, and that lack of shrewdness and industry that enable the Northerner to outwit the Southerner.

But there is another view of the student's life. The draughts of the Pierian spring are gemmed with many sparkling pearls and the hill of Science dotted with many flowery beds where the traveler can repose. What four years can be more enjoyed? Is he rich? Here's the place to enjoy an innocent hilarity which excites not the sneer of envy. Is he poor? Here's where struggling poverty enlists our sympathy and demands our respect, where intellect is felt, and the fire of genius charms the generous hearts that hasten to its altar. Is he good-natured? Here's where a flow of soul mingles with congenial elements, and Friendship's temple ever blooms with freshest garlands. Is he morose? Here's where rough-edge is worn from his exclusiveness and his rustic manners polished with a refined gentility.

Happy era! Happy man! To him Fate has mellowed the severity of her decrees and Fortune smiles upon him. Isolated from the cold formalities of the world, he dwells in a society whose every nerve quickened with the life-blood of the young, beats time to the march of progress, where rising health and budding hope dream not of decaying age and smile upon distant calamity. His every want supplied, no harrowing cares or financial crises chain his thoughts to the fickle wheel of fortune, no domestic quarrels fret his ease nor hungry babes madden his want, no national dangers call for his interference and no commercial disasters jar "the even tenor of his way."

His mind is its own world, his soul's as boundless as the throbbing ocean and his thoughts as free as the passing breeze. The widest field of human inquiry lies before him and the voice of the mighty dead calls upon him to explore its mysteries. Learning equips the young traveler with the means of investigation, and fair Science scatters his path with those flowers which may one day distil the intoxicating perfumes of the never dying laurel. Both the past and the present furnish food for contemplation. In the past, no disappointments mar the happy landscapes, no stings of conscience lurk snake-like in the pleasant walks, sweet retreats and truly "happy vallies of our childhood;" for memory, young and golden memory, finds it no difficult task to linger among those

fairy bowers. But the future is peculiarly the student's own. Now vaulting ambition whispers to an attentive credulity more than magic tales, wantonly revels in unlimited power or wisely teaches

“The applause of listening Senates to command  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land  
And read our history in a nation's eyes.”

Hope now gilds the horizon with the bright rainbow of future promise and a fancy which may before have taken sudden and lofty flights, but lark-like soon fell, startled at its own rashness—now ventures like the soaring eagle to wing its steady way to the regions of the mid-day sun and gaze with an undimmed eye upon the splendor that dazzled his young glance. Ah young man! despise not the present, nor overlook its advantages. To-morrow sharp disappointment will clip the wings of your fancy, frosty experience nip your budding hopes, and bitter reality teach the trusting heart that these were like fatal mirages of the desert that allure but to deceive. For when the man has grown old and haggard, or stained with vice, no gilding of memory, no splendor of the present, no promise for the future can calm the throes of a troubled heart, nor sing to rest with their soothing lullabies the whispers of a never-dying remorse.



## THE ORIGIN OF LOVE.

## A COMMENCEMENT ORATION.

One morning in the palmiest days of Greece,  
The Golden Age, when all on earth was peace,  
From high Olympus mighty Jove looked down,  
His brow deep-furrowed with an angry frown,  
Upon his far-extending empire—earth:  
On man to whom his father's power gave birth.  
From Juno's vengeful tongue, in fretful mood,  
He just had fled, and thus in silence stood  
Gazing beneath him, and chagrined to see  
That man was happier, happier far than he.  
Then from his strong right-hand he quickly cast  
A thunderbolt which, loudly echoing, passed  
Adown the mountain's side; o'er hill and plain  
The thunder followed in the lightning's train.  
Roused from his slumber Mercury arose  
Cursing his fortune, his disturbed repose.  
Then, borne on wingéd sandals through the air,  
He quickly reached the mountain summit where  
The Gods and Goddesses made their abode,  
And meekly asked the pleasure of the God.  
“Haste thee,” spake Jove, “thou smooth-tongued villain go,  
Thou God of Thieves, to ‘Lemnos lying low,’  
Bid Vulcan hasten hither ere the sun  
Another hour upon his course has run.”  
The hour had passed when up the mountain side  
Slow came old Vulcan with his limping stride;  
When in Jove's presence, like an awkward clown,  
He made a low obeisance and sat down—  
Sat in Jove's presence? Crime too great to name!  
Softly, my friends, he was a *God*, and lame.  
Then out spake Jove: “List thunder-framer, list  
To my commands! Seest thou, (this is the gist  
Of what he said) seest thou on yon bright sphere  
How happy men are? Not my subjects here,  
Not *I myself*, I burn with rage to own,  
Seated in might on Heaven's eternal throne,  
Am so contented and at ease as they,  
The careless grovellers, creatures of a day!  
This must not be and it *shall not*, I swear  
By all the creatures of earth, sea and air!

Their hearts e'en now are filled with pride to see  
That they are happier than their *God* can be.  
Get thee to work; thy genius can invent  
Some nice machine, some curious instrument  
Which shall remove of pride the smallest trace,  
And put some grievance direful in its place!"

"Thou hast, O Jove, the mighty thunder-bolt  
With which to slay the nations that revolt  
From thy just rule; thou canst smite all whom pride  
Renders rebellious: until all abide  
By thy decrees; till *every one* shall own  
The power that emanates from Heaven's great throne."

"No! 'twill not do! I do not wish to kill,  
But to inform them that great Jove reigns still  
Omnipotent. I wish their joy to blight;  
That will, I know, impress them with my might."  
"Ah yes, it is the *heart* that thou would'st reach,  
Thou'dst send a missile to the *heart* of each.  
I can do nothing then. 'Tis in my power  
To heap up mountains, or their summits lower;  
But then the heart is far too tender  
For me to touch—my hands are rough  
And clumsy, I could never render  
The missile delicate enough.  
But yet I think it can with ease be done:  
In Heaven are gentle hands, there's many a one  
Would serve us well; and Venus has a boy  
(Thou know'st his father) who could snatch all joy,  
If but trained properly, from every heart  
And leave instead a poisoned, stinging dart."  
"So be it then," spake Jove. "Do as you will,  
But mind my orders are to grieve, not kill."  
Then Vulcan sought the place where Love lay hid,  
And took him from his mother's arms;  
Performing only what his God had bid,  
He heeded not her tear-stained charms.  
Led by the hand, he took him to a grove,  
The one in which the three bright Graces rove,  
And to *them* gave the training of young Love.  
One formed for him a magic little bow  
And pointed arrows which unseen should go,  
Sped swift as lightning by his tiny arm;  
One trained his glances, gave him power to charm—  
To overcome by his quick-flashing eye.  
The third taught how to let his arrows fly.  
Then down into the world he hied,  
O'erjoyed to have such fun;

On all he saw his power he tried,  
And pity had on none.  
Those happy times, the Age of Gold,  
Forever then were o'er;  
Where sped this little bowman bold,  
There joy was known no more.  
The Age of Silver took its place,  
Times waxed still worse and worse;  
He sped him on; the Age of Brass  
Came next to mark his course.  
Was this the last? No, once again  
The times deteriorated;  
The Iron Age came forward then,  
Ere Cupid's power abated.  
Then was a time of greatest woe,  
(And such you know 'tis now, sirs.)  
Woman was taught her power to know,  
And straightway donned the—how, sirs,  
Shall I "unmentionables" call?  
I cannot mention them at all.  
Then men were thrown into the shade,  
As they themselves must own;  
Then women statesmen's speeches made,  
For instance—Lucy Stone.  
All this was done, as we have said,  
By Cupid's magic dart;  
He put it into woman's head  
To try to rule the heart;  
And this she did—with great success,  
Ruled heart, and head, and all:  
*She* was the greater, man *the less*,  
Man's pride had *thus* its fall.

A moral from this tale I draw,  
A moral good and wise,  
And let it be to each a law,  
To make him "mind his eyes."

MORAL.

Whene'er you play with women's hearts,  
And catch a glimpse of Cupid,  
Then quickly "travel from those parts,"  
Or be—*uncommon* stupid.



## OUR NATIONAL LITERATURE.

BY THETA.

It has become almost a universal practice among English Reviewers to disparage to a certain extent the writings of American authors. They have taken advantage of every opportunity to sneer at the literature of our country—to taunt us with the reproach that our standard of excellence is too low—to advance the oft-repeated charge that our best writings, of whatever character, bear not one mark of originality, but are merely imitations—in short, they would persuade us that no work of superior merit can be produced outside of England, and that it is but just that Americans should yield implicitly to their judgment. Even when it has been their province to criticise our best authors, those of universally acknowledged ability, they have been loth to notice the true merits, yet have pointed out the faults and blemishes without reluctance. They have endeavored to impress upon our minds, that “they, as foreigners, can pass judgment upon our literature with the impartiality of posterity;” and then, in a tone of assumed superiority and scorn, have spoken of the “insupportable weariness,” with which they have perused our most celebrated authors. We doubt not that these facts warrant the conclusion, that the imputation of national vanity which they have been so forward in bringing against us, may with equal propriety and justness be proffered against themselves. But it is not our purpose in this place to retort upon them with unbecoming severity; to answer their rude incivilities and malicious accusations with equal recrimination and abuse. We had hoped that the spirit of enmity and strife which formerly existed between this and the mother country had been soothed into a sentiment of friendship and good-will; that the liberal and charitable doctrines of the nineteenth century had been sufficiently ingrafted into the minds of the English people to prevent the existence of petty national prejudices and of those contemptible cavillings so characteristic of contracted minds. Americans have not hesitated to acknowledge their admiration of the productions of English genius; and the popularity which their writers have gained on this side of the Atlantic, bears ample testimony to this statement. We are not slow to own our obligations to England’s great and gifted men; we, who have drank at the pure, delightful fountains of her poetry and tasted the rich and varied fruits of her industry, feel our hearts swell in gratitude towards her. We are not unthankful for the inexhaustible treasures of thought, learning and wisdom, which she has garnered up

and spread abroad over the earth. Of her historians, Hume, Gibbon and Macaulay have attained a high and deserved reputation among our people. Her distinguished orators and scholars have ever received a cordial tribute of admiration and praise from our most eminent critics. Her poets, too, have been justly appreciated by us; and Shakspeare, Milton and Byron enjoy perhaps a greater celebrity and are more extensively read in America than in their own country. We have listened with rapture to the amorous songs of Thomas Moore; we have admired the sublime imagery, chaste diction and fantastic conceptions of Shelley, and observed with deep regret the workings of his wayward and deluded mind; and we have smiled more than once over the quaint humor and grotesque similes of Thomas Hood. The martial strains of Campbell have often kindled an enthusiastic glow of patriotism in our bosoms; and we have often been enraptured by the soothing melody of Goldsmith's winning muse. In a word, all the standard authors of England, both of the past and present, have received from us their appropriate share of praise, and many of them have acquired a reputation here greater than their native renown. Why, then, have English critics been so niggardly in their praises of American genius? Is it because a petty jealousy or envy has perverted their judgment? Or have they spoken with the deliberate conviction of a mind free from undue partiality or prejudice? We deem it no remarkable manifestation of generosity to allow them the benefit of the last supposition. Yet we question if they have not expected too much of our infant republic. The truth is, that in most cases they have judged much too harshly of us; yet we cannot disguise the fact that there is really much of reproachful truth in the alleged deficiency of our literature. Its progress in our country has been slow, and it has never reached that high standard which we think we can reasonably hope it will ere long attain. This deficiency has been attributed by different writers to various causes. Some have fondly told us that our people, on account of their active, utilitarian character, have not yet become sufficiently alive to the importance of an exclusively national literature, and that their attention has been too entirely absorbed by their business transactions in the pursuit of wealth, to allow them to turn aside for refreshment under the luxuriant bowers of fiction, or to seek recreation and repose along the fragrant paths of poetry. There is no doubt much truth in this assumption. It might have been added, however, that as soon as our people have acquired sufficient wealth to enable a portion to live in leisure, luxury and ease, and have become sufficiently apprised of the great amount of worth and refinement which poetry adds to the intellectual wealth of a nation, America will astonish the world by the richness and beauty of her poetical productions, as she has already done, by the variety and importance of

her practical inventions; for whenever an art has been cultivated, there has not been wanting American genius to perfect it.

Others, no less hopeful than the last mentioned, have proposed a solution, by supposing that the dearth of books of superior excellence in our country, is due mostly to the great deficiency of judicious, fearless and independent criticism in America. Much of our intellectual poverty doubtless depends on this also. There is a manifest disposition among our reviewers to eulogize every book submitted to their inspection; which can have no other tendency than to thwart the very end which criticism is intended to promote. That system of puffery, too, adopted by so many of our journals and newspapers, leads even to worse results. It not only defeats the purposes of criticism, but leads directly to the extinction of all grades of merit. Its evil tendencies are certainly too obvious to require any illustration or proof to convince us of them. It is surely a matter of great surprise that men of sense should ever have adopted such an injurious system; a system as absurd in its practice as it is pernicious in its results. By what means can we so greatly retard the progress of our literature, as by bestowing our praises indiscriminately upon good and bad books? In what way can we more effectually promote it than by exposing the imperfections and errors of inferior writers and securing to those of real worth their due reward?

But the deficiency in our literature cannot be ascribed to any one of these supposed causes alone. The truth seems to be that a combination of causes has operated against us. Scarcely can we find in the whole course of our history an author who, laying aside all pretensions to every other profession, has devoted his talents exclusively to literary pursuits. Many of the poetical compositions of our most celebrated poets and some of our best biographies and novels have been written during the intervals of professional labor. And even when a writer has made authorship his sole profession, and relied upon that alone for support, he has been obliged to pander to the corrupt tastes of his readers; a circumstance which has had a tendency to depress rather than to elevate the standard of our literature, to retard rather than to facilitate its progress.

But notwithstanding the repeated assurances which English critics have thought proper to give us of the poverty of our literature and the contempt with which they have sometimes affected to treat even our standard authors; we nevertheless think that many have arisen among us, of whose writings we may well be proud, and whose worth an imperative sense of justice has sometimes compelled even English Reviewers to acknowledge. Americans have justly complained of the little attention which our literature has received at the hands of the English public; for though it has not yet attained that high standard of excellence which



the English claim for theirs, it is surely entitled to a higher position than that to which they have been disposed to assign it. In history, despite the many disadvantages naturally arising from the scarcity of the proper materials in our country, we have made very laudable progress. The names of Bancroft, Prescott and Irving should at least redeem our country from the reproach of barrenness in this department. The critical sagacity and philosophic profundity of the first, the iron perseverance and refined elegance of the second, and the grace, ease and dignity of the last, constitute them formidable rivals to any historian whom England has produced in this or any preceeding age. Among our orators, we number Henry, Webster, Clay, Calhoun and Everett; a galaxy of bright names of which England herself might well be proud. Of those who have labored successfully in the field of philosophy, we may mention Edwards, (the author of the celebrated book entitled "Edwards on the Will") Emerson, Wayland and many others; the works of all of whom are too generally known, and whose reputation is too firmly established to require any passing tribute at our hands. Nor has the poetical talent of our country been left uncultivated. And even though "no world-renowned minstrel has yet arisen in the New Atlantis," many of our poets have been read and highly appreciated by intelligent readers not merely in England, but on the Continent. But it is in this department especially that English critics have shown a disposition to disparage our literature. They have asserted that scarcely any American poet shows "distinctive features of originality either in thought or expression." Now we leave it entirely to the good sense of our readers to decide whether this assumption be either charitable or just; we are quite sure that their good judgment will not approve of it. As well might we assert that Milton has copied after Homer and Virgil, and claim the right to depreciate his merits on that account, as that Bryant has imitated Wordsworth, or Halleck, Campbell. The imitation is equally manifest; the accusation would be equally just. The truth is, that though Halleck does sometimes remind us of Campbell, and Bryant of Wordsworth, their language and ideas are quite distinct; and we doubt whether any of our readers would dissent from us, if we should claim that *Marco Bozzaris* surpasses any of Campbell's martial odes, and that *Thanatopsis* excels any passage in the *Excursion*. What Englishman would not be indignant with any one who denied that Gibbon, their favorite historian, has improved upon Johnson? And yet all who are at all acquainted with the writings of each, must acknowledge that the former made the latter his model.

If the greatest success and the largest number of publications of an author be taken as the criterion of the greatest merit, Longfellow surely stands at the head of American poetry. His claims to superiority, how-

ever, are contested by Bryant, Poe, and according to some by Halleck. The great number of candidates for poetic fame in our country is truly astonishing. It is therefore impossible to assign to every one his appropriate grade. Willis, Sprague, Dana, Percival, Holmes and Saxe may however be mentioned as having gained the next highest position in the eyes of the public.

True, no great epic has yet been produced in America, yet who shall say that posterity a thousand years hence will not hold the name of Edgar A. Poe in grateful remembrance? What vision can penetrate the dim mist of the future and disclose to us the final destiny of that unfortunate man, when time shall have thrown a veil of eternal oblivion over the errors of his life, and wrought its myriad of changes upon the opinions and doctrines of mankind? That genius, for such even his enemies acknowledged him to be, has given his "Eureka" to the world, with these significant words: "*What I here propound is true; therefore it cannot die*—or if by any means it be now trodden down so that it die, it will rise again to the Life Everlasting."

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## DREAM LAND.

BY EDGAR.

Fairies round me hover  
Bright their wings with gold,  
Soft winds waft me over  
To the land of old.  
Rich with memory dreaming  
Sweet that olden land,  
Deck'd with jewels gleaming  
Girt with golden strand.  
Kings in martial glory  
Kneel before the fair,  
Knights of olden story  
Do their battle there.  
Persia's glittering hosts  
Crowd the foaming ocean,  
Tyrants vaunting boasts  
Fail for Greek's devotion.  
Roman conquerors march  
Strong in mighty legion,  
Span with triumph's arch  
Lands of every region.  
Banners proud are flapping  
High on castle walls,

War in pompous trapping  
Leads the festal balls.  
Bards in whitest neatness  
Sing in tones all clear,  
Songs of heavenly sweetness  
Charm the listening ear.  
On its shore Time's Ocean  
Beats in silvery surge,  
Sings in music's motion  
Nations' funeral dirge.  
All the myths of fable  
Real there do live,  
Language best unable  
Faint conceptions give.  
Sunset's brightest flashing  
Gilds my childhood's home,  
Silvery brooklets plashing  
Cool the milky foam.  
Stern in manhood's duty  
Father's voice I hear  
Sweet in heavenly beauty  
Mother's smiles appear.  
'Gain I see the treasures  
Sleeping in its dell,  
Still I feel its pleasures  
Bind with magic spell.  
Queenly there is reigning  
Blue-eyed maiden fair,  
One my soul enchaining  
In her golden hair,  
Zephyrs softly breathing  
Waft me to her arms,  
Silken garlands wreathing  
Bind me to her charms.  
Blessed be that olden  
Dreamy realm the best  
In its vineyards golden  
Weary minds can rest.  
There I often loiter  
Tired of the strife,  
In its crystal water  
Taste the gems of life.  
If around me linger  
Storms to cloud my march,  
Hope with rosy finger  
Paints her rainbow arch.



## CONCERNING CONCERNING.

WHAT can the man mean by such a caption? My dear friend, that is just what I intend to explain; and I hope that when you have smelt the flavor of what I shall extract from these two words, you will confess that they contain more, and better, stuff than you at present believe. It may be a weakness with me, but I love to excite the curiosity, and to lead it somewhat of a chase; but I am never so cruel, as to refuse to gratify it at last. As well might a man refuse to pay a servant who had worked for him, as to send away empty that curiosity which he has excited for his amusement. So, my dear lady, you need have no fears of being defrauded by me, as I promise to do my utmost to explain the meaning of these two words. Between every writer and reader there is a virtual compact. The one promises to amuse, or instruct, or mystify, according to the nature of his subject; and the other, a willingness to be amused, or instructed, or mystified, as the mood of the writer may direct. Now, before I write another line I have the right to exact the following promise, to wit; no one shall read this article, unless he, or she, be in a good humor. The time and place I permit each one to settle for himself, or herself, only remembering the condition. Sitting near the window of my study—for be it remembered, I am a young sprig of the law—and watching the ebb and flow of busy people along the street, a queer thought came into my head; suppose every one attended to his own business, and let other people's alone, what would be the consequence? In the first place, every lawyer would starve. Granted; that would be one benefit. People would get along a great deal better. That would be another benefit. Then I conclude that half the ills of humanity originate in this fact: many concern themselves about what they ought not, and do not concern themselves about what they ought.

What concerns me? That is the question for me to answer, and answer honestly, and live by. It is what all of us should keep at our tongue's end; so that at every emergency we may be ready to say—"That concerns me," or "That is none of my business." If the temptation come a thousand times to speak ill of my neighbor, I must trample it down. I am not responsible for him, why should I speak ill of him? He must answer for himself, and I must answer for myself, and God sees us both; or the civil magistrate takes him to task for evil doing. Herein lies our great mistake—we forget our office. We all imagine ourselves sheriffs to execute the criminal; and no sooner is a crime committed, than we

begin our work, and soon the whole town is singing with his name. The most of us are under-executioners. We have framed an unjust code of laws; and thus a man is trebly punished—his soul, by God; his body, or estate, by the magistrate; and his character, by ourselves. Not that a malefactor should not be punished in every form; but who is a malefactor? Here lies the error; for we often condemn him, whom neither God, nor the magistrate finds guilty—and this, because each man acts as judge, jury, attorney, and sheriff in the same cause. What right have we to abuse, or in any wise injure, what is not our own? And yet we daily bemud the character of our neighbor by speaking evilly of him: Whenever we injure a man's reputation, we deprive him of money; and and if we do it wantonly, we are downright robbers. I speak plainly; the conclusion is irresistible. A man's reputation is the means of obtaining his employment—that is, money; hurt his reputation, and you cripple his means, and his pockets remain empty. This is the employment of our scandal-dealers and busy-bodies. Let them look at it and see its effects—this is why the Good Book forbids it. And when we work out the wherefores of each precept as we have done this, we will find that they are just and reasonable.

Some of you will say, "I know a neighbor who ought to read this." By these very words you condemn yourself—thou art the man. Does it concern thee? If so, strive to give thyself a better disposition, and pray for it; if it concerns thee not, let thy neighbor ask himself the same question. The answer is for him, not thee. But if you have at any time repeated something to your neighbor's detriment, how dare you shout, "not guilty?" Remember that an Eye saw you, and an Ear heard you—they are witnesses against you, and I believe them in preference to you.

If you find a church-member acting contrary to his profession, or a preacher who is an extortioner, or a miser; what is that to thee? Are his professions founded on correct principles? Is preaching beneficial? Then yourself profess the same doctrines, and be yourself a preacher, and let others take care of themselves. You are not here to correct all the inconsistencies in the world; your hands are full, if you rule yourself properly, and this is your legitimate work. There is, undoubtedly, a great deal of evil-doing in the world—there always has been. In former times it set one philosopher to weeping, and another to laughing; and there is forever enough of it to make us weep ourselves away, or split our sides with laughter, if it were our business. Any given man would go stark mad, were it his duty to take cognizance of every mean act. But it is not his duty. It can by no possibility be so construed by any twisting of the social compact. But there is one evil resulting from society, and al-

ways attendant upon associated bodies; it prevents the full realization of one's individuality. And we come to look upon the crowd as a part of ourselves; and we forget what pertains to ourselves, and to them as individual men. This is what I am striving to enforce, Does it concern me?

But men may concern themselves even in their own affairs in a manner that they ought not. They may let some particular accident affect them too grievously; or they may let their general business weigh too heavily upon their minds. Does it concern me? Yes. Is it worthy of concern? Let us see. If we wish to excite a man's interest, how do we set to work? We prove to him that it is worthy of interest, and then appeal to his passions. No man can be enthusiastic, when he is all the while thinking, "This is a very foolish business; and those fellows yonder are laughing at me." But convince him that it is not foolish; and let them laugh on—'twill redouble his fury. This is the root of the matter, conviction; which is affected by a process of reasoning. Now to apply our conclusion. Reason says that it is folly to grieve at what we cannot help; because it is beyond our power: and it is folly to grieve at what we can help; because it is within our power to obtain a remedy. We may be sorry that we cannot help it, but we are guilty of folly still. This is what I desire, to demonstrate the folly of despair. What though my business is irretrievably confused, and in my old age I am left a beggar—will despair help me? Will it put food into my mouth, or clothing upon my back, or replenish my coffers, or increase my respectability? Away with such a thing; I will not have it to reign over me. Suppose I have staked the happiness of heart and soul upon any measure, and I lose, can I possibly retrieve the matter by surrendering myself to gloom and inaction? I will try to compass my ends another way; possibly I may succeed next time. If I be in any way unfortunate, I know one thing, and it is worth remembering—despair never yet pulled a man out of the mire. The good Sir Isaac and his dog, Diamond, have spoken volumes to posterity; and they are valuable volumes too: "Ah! Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done;" but the good man set to work immediately to repair it. Let us repair our losses. Perhaps we may not restore them completely as before; but let us do what we can. This is to live with profit. If the fire consume my store, I rebuild it. If it be again consumed, I'll clear away the ashes and build again. This is what nature taught the American Indian—to battle with the fire, but laugh over the ashes. We too may learn from nature. This is true courage, to meet the ills of life with a brave heart; and the more fiercely they assail us, the more stoutly we withstand them. I would trust such a man with the safety of an army of men; he would prove a very Scævola, or an Horatius Cocles. There is no back-down in him; it is all stand and take, and God help the right. I



love such a man ; every body loves him—he is a good citizen ; he is a true man.

But the man who shrinks from a difficulty, is a veritable coward. He may increase his substance, may pass for a brave man ; nay, he may even be a blusterer, but let him be tried—and he'll run. Can such a man quietly and sternly bare his breast to fate, and force misfortune to do him a favor ? A coward may fight a man of flesh and blood ; but he is a brave man who struggles against an unseen arm. This is the test—the struggling with fate, the conquering one's own faint-heartedness. A coward is never brave when alone ; and misfortune must often be borne in silence and solitude. And he who shrinks is a coward. He who despairs can never gain our affections. We may pity him, but we never decree him a monument, or a statue. Such a man will never have a biographer. He can set no example but that of a poltroon ; and no man is willing to figure to such disadvantage. Horace bared the root of the matter when he counselled his friend :

*“Aequam memento rebus in arduis  
Servare mentem”*—ODE III, LIB., II.

This is the thing to determine upon—I will never despair. “Keep a stiff upper-lip,” as the adage goes—the thing has been worked out before for us. These are the questions: Does it concern me ? Is it worthy of concern ? I hope I have answered them for you ; if not satisfactorily, answer them for yourself ; but beware of the folly of despair. This brings me to my second part.

Hitherto I have been engaged in showing that we often concern ourselves about things in which we have no business to interfere ; or when it is our business, we are often too much distressed. Now I will turn the picture over and look at the other side. We do not sufficiently concern ourselves about many important matters. This is the philosopher's business—to study both the negative and the positive, what is forbidden, and what is enjoined. Every principle teaches two grand lessons ; every law embodies two commands. “Thou shalt” commands also thou shalt not ; and “Thou shalt not” enjoins what thou shalt. Now for our principle: Attend to thine own business. What does it mean ? It forbids us to interfere with others ; it commands us to observe ourselves. Who is observant of himself ? Or, rather, who are not observant of themselves ? More people than we are accustomed to believe. Let us see.

You are a young man of good family, of tolerable expectations, and have quite a good opinion of yourself. Thus far you will pass muster, but this is not all. You have a strong desire to appear manly ; you smoke a great deal and talk a great deal about it. You play billiards ; you play cards ; and strut about in a gambling house, to appear at home in such a hell

as this. You swear loudly, and are guilty of things that I dare not put upon paper; and yet you very innocently ask, "Who is not observant of himself?" I would be at a loss to imagine, did not your blush betray you. Thou art the man; I see it on your face—there is no hiding it. Ask yourself this, Does it concern me? Your conscience will not lie, were your face as impervious to a blush, as the very ground you spit on. Even Talleyrand, the iron-faced, could not get his conscience to lie; for it was the only spark of divinity within him—his intellect was the devil's work. Look at the general principle he had worked out: "Words were invented to conceal intentions." Is there anything of God about that? I like a blush—it is the tint of innocence. You are a gay young man, and not observant of yourself; and a present occupant of the Poor-house *was* a gay young man and not observant of himself—look to it. Is it harm to be *gay*? An euphemism is an argument of the devil. I like plain words, and I will put the question in plain words. Is it harm to get drunk—to gamble—to visit brothels—to waste your time in idle company—to be a companion of the vicious—to spend your substance, body, soul, and money, in riotous living? That is your gaiety; and it drags you to the Poor-house, or the gaol—and thence to hell. I hate mincing; I would rather be rude and speak the truth. A lukewarm man never controls anybody; and I would make you all observant. Earnestness is always plain.

"I am sowing my wild oats now," you say. Yes, and you will reap rocks and hardships. What harm is there in taking a drink with a friend? It is a very innocent matter. What harm in taking two? Oh! there is no harm. In taking a dozen? It is perfectly angelic. And you keep acting like an angel, until your landlord kicks you out of his house for a nuisance. This is the beginning of hardships. Your way grows rougher and rougher, until you lie down and die from sheer tire of living. This is the biographer of a drunkard—a plain, unvarnished tale, which may be predicated of every drunkard. Shall I concern myself because I have taken one drink? Until he forgets to concern himself, when he is lying in the ditch, sleeping in Market-houses, pawning his dead-mother's wedding-ring for a drink, and kicked from post to pillar, like a brute; and all the while wearing God's holy likeness—a living lie. Fly for thy life O! Man, who hast begun to reason thus. The Pursuer is upon thy heels; it concerns thee to fly speedily, thou needest a veritable Clavileno. This is the wild oats which thou hast sowed. The dragon's teeth sprung up into men; and from these wild oats of thine will spring up demons to torment thee. This is enough to concern thee; be observant of thyself.

Thou who seest thy brother-man falling away, lend him thine hand. It is none of thy busines? Thou art not answerable for him? But in this matter thou art. If I send a number of men to work my will, I blame

them if it be not done. They should have bound the unwilling man, rather than disobey my orders. I shall blame him for his disobedience, but thee, for not binding him. It concerns thee to make thy brother good, to save his soul from the burning, to preserve unstained the image of God. Thou art not the accuser; for thou art not sinned against; but thou art blamed, if thou strivest not to bind him. If thy brother want, relieve him. So shalt thou send him on his way rejoicing, and thyself become a creditor of Heaven; for "he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord." Thou owest love to thy brother; and love is charity. If thou payest not thy debts, thou art sued; and it will cost thee more than the original sum. If thou canst not pay, thou art a bankrupt, and a pensioner upon charity. It concerns thee when thou art able, to pay thy debts. The hoarder, the extortioner, the oppressor of the destitute is verily a pitiable object, a most crawling worm, a naked beggar in the sight of Heaven, while he feels at heart that he hates it. To beg the one we hate—the last, most bitter, of degradations. Be not thou like him. It concerns thee vitally.

*Meum et tuum*—these are words of wondrous import. The *Meum* is mine; I will take it into my house and see to it; for I am bound to pay it with usury to my Lord. It concerns me to know how I may best improve it. Do my possessions consist in riches, or in talents? If I am rich, how shall I employ my treasures? This is the question; and the answer lies deeper than the principles of political economy. A man is something more than incarnate Greediness; and there are possessions more valuable than money—possessions for which a man would do well to empty his treasury. This is the goodly pearl—how is it obtained? Of one thing I am sure, it can never be bought by extravagance. Rich presents, fine clothes, costly dinners, are not the pearl. They may bring you the plaudits of flatterers, the envy of fools, or may leave you with indigestion and disease; but God flatters not, envies not, and hates gourmands. Though your breast sparkles with diamonds, and your fingers are behooped with the gold of Ophir—they are not the jewel—they are not worth your money even—a fig for a bespangled walking-machine. Though you have a dress fresh from the hands of Madame Mantalini, or a coat and wig just from the Parisian shops, a man is something more than an animated clothes-horse; and Fashion is not the jewel. The secret of the thing lies in this; men have hearts. It is true that there are some empty-pated, hollow-breasted fellows, who have nothing within but blood and guts; and who bring nothing out but a few slang sentences and their own excrements; but still my principle generally holds good—Men have hearts. It is more pleasant to feel that you have pleased your wife, and to see her smile, than to have a fine coat. It is more pleasant to please your husband, even at some self-sacrifice, than to dance all night in a



ball-room. There is nobler enjoyment in helping the needy and deserving, than in stuffing a costly dinner down your throat. It is more pleasant to do a charity, than to drive the beggar from your door and lock up your money in a coffer. This is the deduction—to improve your money is to do good with it. This is the jewel, the consciousness of doing good. To feel that in your circle, be it little or great, you are working under the love of God, to benefit your brethren—this is to live. I am doing my little part, feebly 'tis true, but as well as I can, to serve God and do good to men—whosoever can say this truthfully, he is a true man and a happy. O! man, who can not say this, it concerns thee to say it speedily; for thou mayst die while thou canst yet declare, “I never did one good thing, and I never tried.”

Reader, have I told thee aught for thy good? Then, go thou, and do it quickly. Many things concern thee not, and many concern thee vitally; learn to distinguish between them, and live always as under the eye of God.



## THE STUDY OF HUMAN NATURE.

BY H. S.

The proper study of mankind is man.—POPE.

Thus sang a bard of high exalted name,  
 One who, though dead, immortal lives in fame.  
 Here poet and philosopher in one,  
 At once both Wisdom's and the Muse's son;  
 For what in human lays we rarely meet  
 In this brief line we may delighted greet—  
 A thought of beauty well express'd and true  
 Believed by most, admired by many too—  
 But oh! so wide the gulf 'tween act and creed,  
 Though *all* approve, but *few* its teachings heed;  
 While most, as 'twere knowledge 'nough acquired  
 To know he eats, drinks, sleeps, and rests when tired,  
 Still wander dully on through life's brief span,  
 Content to live in ignorance of man—  
 Crown-piece of God's most finish'd works below,  
 That *only* may himself presume to know—  
 That *only* can thoughts God-like pleasures feel  
 And angel's joys strive for with hope and zeal.

True, vast the field—opposing labors great,  
And great the skill it needs to cultivate.  
But what does this but urge us eager on  
To grasp a prize so worthy to be won?  
Let us preserve in mind from day to day—  
Where outlay's small, so too will be the pay.  
Old Troy renown'd in song as Helen's home,  
With all its wealth and many a sculptur'd dome,  
At length succumb'd to perserving foes;  
By toil proud Rome's earth-wide dominions rose.  
Who then so lost to worth will stand aloof,  
And say, 'tis all in vain, because forsooth  
Some difficulties may dispute the way  
With him who would the noble task essay?  
Go, seek the miser's grave—there sit and muse,  
For gold think how he toil'd but to abuse;  
Or docile, view the march of pleasure's train.  
Who soul-absorb'd base shadows seeks to gain,  
Then mute with shame, since folly's fool so long  
In sacrificing years in ways of wrong,  
Awake, arise, for once act like a Man,  
And human nature *now* resolve to scan.  
But think not strange if progress seems but slow;  
For real progress must be always so.  
In hope the thrifty farmer sows his grain,  
And patient waits the joys of coming gain.  
Aggressive Time invades the future fast,  
And weeks increase the number of the past;  
Ere yet the radiant beams of morning's sun  
Give sign that vegetation is begun,  
When peeps the tiny blade above the sod,  
Where in full time the golden harvests nod—  
A rich reward from nature's hand at last,  
For all the cares and labors of the past.  
Man's character peers ever through his acts,  
Hence teachers wise are history's hosts of facts.  
Wherever found or sacred or profane,  
If read aright sure none can read in vain  
That book which tells of actions done by Man,  
Since time and he their pilgrimage began;  
For human nature, like the human face,  
Identity yields not to time or place;  
Though each of all its varied forms we'll find,  
Unlike the rest yet diff'ring not in kind.  
As trav'ler who in wand'ring far from home,  
From place to place resigns himself to roam,  
Is sure in ev'ry land or clime to find

Some image of his own to still remind  
Him of his home, and yet things the more,  
The more he roams, he'll find, unseen before :  
So those who study of mankind pursue,  
At ev'ry step will make discov'ries new—  
Something, indeed, to please—a sunny spot,  
But much, alas ! he well may wish was not.  
Read hist'ry, then, but study it with care ;  
In deeds men past with present men compare.  
Guard well the thoughts, those rovers of the mind,  
That wanton wildly stray when unconfin'd,  
Lest like the shade of eagles' wings in flight  
Which flit away and soon are out of sight,  
Great truths unheeded pass before the mind,  
And leave no trace of their great worth behind.  
Do you read of the good, the brave, the great ?  
Think who deserves these names in Church or State—  
A Cataline, then think of those who now  
For self their country's head in shame would bow.  
Thus from effect in thought proceed to cause,  
And see how all unite in gen'ral laws.  
But hist'ry learn'd *sans* its philosophy  
Appears so much downright *tom-foolery* ;  
For what, pray, does it profit us to know  
Great Cæsar's death or Pompey's overthrow ?  
Unless ambition's end we here discern,  
And many other useful lessons learn.  
If then in human nature you'd be wise,  
Not hist'ry's self but hist'ry's teachings prize.  
Weigh well the present too ; for sad's the plan  
That for the *dead* neglects the living Man,  
All eyes observe men single and in mass,  
The past beholding here as in a glass.  
Strive then to know but not to know alone ;  
For others' follies may correct our own.  
To know one's self is height of human lore,  
More useful than both school and college store ;  
Because not long can vanity enthrall  
The soul of him who knows himself *at all*,  
Nor can that man be proud that's thus endow'd ;  
For none that knew himself e'er yet was proud.  
Let's mind that study of the human race,  
The study of ourselves does too embrace,  
That while for *this* to strive we never cease,  
In *that* from day to day we may increase.  
In all our efforts, then, be this our end—  
Our faults to know, that we may wisely mend.



But if *what* is we're not content to know,  
And fain would understand the *whys* also,  
Sincere in search of truth let's seek, dear friend,  
The Book of God, with humble heart attend,  
And meekly learn what nowhere else we can.  
To man the Bible teaches most of man;  
It tells what Human Nature was at first,  
It teaches what it is by sin accurs'd,  
It purifies the grossness of the heart,  
And does this great—this glorious truth impart—  
That if we'd know what man is yet to be,  
By living right we will in Heaven see.

AUGUST, 1860.

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## INDUSTRY AND CIVILIZATION.

WHEN Roman arts were trodden in the dust by the barbarians of the North, and the star of civilization which had beamed upon the farthest limits of the Romsn Empire was shut out by dense clouds, then a darkness such as the world had never known before, settled upon humanity. The Gothic nations having overcome their enemies, were not slow in turning their arms against each other. From beyond the Caspian Sea to the British Isles men were in commotion; dashing their strength against each other, and neglecting all the arts of peace. The spirit of war was thoroughly aroused; and when there were no distant enemies to struggle with, each man looked upon his weaker neighbor as a proper prey. Robbery, and murder, and oppression iincreased the horrors of that dismal time. The weak fled to the strong for refuge, and for protection bartered their liberty. There flourished then no science, no study of nature's laws, no culture of letters. Siroccos of passion swept across the desert of mind and buried or blighted every blooming thing. Lawlessness stalked about the world unhindered; the cry of the oppressed was drowned by the clamor of war; and earnest men who could have thought, were busied with battles, and sieges, and crusades. Learning, driven from fair villas and the free light of heaven, fled to the monasteries and left men to the baneful reign of ignorance and superstition.

A few centuries have passed away—and mark the change. Old opinions that repelled the spirit of inquiry have been driven from their strong-

holds. Into almost every department of knowledge men have pushed their investigations, and have not feared to assert the truth, however adverse it might be to existing prejudices. A system of equitable laws, impartially executed, has quelled those violent men who flourish in lawless times. Newspapers and books are enlightening public opinion and cultivating those intellectual and moral faculties, which alone raise man above the brutes around him. Science, among her numerous gifts, has opened communication between distant continents; and Commerce has bound great nations together by the ties of interest; while those principles of international law, which have their origin in eternal justice and are binding upon men by virtue of their common brotherhood, have softened the asperities of war and increased the advantages of peace. Diplomacy now decides the fate of nations; and men trust more to the wisdom of the statesman than to the sword of the soldier.

How was this change effected? Who tore away the clouds from that beautiful star, that its beams might soften the rough souls of men? To whom are we indebted for all these blessings? To the kings of the earth? They who feed upon oppression, are not likely to make men free. They who desire no laws but what their wills dictate, are not likely to study the rules of justice. Every liberty granted to their subjects, is so much abstracted from their own authority. The power of the people is the weakness of the prince. Their privileges overthrow his, their influence conflicts with his freedom is the death of despotism. The ruler and the ruled are natural antagonists. The one ever seeks to increase his importance, to gather every power into his own hands, and to check every inroad made upon his prerogatives. The other as constantly labor to undermine the foundations of kingly authority, to pluck every power from his grasp, and to lift themselves above his oppression. Thus are they ballanced; ever watchful of each other, mutually jealous of every movement, and ready to improve every favorable circumstance. That king would be blind indeed, who would throw the weight of his own influence into the popular scale. He would be almost a suicide, who would give the death-blow to his own power, and strengthen his people against the fear of his arm. Not to kings, then, must we be grateful. Every beam from that star which illumines their realms, shines in opposition to their wishes; they would have shrouded it in blackness forever.

To whom are we indebted for this change? To the nobility? They are but monarchs of a weaker growth. Banish royalty, and the nobles are undone. As the sovereign would wave a despotic sceptre over all the state, so the nobility would be absolute masters within their own domains. While the people are ignorant, they may be oppressed. They can have no unity of action, and one by one, their very life-blood may be wrung

from them. Superstition may throw her dark mantle over them; and there is no alternative but to work, and groan, and die; while their rulers fatten on the spoils. This the nobles know; and think you they would, from sheer philanthropy, weaken their own authority and diminish their incomes? Selfishness is too strong a passion to permit it. They know that their influence remains only so long as the people are below them; that education mocks at oppression, that when the mind is cultivated the body will not be enslaved; that unity of interest begets unity of action; and when men can think, they will communicate their thoughts. And they know full well that this would hurl them from their places of power.

To whom, then, are we indebted for this change? It is to the people! Despite the exertions of kings and the oppression of nobles, they have grown from weakness to strength, and from barbarism to civilization. Despised, at first, and trodden upon, they have demonstrated in many trying times their importance to the state. Not by debasing others to their own level have they grown powerful, but by elevating themselves. And how did they thus raise themselves from the dust and ashes? By their capital! How did they obtain their capital? By their industry! Industry, then, is the ultimate cause of the people's greatness, and but few arguments will suffice to prove that it is the ultimate cause of their enlightenment.

There is in man an inherent energy that compels him to labor; and often he feels that despite his own will he must surrender to it. As well might we endeavor to restrain the ocean's eternal flow, as to stop the impetuous current that sweeps men to their toil. It is a necessity imposed by Heaven itself. Lock man in a dungeon, load his body down with chains, if you will; yet will his mind be busied, yet will he dream of labor. Act—act—act—he sees it written upon the frowning walls, he hears it swelling from the depths of his inmost soul; and he wrings his chains in agony, because he must lie there, in inactivity while the sounds of hurrying footsteps come like tantalizing music from without. Labor is life and health to man, and the hostage of his success.

But there is yet another law equally as unchangeable and insurmountable: When men do labor they will claim the enjoyment of its fruits. With these two necessities impelling them, they are bound to toil, and they are bound to wrest security from their sovereign. It may be slowly done, but still it is as inevitable as the decree of fate. When the population is thin, fear restrains them; but as year by year their numbers increase, their murmurs grow louder, and their confidence bolder; until some flagrant injustice of the ruler affords an opportunity to vent their long-hidden anger. The murmurs swell to shouts; the shouts, to demands;



the demands, to threats, until their terrified prince grants them the liberties they want. Security obtained, they readily turn to the acquisition of capital; and capital accumulated, they demand that themselves shall declare how much they shall pay to the government.

With increase of capital, the demand for labor increases; and thus they go on mutually enlarging each other, until whole communities and kingdoms are industrious, prosperous, and happy. And what thoughtful man will deny the assertion, that with the diffusion of wealth comes the diffusion of knowledge, that enlightenment always follows capital? With the means of gratification in our hands, our desires begin to multiply. Pride, ambition, and self-interest prompt us to study, that we may be equal to other men and able to cope with them in the great struggle. And more than all, the holy love of knowledge which God has planted in the hearts of all mankind, springs up into a beautiful tree laden with the rich fruits of intellect. An eternal, ever-increasing longing to know the truth, drives men to the study of books, and of nature. Soon schools arise in every hamlet, and children are brought there to be educated.

But all is not yet accomplished. There are many even in our own land, who are degraded and ignorant. There are many nations yet groaning under despotism and groping in mental darkness. But the time shall surely come when industry will raise all men to an equality; and when the traveler in some far Eastern land will recognize his brother-man, not by a kindred form, but by a kindred intellect. Then the earth shall be again transformed into an Eden, and men be again worthy to associate with angels; and then the curse that fell upon our first father shall have been converted into a great, eternal blessing.

## THE LAND OF FLOWERS.

BY L'ETUDIANT.

THERE's a spot where, in pleasure supreme,  
The student of beauty may roam,  
By the banks of some sweet limpid stream,  
In the land of the Seminole's home.  
'Tis a clime where the soft summer skies  
In loveliness reign through the year,  
And the breeze, like a fair maiden's sighs,  
By its softness the lover may cheer.

'Tis a spot where, in splendor unchanged,  
The Jessamine opens its flow'rs,  
Where the Live-oaks in grandeur are ranged,  
'Mid the depths of the old forest bow'rs ;  
Where in fullness Magnolias expand  
Their giant-like petals so fair,  
And, by April's mild zephyrs oft fanned,  
Where the mosses stream darkly in air.

'Tis a spot where, in clearness undimmed,  
Gleam the water's of silvery sheen ;  
Where fountains, whose surfaces skimmed  
By some fragile canoe, may be seen.  
And so bright glistens each crystal wave,  
It seems 'twas not folly which led  
A De Leon his limbs here to lave,  
In the hope that new youth he might wed.

Oh ! then give me this soft fairy clime,  
'Tis the choice—'tis the home of my soul,  
Where gently the fingers of Time  
Touch hearts as its wheels swiftly roll.  
And oh, here let my last breath be drawn,  
When Life's fitful dreams shall have fled,  
And the soft perfumed dew of the dawn,  
In its sweetness rest over my head.

AUGUST, 1860.

## WHAT IS MAN?

BY G.

THERE is a time, when melancholy, robed in sullen gloom, takes her abode in the human heart, and draws from man those stern reflections, which are often calculated to make deep and lasting impressions.

Wrapped in the lonely shades of Solitude, my mind is taught to indulge in the reverie of the Past, and behold the fading wreath of splendor, which decked the withered brow of royalty; and when awaking from this day-dream of pleasure, I oft exclaim, what is man? Echo answers, Scan the pages of the Past, and you will read his History, on the pillars of Time, emblazoned in letters of living light.

I feel now, that I stand on that noted Mount, near into the walls of Jerusalem, and distinctly hear the voice of the Almighty, pouring forth eternal wrath on the city, where once smiled the hopeful joy of redeeming Love. I hear the morning zephyr, as she sweeps o'er the shades of departed saints, and sighs in mournful strains for those lovely maidens, now bending around the Altar, consecrated to the Gods of their wild imaginations. Methinks I hear the crystal streamlet, flowing so gently in its winding course, and murmuring in doleful accents the lamented destiny of the most prideful city, ever favored with the radiant beams of celestial light. And now serene amid the fiery tempest, I behold the storm, breaking o'er the spires of the fated city, a sulphurous flame rising supported by clouds of pillared darkness, which heaves and tosses with the broken cries and groans of perishing thousands, while the demon of the tempest rides at leisure on the fiery wings of desolation and yells in tones that strike terror to the most obstinate soul, what is man?

I have stood upon the battlements of ancient cities and gazed on the mighty works of Artists reared in Gothic style to perpetuate the illustrious deeds of some daring Chieftain, whose hands are imbued with the innocent blood of unnumbered millions, and whose voice has oft been stifled by the mournful cries of orphans and groans of famishing mothers, yea, even by the woful lamentations of nations, whose orb of light has been hurled from the galaxy of the Universe.

I have stood serenely and admired the gleeful countenance of the hero smiling contemptuously at the frowning sycophant, lowly bending to receive the servile mandate of his haughty Lord, amid the enthusiastic shouts of an enraptured people. Again I have stood on the loftiest heights of eternal mountains and beheld at a distance the glittering armies of unnumber-



ed powers, rushing madly in the contest with brandished swords, now reddened with the dripping gore of countless myriads, piled up as an atoning hecatomb to satiate the inordinate thirst of some prideful spirit of the fiend incarnate, whose only ambition is to win the fading crown of royalty, already encircled with the evanescent wreath of worldly grandeur.

I have seen the cities of antiquity, which once rang with the sound of the gay and cheerful, and vibrated to the melodious voice of a fairy queen and echoed with the wild huzzas of admiring heathens, gazing on lively beauty, still flushed with the joyous emotions of conscious youth. And I see still the gorgeous habitations of man, decked with lofty cathedrals and palaces, now mouldering beneath the corrosion of age, when all has vanished save some stately column of colossal grandeur, which continues to point upward as an imperishable memorial of that gigantic nation, whose Star has passed the horizon of Time. Lastly I have stood on the distant verge of the starry firmament and gazed with awe on the mighty convulsions of Nature and been absorbed with the unrivaled sublimity of the planetary system, where star after star in quick succession rolled triumphantly along the aerial space.

With deep feelings of solemnity I have viewed these strange scenes of stern reality; when in seasons yet to come I behold the iron car of Time, guided in its hurried course by the angel of Death, whose head is whitened by the winters of countless ages, yet blooming in all the vigor of pristine greatness, he drives before him one planet after another, which, wheeling from its orbit flies onward through the trackless waste, till each has reached its destined point in the great center of attraction; then each system, still pursued, hurries on through boundless immensity to the great goal of all earthly matter and an indivisible world of unutterable ruin. Then beyond the ken of human vision all creation sinks beneath the great fall of unending eternity, and still beneath the impenetrable darkness, which envelops the wreck of all earthly matter, there rises a voice which no longer strikes on mortal ear.

## A GLANCE AT SOME OF MR. BULWER'S WORKS.

MR. BULWER is undoubtedly one of the best writers of the age, if universal popularity can be taken as a criterion. His plain yet forcible style, beautiful and fascinating imagery, and true-to-life delineations of character delight and enchant the reader, and thus place him in a position both useful and dangerous. Useful, if he employ these rare gifts in exposing vice, inculcating principles of morality, and holding up to the sensualist and hypocrite their depravity. But dangerous in the extreme, if he prostitute them in softening crime, obscuring the distinctions between virtue and vice, and letting the baser passions triumph over reason and judgment.

No novelist since the time of Scott has enjoyed so wide-spread a reputation both in Europe and America, and deservedly too; for none have labored under greater disadvantages and overcome greater difficulties. He began his career when the practical age, or as some style it the age of criticism, had superseded the poetical. The mind was as active in accounting for and rejecting the superstitions of the past, as the imagination had been in creating them. Men who professed to be governed by reason, like the rabble who are governed by the passions, were certain to neglect every other consideration and to proceed to extremes. And if any works of fiction were produced they were like the flowers, which springing up out of their season, soon wither and die. It is true that the earlier ages were distinguished by few poetical productions, and even these were very defective—not because imagination was wanting, for it was perhaps more vivid than now—but language was wanting to convey their thoughts. Each person formed a little world of his own, he lived within himself, and accounted for the phenomena of nature perhaps on totally different principles from his neighbor. When language came to his assistance, he could lay his wild dreams and fancies before others, and the mind was too much delighted and bewildered by the novelty to notice their strangeness or absurdities. Language, the instrument by which the imagination worked, expanded, and with it the beauties of poetry; while the imagination itself, if it did not decline, remained the same. Thus we can easily see that an age would arrive in which poetry would reach its comparative perfection, flourish for a short period, which is called the poetic era, and then begin to decline. On its decline began “the age of reason.” From this time, the purely imaginative poetry was but little appreciated. It was thought effeminate to be governed, or even entertained by fiction—all tended to the practical, mixed up with every-day occurrences.

It was the misfortune of Bulwer to be thrown into such an age. To one less ardent and determined it would have presented insurmountable obstacles, but to him it was the very gymnastic to fully develop those powerful energies of the mind, which have placed him among the best writers of the age. Unlike most authors he is not content with excellence in a single department, but has discovered a versatility equal to his genius. He has gained a high rank in almost every species of literature. In the epic, in the drama, in the history, in the argument, and especially in the fiction. And what is remarkable, his first attempt in the most of these was a signal failure, but that energy which had prompted him to undertake, crowned him with complete success.

To fiction he has devoted the most of his time, and the varied productions of his prolific mind have been suited to please the light-minded and lovesick, the practical and poetic, the pensive and gay, the chivalrous and daring, the chaste and classic. He sits with ease and surveys the present with the eye of a philosopher, looks forward into the future with almost prophetic vision or, with a single sweep of his majestic wand, brings the past in review. The heroes of antiquity, their histories and times, are familiar to his mind. The deversified field of nature is spread before him, and he culls the choicest fruit from the rarest trees. One of his greatest excellencies consists in the ease with which he adapts his characters to their conditions. Whether in the palace of the prince or the cot of the peasant, he sits with equal grace. "He walks with as much ease in the crowded street as in the presence of lords;" his characters are natural wherever he chooses; for he is master of the human heart, of its strange workings and secret impulses. With these rare gifts, he combines the gentleman, the scholar and the poet. He almost occupies that position in the field of fiction that Napoleon did in military tactics, "a man without a model." This may be considered rather extravagant, but not in the least, when we notice the great influence he has over the minds of his readers.

A review of the writings of Mr. Bulwer seems to be rather out of date, and entirely superfluous. They have been before the public so long that their comparative merits have long since been established. Yet the evil tendencies of some of his most popular novels are apt to be overlooked by the young and thoughtless, to whom he is most particularly attractive. The lettered ease, graceful manners, and the silvery cloak that he spreads over all, are well calculated to attract; and the young adopt without consideration whatever opinion he may advance. It is to this powerful influence of the novelist that the comparative laxity of morals of the present is owing. Their characters are mostly selected from the earlier ages, and that they may be natural, they are compelled to introduce the customs and habits of



those times. Their intention certainly is to benefit by presenting the deformities, but our nature is such that we adopt the evil, seldom the good, without profiting by the example. Thus the youthful, and often those of mature years, erect a false standard of taste, and allow too great a laxity of morals, at a season of life when their hearts and intellects are easily shaped by every surrounding circumstance.

It is a sad thing that so many of our ablest minds are given to this prostitution of virtue, this wholesale murder of the unsuspecting. None are more capable than the novelist of giving lessons of morality, of refining and elevating the taste, and of teaching us lessons of wisdom by the experience of others. The representations of the drama have a more powerful influence on us than the simple narrations of history. We have the living, acting characters before us, we see the expressions of countenance, the flash of the eye, the motions, gestures, the workings of the passions and a thousand other little incidents which cannot be conveyed by the narrator, and which have more influence than the words that are spoken. We *read* the story of vice and expect the natural consequences, but here we *see* the hellish workings of the foul heart, and we are disgusted with its exhibitions.

We may admit the reasoning of the teacher of ethics, wonder at the subtleties of his arts and pronounce him a man of genius, but nothing more; when we see mirrored true to nature the deceitful imaginings of our own heart, its wicked workings, and feel its base motives are made plain to all, we are restrained by the fear of punishment—more powerful than all the allurements of reward.

Were many of Mr. Bulwer's most entertaining fictions divested of all ornament, the charms of a glowing imagination, and the gorgeous trappings of a highly cultivated classical taste, their evil tendencies, glaring deformities and utter desecration of every moral principle would be their best correctives. But by his captivating arts the unsuspecting victim of his false philosophy is infused with the poison, and the pure fountains of the heart are polluted. In Ernest Maltravers he has introduced into the most refined circles characters the most revolting to common decency. He casts a golden mantle over all, and while we are fascinated with the glittering surface, he conducts them through every purlieu of vice with which that age was cursed.

The hero is a young man of high mental endowments, commanding appearance, refined manners and of a pure and lofty ambition. He is returning home from college after having completed his education, and meets with a young girl, who, though capable of high mental improvement, is the most ignorant being imaginable, not knowing even the existence of a God. Her extreme poverty and simplicity, which are very carefully de-

lineated, are intended as palliatives for many of the errors of after life. But after all his care it is hardly natural that a girl, so quick and eager to learn as she afterwards shows herself to be, would have lived fifteen years in sight of a church, associating every day with the girls that went to school and not have known even the existence of God! However, this is but one of the few inconsistencies with which we meet in his works. The fault is not in the style and plots, but the *lessons* taught. After an effort of her father, (who is represented as a devil incarnate,) to rob him, Maltravers escapes with her and becomes so interested that he determines himself to instruct and reclaim her from the degradation in which she had formerly lived. In a beautiful situation he selects a small house and decorates it with classical taste and oriental splendor. Beneath gentle bowers perfumed by myriads of flowers, consecrated by poetry and made doubly charming by music, her intellect expands, her mind is purified and chastened and she merges into beautiful womanhood. As an innocent and unsuspecting victim prepared for the altar, he at last sacrifices her upon that of his ungodly lusts; and then commences the reckless career of this bold adulterer and heartless libertine, and the long and checkered life and deep misery of his ignorantly sinning victim. As if the picture were not revolting enough, in his glowing style he attempts a labored apology for these high crimes on the score of blind and resistless love on his part, and of profound ignorance on hers. "But Alice was purer and gentler and as far as she knew, sweet fool, better than ever. She had invented a new prayer for herself, and she prayed as regularly and as fervently as if she were doing nothing amiss. But the code of heaven is gentler than that of earth and does not declare that ignorance excuseth not the crime. If a jury of cherubim had tried Alice's offence, they would hardly have allowed the heart to bear witness against the soul."

I have neither the time nor inclination to follow her through her sufferings and misfortunes crowded into the following eighteen years of her life. Widowhood with its subdued tones, pensive brow and melancholy look, calls for our sympathy; but widowhood, coupled with abject poverty and with the care of an infant whose brow is stamped with the mark of Cain, is a picture we cannot endure. From one victim to another our hero walks as coolly and with as much ease, as when in early youth he had pursued the paths of virtue and rectitude. He takes advantage of the hospitality of his unsuspecting guest to declare, at his very fireside, his infernal passion, which is dignified with the name of resistless love, to M. Valarie de St. Ventadour. His affections are changed from Alice to Valarie, then to Florence, to Evelyn and again to Alice with almost as much ease and in as rapid succession as the representations of the phantasmagoria. When

the reckless libertine is thus permitted to invade the domestic circle, to sport with the affections as if they were mere toys, and to sacrifice his victims at the altar of his lusts, we may well tremble for the sacredness of our homes and distrust the purity of all friendship. Mr. Bulwer's apology "for this affliction of the good and triumph of the unprincipled" is, that the erring may still hope to regain their former position, and that the blackness of crime may be eradicated by the purities of virtue. For every such hope that is established is he not giving freer reins to our natures which are ever prone to evil? Is it not saying to the young that they may indulge to satiety all the baser passions and at last rise as pure as if they had never been contaminated, and as deserving of esteem as if they had always been an ally of virtue?

Pelham and Falkland are in the same class with Maltravers—the mere exhibitions of vice and foul seduction by presenting them in their most alluring forms, smoothing down their most rugged features and taking away the disgust which they always should inspire. Eugene Aram is thought to be one of his greatest efforts. It certainly did require a labored one to clothe the hideousness of that felon with the inspirations of genius, the lofty and varied acquisitions of the refined scholar, the feelings of a man of virtue, the winning manners and exterior graces of the most refined and delicate affections capable of appreciating such true and unconcealed devotion. We are charmed with the man, and his deep afflictions and solitary, moody life have excited our liveliest sympathy before we are aware of the cause. We deeply pity the heart-broken lover, and are shocked with his just death. What can be the moral of this work? Does he wish so far to soften vice as that the murderer should go unpunished? Does he want us to believe that the barriers erected in society between the evil and the good are the false and prejudiced effects of a mistaken feeling? Does he wish to teach us that genius can consecrate a crime, necessity justify it, and the growth of the gentler affections forever eradicate the stain? Such indeed is the tendency of this work. It assails us at our weakest points, and hurries us to a justification before we can reflect upon the heinousness of the deed.

The dramatic talent of Bulwer is finely represented in the "Lady of Lyons." It is one of the most popular plays of the day and contains passages that would not discredit even the genius of a Shakspeare. This, however, was the only successful attempt after many failures, and I think he has come to the wise conclusion that the laurels to be gained from fiction will be won with more ease than those from the drama.

If Bulwer deserves censure for the bad taste of some of his novels the sterling merits of others deserve equal praise. The lessons of wisdom taught, the re-peopling an age that is almost lost to history and the giving a



charm to those times and places which have become disgusting to us because of their early association with the pedagogue and birch rod, are some of the advantages to be derived from these works; which but very few have ever attempted and none have ever accomplished so satisfactorily as himself.

In no way could we get a better notion of the glaring absurdities and vain pretences of the old German philosophers in their search for the "philosopher's stone" than from the history of Zanonì—of the fraud they practiced upon the ignorant and superstitious peasants—their readiness to attribute every change of nature, every phenomena that occurred, every passion that rioted in their breast, to some mysterious agent—and more than all, of the inscrutable workings of the human heart, when directed by a false philosophy, urged on by a supposed philanthropy and filled with all the vain imaginings of the superstitious. In the simple history of the beautiful and accomplished Viola Pisani we have a faithful history of those who trust to the applause of the populace, which cries "hosanna!" in one breath and "crucify!" in the next. And although for the great sacrifices and unsuspecting devotion we could have wished her a better fate, still a true delineation of the depravity of the age required the sacrifice. By skillfully mixing his characters with the French Revolution, Bulwer gives a frightful picture of "that short but terrible tragedy." In the sudden rise and equally as sudden fall of the cold blooded and unprincipled Robespierre, we have the results of an ungodly ambition and a second exhibition of the uncertainty of popular favor. From the individual, we are led to notice the national sympathies and antipathies. The Parisian mob is in contrast with the Italian. Both are governed by passion and superstition, and both shock and disgust with their excesses.

"The last days of Pompeii" and "Rienzi" are the master pieces of Bulwer. The blankness and desolation of the "city of the dead," its destruction so awfully tragical, the contemplation of its sufferings, vague, horrible, unsearchable; and the uncertainty which shrouds the history of "the last of the Roman Tribunes," his great influence, mighty genius, and resistless eloquence, gave full scope for the range of his exuberant fancy and indulgence to his refined and classical taste. In the history of Rienzi we see the last flickering rays of expiring liberty. As a taper when about to expire gives for a moment a brighter light, so this. The ray penetrated the thick gloom of ignorance that had settled upon a people, corrupted by vice, enervated by luxury, and oppressed by tyranny: they caught up the spark and endeavored to rekindle it; but amid so much corruption the vain effort proved a mockery of their former magnificence. In viewing this sad catastrophe our sympathies, ever active

for others, overlook our own condition. Our fate is mirrored in that of theirs; for the same causes that proved their destruction are at work in our own midst.

The design of Mr. Bulwer in making Pompeii the scene of a novel, and the magnitude of the undertaking are fully and clearly set forth by himself:

"I was aware, however, from the first, of the great difficulties with which I had to contend. To paint the manners and exhibit the life of the middle ages, required the hand of a master genius; yet, perhaps, the task is slight and easy, in comparison with that which aspires to portray a far earlier and more unfamiliar period. With the men and customs of the feudal time, we have a natural sympathy and bond of alliance; those men were our ancestors—from those customs we received our own—the creed of our chivalric fathers is still ours—their tombs yet consecrate our churches—the ruins of their castles yet frown over our valleys. We trace in their struggles for liberty and justice our present institutions; and in the elements of their social state, we behold the origin of our own."

It is somewhat remarkable how far the customs and habits of a nation can be determined from their private dwellings and public edifices. This did not escape the notice of the ancients, and in complaining of the vice and corruption of the age, Demosthenes says that formerly men were devoted to the good of the commonwealth, and that it possessed affluence and was resplendent with glory. None of the great men raised themselves above the multitude, nor erected private dwellings in any way distinguished above others. But the public buildings were extravagantly magnificent. He complains that contemporary statesmen erected dwellings that excelled in splendor the public edifices.

This we find to have been the case in every subsequent age, and accordingly the barbarous customs and the ease and luxury of the inhabitants of Pompeii at the time of its destruction, could easily be ascertained by the peculiarities of the various buildings and the magnificence with which they were fitted up. The character of the rich and stately Diomed is perfectly consonant with the luxuriant mansions of the excavated city. The small building decorated with Grecian paintings and architecture coupled with the known slavery of Greece and the servile imitations of the Romans, would suggest the graceful and accomplished though enervated Glaucus, and the beautiful and lovely Ione. The known commerce of the Egyptians, the dark superstitions connected with the goddess Isis, who possessed such a mysterious influence over the age, would readily suggest the wise and crafty, but unprincipled Arbaces and the base low minded Calenus. These are the principal characters of the fiction, all of which are gathered from the exterior of the place while the managing the plots, re-peopling the blank and desolate city, re-adorning its fairy gar-

dens now strewn with scinders and ashes with the delicate flowers, refilling the fountains with the pure gushing streams, present a field for the fancy, a subject for the descriptive powers and a condition for representing the sublimest emotions that can elevate the soul.

We are introduced to the characters in their favorite amusements, the feasts, the bath and the theatre. And although these are rather lengthy and in some instances lacking in interest, they give us an insight into the national character and the fearful ravages of the destroyer. Climate, position and surrounding circumstances certainly have their influence, but the deep and dark passions of the human heart, though the motives that excite them may differ, cannot be altered by years, nor destroyed or remodeled by locality, though it may tinge them with a "shade more sombre or serene." Consequently in the ancient, we have to a certain degree a picture of the modern Italians, and this happy discovery by Bulwer has saved us from the "stilted sentences and the cold didactic solemnities of language," which have made all former works uninteresting or rather disgusting.

"It is an error as absurd to make Romans in common life talk in the periods of Cicero, as it would be in a novelist to endow his English personages with the long-drawn sentences of Johnson or Burke. The fault is the greater, because, while it pretends to learning, it betrays in reality the ignorance of just criticism—it fatigues—it worries—it revolts—and we have not the satisfaction in yawning to think that we yawn eruditely. To impart anything like fidelity to the dialogues of classic actors, we must beware (to use a university phrase) how we "*cram*" for the occasion! Nothing can give to a writer a more stiff and uneasy gait than the sudden and hasty adoption of the toga. We must bring to our task the familiarized knowledge of many years—the allusions, the phraseology—the language generally—must flow from a stream that has long been full; the flowers must be transplanted from a living soil, and not bought second-hand at the nearest market-place."

One of the most beautiful passages in this work is the clear and vigorous sketch given of Arbaces. Enamored of Ione he sought by subtle reasonings to dupe her zealous but unsuspecting brother, that he might the more easily gain his object. Failing in his design, the dark Egyptian passions are aroused, and he determines to obtain by force what persuasion and his subtle arts had failed to accomplish. In the midst of his hellish designs, the lover and brother rush upon him and Arbaces, clasping a column containing an image of Isis, exclaims:

"O ancient goddess! protect thy chosen, proclaim thy vengeance against this thing of an upstart creed, who with sacrilegious violence profanes thy resting place and assails thy servant."

"As he spoke, the still and vast features of the goddess seemed suddenly to glow with life; through the black marble, as through a transparent veil, flushed luminously a crimson and burning hue—around the head played and darted coruscations of livid lightning—the eyes became like balls of livid fire,



and seemed fixed in withering and intolerable wrath upon the countenance of the Greek. Awed and appalled by this sudden and mystic answer to the prayer of his foe—and not free from the hereditary superstitions of his race—the cheeks of Glaucus paled before that strange and ghastly animation of the marble; his knees knocked together—he stood, seized with divine panic, dismayed, aghast, half unmanned before his foe! Arbaces gave him not breathing time to recover his stupor: “Die, wretch!” he shouted in a voice of thunder, as he sprang upon the Greek; “the mighty mother claims thee as a living sacrifice.”

While Glaucus is thus stunned Arbaces springs upon him, but just at this moment a terrible earthquake caused by the pent-up wrath of Vesuvius, shook the temple like a leaf:

“As a Titan on whom the mountains are piled, it roused itself from the sleep of years—it moved on its dædal couch—the caverns groaned and trembled beneath the motion of its limbs. In the moment of his vengeance and his power, the self-prized demigod was humbled to his real clay. Far and wide along the soil went a hoarse and rumbling sound—the curtains of the chamber shook as at the blast of a storm—the altar rocked—the tripod reeled—and high over the place of contest the column trembled and waved from side to side.”

The head of the sable goddess fell from its position and struck the vile wretch to the floor, seemingly though not entirely lifeless—and Glaucus escapes with his lover. Apæcides still remembering the insult offered his sister, threatened to expose the hidden abominations of his life and the deceit practiced by the priest. “Tremble! even now I prepare the hour in which thou and thy false gods shall be unveiled. Thy lewd and Circean life shall be dragged to-day—thy mumming oracles—the fane of the idol Isis shall be a by-word and a scorn—the royal name of Arbaces a mark for the hooting hisses of execration. Tremble!” This second thwarting of his designs aroused all the fiery passions in the breast of the Egyptian. The darkness and loneliness of the place gave full scope to their action. “Die then in thy rashness,” he muttered; “away, obstacle to my rushing fates!” and Apæcides fell mute, without a groan, pierced to the heart. At this moment Glaucus, a raving maniac, deprived of reason by the “love philter” obtained by Julia, the vain unprincipled daughter of Diomed, and administered by the unsuspecting Nydia, the devoted blind girl, rushes upon the dead body of the unfortunate youth and with confused mind stoops over it. Arbaces springs upon him and calls for help to secure the murderer. We pass the heart-rending grief of Nydia when she hears of the deed she has done—the deep anguish of Ione at the treachery of her lover who had been the murderer of her brother—the condemnation of the beautiful Greek to feed the jaws of the lion and satisfy the curiosity of the rabble—the assemblage of all classes high and low to witness the inhuman sights of the arena—the detection of the

treachery of Arbaces just as Glaucus had entered the arena with the lion, and the tide of popular indignation which now cries as loud for his death as before for that of the Greek. The Egyptian stretched forth his hand on high; his lofty brow and royal features assumed an unutterable solemnity and command. He shouts with a voice of thunder,

"Behold how the gods protect the guiltless! The fires of the avenging Orcus burst forth against the false witness of my accusers."

"The eyes of the crowd followed the gesture of the Egyptian, and beheld with ineffable dismay a vast vapour shooting from the summit of Vesuvius in the form of a gigantic pine tree: the trunk, blackness;—the branches, fire; that shifted and wavered in its hues with every moment, now fiercely luminous, now of a dull and dying red, that again blazed terrifically forth with intolerable glare!"

The description of the eruption of Vesuvius is one of the most sublime passages of the work. In fact I have seen but few that can equal it in the English language. I would quote it, but it loses half its beauty unless you had a view at the same time of the dismay and superstitious terror depicted on the countenance of the multitude, who, amid their gayeties and pleasures see their sudden and awful doom. In an instant all became palpable darkness—over the crushed vines, the desolate streets, the wide amphitheatre itself, far and wide with many a mighty splash in the agitated sea, fell that awful shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of hissing, burning stones. The terrified citizens rush in all directions through the Egyptian darkness. Glaucus flies to Ione and under the guidance of the blind Nydia, to whom only the darkness is no obstacle, they find the sea-shore and embarking upon its troubled waters they seek those climes endeared by earlier childhood; and in peace and happiness enjoy the rich blessings that ever crown a happy union.

Such is the brief and very imperfect outline of this *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Bulwer. We rise from its perusal with the certain knowledge that we have been benefitted; and this can be said of but very few novels. It has the character of a work of philosophy and deep erudition, rather than that of a romance. Its merits can be appreciated by those only who have read and studied it.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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WILLIAM ALEXANDER GRAHAM, a portrait of whom graces our present number, was born in Lincoln county, North Carolina, upon the 5th day of September 1804. His family is of Scotch-Irish extraction. His father, the late General Joseph Graham, was an ardent patriot, and an active and brilliant officer of State-troops in the Revolutionary War.

Mr. Graham received his collegiate education at Chapel Hill, and in 1824, upon his graduation, received the highest honors of the University. In those honors were associated with him the late Thomas Dews, a man of genius, who died in early life, a well known and brilliant lawyer of western North Carolina; Matthias E. Manly, long a Judge of the Superior Court, and now filling so well a seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the State; and Edward D. Sims, who turned his attention to Letters, became a man of great accomplishment in his vocation, and died some years ago a Professor in the University of Alabama. Mr. Graham read law in the office of Judge Ruffin, at Hillsboro', and, having been admitted to the bar in 1827, fixed his residence at that place. In his new home the merits of the young man were speedily recognized. In 1833, 1834, and 1835 he represented the town of Hillsboro' in the General Assembly, and, that borough having been disfranchised in 1835, in the year 1836 he was elected to the House of Commons from the County of Orange. He was Speaker of that body in the years 1838 and 1840. During the latter session, shortly after taking his seat, he was chosen a Senator of the United States for an unexpired term ending upon the 4th of March 1843. In 1844 Mr. Graham was elected Governor of North Carolina, and was reelected by a largely increased majority in 1846. In the month of June 1849 he declined the Mission to the Court of Spain, upon its being tendered by President Taylor. In July 1850, at the accession of President Fillmore, he became Secretary of the Navy, and resigned that office in June 1852, upon receiving the nomination upon the ticket with General Scott. During the winter of 1854 Mr. Graham served his fellow-citizens as Senator from Orange in the State Legislature.

In 1836 Mr. Graham married Miss Susan, daughter of the late John Washington Esq., of Newbern, and their family now consists of eight sons and one daughter.

Except when in the public service Mr. Graham has been engaged in the assiduous practice of his profession, and he enjoys the reputation of being an eminent lawyer and a very successful advocate. His personal appearance is very prepossessing. Erect in carriage, and of great dignity of deportment,—a well developed forehead, penetrating and steady dark eye, and compressed lip indicate to all those traits of energy, even-temper, high ability and nerve which have characterized his life.



The career of Mr. Graham is one of the ornaments of North Carolina. It is an ornament in perfect keeping too with her other honors; for his fidelity to principles and to promises is scrupulous, and embraces all the transactions of life, public and private. Refraining from any expression of opinion upon his political views or conduct, we may be pardoned for saying that he has developed those views and pursued that conduct with great consistency, a high sense of honor, and a courage as undaunted as it is quiet and unassuming. For nearly thirty years, in the midst of a generation whose tendencies are to the contrary, he has pursued unswervingly the path of conservatism; and such has been the weight of his character, and so great the qualities which he has offered to the service of his fellow citizens that he has found this path to lead to high public employment, and a general and solid popularity. The conservative sentiment which marks North Carolina leans much upon his arm, and there is none of her sons to whose voice in time of trouble she would lend a more attentive or respectful ear.

The excellent proportion and harmony of Mr. Graham's high qualities, moral and intellectual, assign him to a class of men apt to be underrated by the inconsiderate. Many who are struck by a trait whose effect is in some degree due to deficiencies in other endowments will pass the same unnoticed where playing only a due part in a system, as it were, of valuable and well-developed qualities. Reflection and experience convince us of the rarity and the value of men so furnished. They are of a class to which WASHINGTON belonged, and for belonging to which it has pleased many to indulge in depreciation of his great name.

Mr. Graham's residence is a handsome place on the eastern outskirts of Hillsboro', embowered in a fine grove of forest-growth, and in the midst of ample grounds tastefully adorned. Of his home it may not be intrusive to say that it has received a thousand blessings, dropping upon it like the gentle rain from heaven.

Since the year 1834 the honored subject of this sketch has been a Trustee of this University, and as such has shown himself a true and devoted son of his Alma Mater.

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For the above sketch, the Editors acknowledge their indebtedness to Samuel F. Phillips, Esq., of this place, and return him their sincere thanks for the same.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.—Those of our subscribers who have not settled their accounts, are respectfully requested to do so at their *earliest convenience*, as we are at present very much in need of funds. We dislike very much to be driven to the necessity of sending to each subscriber who is yet in arrears, a letter reminding him of his delinquency; but we shall be obliged to adopt some such plan shortly, unless our subscribers become more punctual in remitting their dues. We hope these remarks will be sufficient to induce all those to whom they apply, to attend to this matter.

LOCAL MATTERS—During the past month, no event of great interest has occurred to divert our minds from our studies; the wheels of College still roll quietly and smoothly on. Some of the “love-lorn” in our midst have expressed a regret that a belfry has been erected upon the South Building; “for,” say they, “the old bell now arouses us every Saturday morning (we presume the most “susceptible” among us appropriate this particular time to thoughts of their absent “fair ones”) from delightful dreams of our *dulcineas*”. But we think we should rather rejoice that the bell (we intend neither encouragement nor offence to any political party) has been placed in its present position; since being more distinctly heard, it will be more effectual in calling the delinquent to his duties.

Many are accustomed to speak of College life as a “dull monotony”, and to sigh impatiently for the time when they, having been disengaged from the laborious studies which they now pursue, will be at liberty to act in every way and at all times as best suits their own convenience and pleasure. But they forget that we are now enjoying the happiest moments of our life. True, the daily routine of college duties may sometimes grow irksome, and the most pleasant exercises exhaust our patience by long continuance or frequent repetition; but we should be willing to submit to some inconveniences in order to enjoy, and more keenly too, the rich and varied literary repasts which are here prepared for us. Not to speak of the valuable instruction imparted by a most able Faculty, we have free access to large and well-assorted libraries, which are rapidly increasing; we are thus allowed to avail ourselves of the accumulated learning and wisdom of all ages and countries. Nor is this our only source of improvement and pleasure. A youth, at home, among those who love and care for him, does not feel that any exertion on his part is necessary. Every obstacle that retards his progress in learning, is removed by his ever-watchful parents; his life, like a placid stream, flows smoothly on, till misfortune or perhaps the unrelenting hand of disease, has taken away his kindest friends; he then finds himself entirely unprepared for the coming storms of life. But here he is taught to think and act for himself—to be a man! Left to the guidance of his own judgment, shaped in some degree, it is true, by previous impressions and parental advice, he yet feels that he must rely upon his own strength for support and success, while self-love and a laudable ambition incite his sleeping energies to action. Old and experienced men, too, are accustomed to regard their College days as the most pleasant period of their whole lives; and often they recall them to their recollection with pleasurable emotions, even after the dim, distant future has thrown its shadow upon their wrinkled brows. Here, too, we have pure water; a healthful climate and beautifully picturesque landscapes. What greater comfort than all these can we ask? Then, why should we not be contented? May we all spend our College days profitably and agreeably, and so end our career as not in after life to look back upon it with shame and regret!

A few weeks ago, the Rev. J. P. Moore, of Tirza, N. C. Agent of the American Bible Society, visited the University for the purpose of raising funds to be appropriated to the dissemination of Scriptural knowledge among the destitute. The students, we understand, contributed very liberally.

THE ANTIGONE OF SOPHOCLES.—We have in our possession a somewhat curious manuscript, which we are more than half inclined to place before our readers, not from any intrinsic merit of its own, but for other reasons,. The spirit of extreme bitterness and hate, which pervades it throughout, does not, as might have been expected, excite disgust or contempt, but rather has a tendency to provoke our laughter. It is hardly necessary to state that we do not concur with the writer in his criticism upon this, one of the most celebrated of the tragedies of Sophocles; yet we should not be at all surprised if certain members of the Junior Class receive it with a hearty approbation. The author, whose real name we shall conceal, was a member of the *last* Junior Class; he wishes us to call the attention of his class-mates particularly to this article, and to request them to recall the emotions which they experienced about the 1st of Nov. 1859 (when it was written) and to ask themselves if at that time they would not have endorsed his sentiments. He has also very recently informed us that he was in an extremely good humor at the time of its composition, which, he says, “manifests itself in an undercurrent.” Without further comment, we give the manuscript entire:

Antigone may pretty be,  
 Dear Mr. Sophocles;  
 But I declare I'd rather share  
 A bed with dogs and fleas,  
 Than have to study a book of muddy  
 Thoughts such as you write;  
 And I aver if you were here  
 We'd surely have to fight.  
 You think it's good to talk of blood  
 And make your maiden frisky;  
*Tim Tinker* thinks your poem stinks  
 Of nasty rot-gut whiskey.  
 And I believe you tried to weave  
 A web just like the spider's,  
 That you might vex and more perplex  
 Your tragedy's deriders.\*  
 Yet though you “scratch,” you cannot match  
 The ever cunning spider;  
 For when you wrote adown your throat  
 Was freely poured the cider.  
 What was your end in having penned  
 That d——ed jargonic chorus?  
 Now *all* agree in *this* decree:  
 “You wrote it just to bore us.”  
 But I am glad, (as well as mad,)  
 And who can blame me for it?  
 That I am done with Antigone;  
 O, how I do abhor it!  
 No joy I've seen nor hour serene,  
 Since first I did begin it;  
 And hence I deem again joys gleam  
 In this auspicious minute;  
 Antigone *may* pretty be,  
 But *I'll* ne'er again look in it.

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\*All Juniors half-advanced.



THE SWAIN PRIZE.—We would again call the attention of our fellow-students to the prize, which we have offered for the best article contributed to the Magazine during the present collegiate year by the students of the University, the Editors alone excepted. We surely need not remind them of the high honor, which will be conferred upon the successful competitor; in addition to this, he will be allowed to choose either a medal, or to employ the money awarded in the purchase of valuable books. We know that there are among our fellow-students men of talent and ability, and not a few who aspire to literary fame. To all such we would say, now is the time to begin your career, ere your bodies are enfeebled by age or disease, and while your minds, in all the freshness and vigor of youth, are undisturbed by the harassing cares of active life in the "outer world." It is quite a mistake to suppose that any one, no matter how superior his talents may be, can attain to great literary excellence, simply by one performance, even though he shall have employed every energy of his soul and all the strength of his intellect upon it. Great superiority in any profession or art can be acquired only by slow degrees and long continued exertion. In order to become an eminent writer, one must first learn to write compositions of a simple character; and a taste for literature cultivated here will render the higher literary efforts of after life easy and agreeable.

Besides this, there is another inducement to the ambitious youth. Should he win the prize, not only will he receive the plaudits of an admiring public, but his praises will be echoed back from the magic circle of home; and a doting father, a kind mother or perhaps a sweet sister will welcome him with heartier smiles of approval on his return. His *dulcinea*, too, will greet him with brighter smiles and a countenance beaming with joy at his success; and we do not hesitate to say that the appearance of a good, sensible article in the Magazine from his pen, whether it be successful or not, will meet with a more favorable reception from *her*, than all the *lunatic* sonnets which he may compose during the whole college course. But will any dare say—"But suppose I fail?"—remember, *there's no such word as fail!*

Considering the great inducements to literary effort, we are not a little surprised that hitherto there should have been so little competition among the students for this, one of the greatest honors of College. We have as yet received but comparatively few contributions from them. We hope this will not continue. We desire to elevate the standard of literature in our midst, and this can never be so successfully done as when by honest emulation each strives for superiority. Then, fellow-students, hand in your articles, and be not fearful of disgraceful failure; for the name of no contributor will be revealed against his wishes, and even if one fail to attain the object of his pursuit, let him be assured that the labor he bestows upon the articles contributed will not be spent in vain.

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We return our cordial acknowledgments to Wilson W. Whitaker, Esq. Secretary of the Executive Committee of the State Agricultural Society, for complimentary tickets. It will afford us great pleasure to be at the Fair, and if it be in our power, we will attend *en corps*.

TENNYSON.—We presume most of our readers have read and admired Tennyson's new poem, which was published about the first of this year. The "dreams" are certainly very natural and appropriate, the imagery picturesque, the sentiment sweet and pleasing, and the poem worthy of much praise—but respecting this there is a difference of opinion among men, as the following extract from one of our exchanges will show:

"Tennyson, the Poet Laureate of England, has written a new poem, entitled 'Sea Dreams, an Idyl,' for which it is said he has been paid fifty dollars a line. The editor of the Paducah (Ky.) *Commercial*, after styling it 'miserable, namby-pamby nonsense, which most any school boy would be ashamed to claim the paternity of,' 'takes it off' as follows:

Here is eight hundred dollars' worth of Tennyson's gem, being just sixteen lines :

What does little birdie say  
In her nest at peep of day?  
Let me fly, says little birdie,  
Mother, let me fly away.  
Birdie, rest a little longer,  
'Till thy wings are little stronger;  
So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,  
In her bed at peep of day?  
Baby says like little birdie,  
Let me rise and fly away;  
Baby, sleep a little longer,  
Baby, too, shall fly away.

Isn't that grand? (says the Paducah editor.) Isn't it the quintessence of poetry? Here's sixteen lines of our own, same style, measure, and embodying about as much sentiment, for which we will willingly take a quarter:

What does little froggie say  
In his pond at peep of day?  
Let me swim, says little froggie,  
Bullfrog, let me swim away.  
Froggie, rest a little longer,  
'Till your little legs are stronger;  
So he mounts upon a stump,  
And into the pond he goes ker-chunk!

What does little piggie say  
In his sty at peep of day?  
Piggie says, like little froggie,  
Let me go and root to-day;  
Piggie, wait a little longer,  
'Till your snout is hard and stronger;  
If you suck a little longer,  
Piggie then may root away.

CLUBS—The number of secret societies in our University has increased very rapidly during the last three years. A few years ago there were only three or four; now there are between ten and fifteen. A great many men are opposed to all societies, whatever be their object, which keep their laws and transactions secret; urging as the grounds of their objection that it is not necessary, especially in this land of freedom, to conceal from the world any institution that is high and honorable or that has for its object the accomplishment of any laudable purpose, and furthermore, that those which do require secrecy may reasonably be suspected of some dark and dangerous design. Now these objections may be answered at once by simply referring to the great and good results which have been brought about by the various secret societies now existing throughout our country. The simple fact that a body holds its meetings in secret cannot, we think, be made a just ground of opposition; for if so, many of the best institutions of our land are liable to serious objections. The Senate of the United States, on particular occasions, as well as a debating society among the pupils of a preparatory school, transacts its business in secret; and there is scarcely an association either religious, social or political, which does not at times find it conducive to its interests to seclude its proceedings from the gaze of men. It *frequently* happens, indeed, that in order successfully to promote the ends of an institution, even though its objects, if known, be not offensive to the community, secrecy is expedient; and sometimes it may be absolutely necessary to its very existence. It is not denied that secrecy is best adapted to the concoction of schemes of villainy and corruption; yet, while this is true, it does not necessarily follow that *all* societies of this kind have no nobler end in view. And should secret societies, therefore, be forbidden? The right to prohibit the secrecy of the deliberations of a *body*, implies the right to compel the *individual* to unbosom his thoughts to the world!

That the secret societies in our University have been productive of evil, we have not yet been able to discover; that they have done much good, we do not doubt. Since they have been established here, those jealousies and bitter animosities formerly existing between the two Literary Societies of the Institution have been gradually removed, while a spirit of honest rivalry still remains, and incites each to strive for superiority; a happy result which we can attribute only to the immediate influence of the clubs. We do not undertake to say that such has been the object for which they were established. For all that we know to the contrary, the ends which they are intended to promote and the interests they cherish may be as different as are their badges. Their various objects, the times and places of their meetings are all shrouded in mystery; nothing, indeed, is known of any of them except that they exist and that certain men belong to them. It has been suggested that, judging by the character and pursuits of their members, we might reasonably suppose that some of them are purely literary societies and are devoted solely to the advancement of literature. This opinion we neither attempt to establish nor overthrow. We believe that none of the clubs are local institutions; most of them are branches of an original chapter which has subordinate chapters established in all the principal Colleges throughout the United States.



## TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL, August, 1860.

Whereas, the sad intelligence of the death of our esteemed friend and fellow-member, Samuel M. Brinson, of New Berne, N. C., reached us a few days since,—he who left us but a few years ago, crowned with high honors and gifted with talents that promised him a glorious and successful career in his profession of Law; he whose kindness of heart, unstained morals and manly bearing won for him the esteem and admiration of all who knew him, and whose high prospects of a happy and useful life were so prematurely blighted by the chilling hand of death; the Philanthropic Society deeply deploring his loss have therefore

Resolved, That while we bow with humble resignation to the allwise dispensations of the Almighty Disposer of events, we cannot but regret most sincerely the loss of him who was such a worthy member of our Society, and pause to shed a tear of heart-felt grief over his early grave.

Resolved, That in his death, we have lost a kind and affectionate friend; the Philanthropic Society, a member whose superior talents reflected honor upon it; the community in which he lived, one of its best and most useful citizens; and that his relatives have sustained a loss which can never be repaired.

Resolved That as a student, his habits of industry and perseverance were worthy of imitation; as a man, he was truthful and just; and as a companion, his uniform gentleness of deportment endeared him to us all.

Resolved, That while we would not intrude upon the sacredness of domestic grief, we tender our warmest sympathy to his bereaved family and friends, and while weeping with them at the common altar of grief, we would point them to that Eternal Source from which alone flows that balm which can heal the wounded and bleeding heart.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and to the University Magazine, New Berne Progress and Raleigh Register with a request for publication.

THOMAS T. ALLEN, }  
M. R. GRIGSBY, } Com.  
J. V. JENKINS, }

PHILANTHROPIC HALL, Sept. 29, 1860.

With the deepest sorrow the Philanthropic Society has received intelligence of the death of our late fellow-member, Edward Graham. He left us but a short time since in the bloom of youth; high mental endowments gave the pleasing promise of a rich and abundant harvest, but ere the hope was half realized the cold frost of death forever blasted his cherished prospects. Therefore, in her affliction, be it Resolved, that the Philanthropic Society, while she humbly says "Thy will oh! God, be done," cannot but mourn his early death.

Resolved, that the Society tenders her sympathies to the bereaved relations, and exhorts them to put their trust in Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, Raleigh Register, New-Berne Progress and the University Magazine with a request to publish them.

R. S. CLARK, }  
F. J. HAYWOOD, } Com.  
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References: Faculty of the University; W. J. Bingham & Sons, Oaks, N. C.; A. Wilson, D. D., Mellville, N. C.

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Vol. X. NOVEMBER. No. 4.

# NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

## EDITORS:

OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

JOHN T. JONES.  
OLIVER T. PARKS.  
DAVID W. SIMMONS, JR.

OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

THOMAS T. ALLEN,  
ROBERT S. CLARK,  
JOEL P. WALKER.

FOR SALE BY  
W. L. POMEROY, Raleigh, N. C.

CHAPEL HILL:  
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1860.

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## NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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WILLIAM GASTON

*Wm. Gaston*  
3

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Vol. X.

NOVEMBER, 1860.

No. 4.

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### MEMOIR OF HON. WILLIAM GASTON,

LATE A JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY HON. MATTHIAS E. MANLY.

THE facility of transmitting, unimpaired, to posterity high standards of excellence, is one of the happy advantages of modern times over the earlier ages. Seats of learning and education are especially interested, from motives of policy as well as duty, in presenting ennobling models to those, who, in their turn, must enter "the world's broad field of battle," to become the glorious victors over circumstances and habits, or to fall ignoble slaves to indolence and vice.

The sanctity that settles on the memory of WILLIAM GASTON, (as eminently good as he was great) is the judgment of posterity upon the opinions of his contemporaries. We look mournfully into his grave, and the question arises, why were such powers, affections and attainments, so suddenly, removed from a world, which had such need of them? We still hear the dirge, "*Quando ullum inveniet pacem?*" "But gratitude, for such a life, should not be lost in grief for such a death," which has but put a seal upon its excellence.

Doctor Alexander Gaston was a native of the north of Ireland; of a Huguenot family which left France towards the close of the 17th century. Having graduated at the Medical College of Edinburgh, he served in the capacity of a Surgeon in the British Navy, in the expedition against the Havana. While attending the sick, during the prevalence of the dysentery, he was stricken with the disease; when, resigning his position, he sailed for the North American Colonies, and took up his residence in New-Berne. There he married Margaret Sharpe, an English Catholic lady, then on a visit to her two brothers, who were engaged in commerce in this

country. William, the second son of this marriage, (the oldest died when an infant) was born the 19th September 1778. Doctor Gaston had rendered himself most obnoxious to the *Tories*, by his devotion to the oppressed colonies; he generally served in the capacity of Surgeon, but in the spring of '76 he was a captain of the volunteer corps, and marched at its head, to the assistance of Wilmington, at the time that Sir Henry Clinton was approaching that place. In the month of August '81, Major Craig advanced towards New-Berne, with a small detachment of regulars. The *tories*, emboldened by such assistance, rushed into the town, which was finally given up to them, after a brave, though unsuccessful defence, by the Whigs.

Doctor Gaston, having reached the wharf, and secured a scow, for the purpose of removing, with his wife and children, across the Trent to his farm on Bryce's Creek, was shot through the heart. While Mrs. Gaston on her knees, was imploring these cruel traitors to spare her husband's life, the musket was leveled over her shoulder, and that husband fell a martyr for the country he had so sincerely adopted and ardently served.

Mrs. Gaston was now left, at the age of twenty-six, without a protector, in a foreign land, with limited means. William and an infant daughter, were the only objects of earthly love left to her widowed heart. Sustained by those profound sentiments of Religion which formed the consolation of her life, and the rich inheritance of her children, she devoted herself to the education and proper training of her only son, with an energy that never failed. The youthful Gaston, thus bequeathed to his country by the testimony of his father's life-blood, did, indeed, become one of the columns of her national grandeur. He gave early indications that nature had endowed him with extraordinary gifts; but to his *Mother's discipline*—that rare blending of unwavering authority with strong love—was he indebted for all those habits, moral and intellectual, which should render his character a model to the youths of America. A simple anecdote will give an insight into the lives of both Mother and Son:

"William," said one of his little, weary, dull, schoolmates, "what is the reason *you* are always head, and *I* am always foot of my class?" "If I tell you the reason," replied the seven-year-old boy, "you must keep it a secret and promise to do as I do; when I take my book to study, I always say a prayer my mother has taught me, that I may be *able* to learn my lessons." His companion could not remember the words of the prayer, and that evening, William was found writing, behind a door, and his mother discovered he was writing the prayer for him that he might commit it to memory.

At the age of thirteen, he was sent from home, trained in the love of all things "honest, just, pure, lovely and of good report," to enter George-



town College, whence the Rev. R. Plunkett wrote to Mrs. Gaston: "your son is the *best scholar*, and the most *exemplary* youth we have in Georgetown." As the Chancellor of England, Cardinal Morton, predicted of the youthful Thomas Moore: "This boy, whoever lives to see it, will prove a marvelous man;" so, the preceptors of the College expressed themselves with regard to young Gaston—looking on him as another Samuel, set apart for the special service of God; and with reason, for he was ever recognized, as a valiant soldier of the Cross, and an obedient son of the Church. From too close application to learning, his health began to suffer, and Mrs. Gaston re-called her son to his native climate. After some months of preparatory study, under the Rev. Thomas P. Irving, he entered the Junior class at Princeton, and there graduated, in 1796, with the highest honors. These were won by diligent efforts. The two classmates, who, like himself, were striving for supremacy, when wearied with late study, would be stimulated to prolonged exertion by "the light from Gaston's room;" and the proudest moment of his life, when he communicated the news of his graduation to his Mother, was saddened, by sympathy for the disappointment of his two classmates.

Nature had indeed moulded him of that clay, of which she is most sparing. The love of study, so early acquired, served to make his life a continued effort to advance, step by step, through successive gradations of excellence, towards that perfection, seen at a great, though, to *him not* hopeless distance.

Upon his return home, his Mother, restraining the usual outbursts of maternal joy and pride, ere she embraced her only son, laid her hand upon his head, as he was kneeling before her, and exclaimed: "My God I thank thee!" and she declared, that no honors were so precious in her eyes as the fact, that he had preserved the innocence of his youth, and the practice of his religion.

Mr. Gaston studied law in the office of F. X. Martin, afterwards one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Louisiana. In 1798, he came to the bar, when he was twenty years of age. In 1800, he was elected member of the Senate of his State; in 1808 he was chosen an elector for President and Vice President, for the Congressional district of New-Berne. As an instance of his services at this time, we will mention that the act of Assembly, regulating the descent of Inheritance was drawn up by him.

In 1811, Mr. Gaston lost his mother,

"Whose footsteps seemed to touch the earth,  
Only to mark the track that leads to Heaven."

After her son's marriage, she had resided with him, and was to be found at all hours with her Bible, or her favorite book of devotion "The following of Christ," by Thomas A. Kempis. During the thirty-one years of her

widowhood, she never laid aside the habiliments of mourning, and save to the sick and poor, did she ever make a visit. A room in her house was used as a place of catholic worship, whenever a Priest would visit New-Berne.

Mr. Gaston was elected to Congress in 1813, and reëlected in 1815. Of the brilliancy of his career while in Washington, we may form a just estimate from the reply of Daniel Webster, to a member of Congress from Ohio, who once asked: "Who was the greatest, of the great men, of the War Congress?" Mr. Webster replied: "The *greatest* man was William Gaston," adding, with a smile: "I myself came in along after him." With equal magnanimity did Mr. Clay acknowledge in conversation at Raleigh: "I once differed with Gaston, but found out afterwards that Gaston was *right*." The speeches on the "Loan Bill" and the "Previous Question," are models of Parliamentary debate. Some of the subjects of debate, in which Mr. Gaston took part were the proposed amendments of the Constitution, by which the mode of choosing and organizing the electoral College was to be changed; his own resolution in relation to the Canadas; the bill to prohibit the ransoming of vessels; the Maryland memorial, and the resolution in relation to the embargo; the resolution to issue Treasury Notes; the bill to incorporate the United States Bank; the Militia Bill; the Commercial Convention; the repeal of the direct Tax; the right of Indiana to cast her electoral vote; the contested election of the Missouri delegates, &c. At the time of Mr. Gaston's opposition to the Loan Bill, he was the recognized leader of the Federal party in the House. He was, from necessity, a public man, for early in life he was a statesman. The Statute Book of North Carolina is full of the fruits of his wisdom. He framed the law, establishing the present Supreme Court of North Carolina. His speech in defence of the Constitution in 1831, and that upon the subject of the State Currency in 1828, were efforts worthy of such a champion. The most brilliant era in his legislative career, was the Convention of 1835. The notice of his efforts to have expunged the clause in the Constitution of North Carolina, discriminating against Catholics, in their civil and political rights, is from a protestant pen in the State. "The hour of the repeal of the political disfranchisement of Catholics, was probably the proudest of his life. His speech on that occasion, was one of the rarest and most admirable specimens of eloquence ever produced. His whole soul was poured into the task. He felt it must be achieved by *him*, or not at all. Those, who do not remember, cannot imagine the bitter spirit of prejudice, which bigotry and intolerance had conjured up, at that period, in ignorant minds. The efforts of Judge Gaston was successful. To him is due the gratitude of the wise and tolerant of every land. To him as North Carolinians we give our thanks, for the erasure from our Constitution, of that relic of the bigotry

and ignorance of the dark ages, which stood in the front of our Statute Book, the wonder of other States, and the shame of every enlightened North Carolinian. Future generations must pay the debt in the veneration with which they enshrine his name."

The following description of Mr. Gaston's oratory, is from the pen of one who often felt the enchantment of his eloquence. "It was as an advocate that Judge Gaston was most illustrious. The forum was an arena in which he trod the undisputed victor. There, all the excelling qualities of his mind and heart were called into display. As a criminal advocate he long enjoyed unrivalled reputation, in North Carolina. His was not a cold and mercenary advocacy. Such was the warmth of his sympathy, that from the moment he heard the story of the wrongs or misfortunes of his client, he became his zealous friend. He threw himself, heart and soul, into the defense, and made it his own personal cause. No fury of popular prejudice, or apology, could bend his unwavering devotion, or frighten him from the courageous defense of injured innocence, as he himself firmly believed it. All that zeal could accomplish, aided by every weapon which untiring industry could gather from the stores of boundless learning, by the acutest subtlety of perception, and the most insinuating and pathetic eloquence, he did. Who that has ever seen does not freshly remember? Who can forget, that noble form, as he rose to address the jury in some case of life or death; the head slightly declined, the calm grey eye, the expansive jutting brow, overshadowed with thought; the embarrassed beginning, hesitating, pausing, stumbling along; the words falling singly, slow, like drops of rain before the storm, but kindling an unaccountable interest and curiosity; but now the manner becomes more animated, words come like disciplined troops, obedient to the will and arrange themselves in their positions, each so apt and expressive; and now and then one concentrating such a world of thought it seems to fly to and bury itself in your heart. Those deep grey eyes, now luminous with the fire of thought, look on you, and you behold, in their bright mysterious depths, unutterable thoughts, of which the words which now fall like snowflakes, are but the dim echoes. The earnest, emphatic gesture seems but the action of the thought. Those deep deliberate, tones are earnest indeed. You feel it is no holiday show, no spouting rhetorician you are seeing, but a man deeply moved, earnestly thinking. The thought that consoles the orator is effused into your soul. You sit enchained, entranced; time, space, visible realities are forgotten. The thought that fills you, alone, is real; you live but in the thought which you breathe in, like some maddening gas, and yield yourself, subdued and willing, to the power of a spirit mightier than your own."

Mr. Gaston's devotion to North Carolina was such, as to preclude his



acceptance of emolument and fame elsewhere. "Providence has placed me here, and 'tis my duty as well as pleasure, to do what I can for my native state," was the answer he ever gave to all solicitations for removal. He declined to exchange his seat on the Supreme Bench of North Carolina for one in the Senate of the United States. In a letter to one of his daughters he says: "The resources of our State lie buried and unknown; when developed, as they must be ere long, she will be raised to a consequence not generally anticipated. I shall in the course of things, not live to see this happy result; but having struggled for her so long, so earnestly, and with heretofore so little good fortune, I am cheered with the prospect of better days to come, for those who may follow me." Chief Justice Marshall was repeatedly heard to say that, he would cheerfully resign his seat, if, by so doing, he could secure the appointment of Judge Gaston, in his stead. In so brief a sketch as this must be, it is scarcely possible to give an outline sufficiently distinct to convey an idea of the surpassing beauty of the finished picture, which Mr. Gaston's life presented to those who knew him. Mild and conciliatory in his manners; just and benevolent in thought as well as deed; coveting only the means of doing good; fully endorsing the aphorism of La Place: *Ce que nous connaissons est peu; ce que nous ignorons est immense*; we know not which we most admire, his great acquirements, or the humility that was so apparent in his intercourse with society. Every one who knew him must appreciate the Hon. Edward Stanly's application of the immortal Poet, to the character and career of Judge Gaston:

"His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him, that Nature  
Might stand up and say to all the  
World. 'This was a man.'"

Having early acquired a taste for literature, Mr. Gaston always found time for general reading, during a life devoted to duties, professional, legislative and judicial; that he could accomplish *so much*, must astonish all who did not know his habits of industry, and that power of fixing his attention *steadily* on whatever engaged him at the time. To all literary research he brought such amplitude of mind, and such enjoyment of intellectual pursuit, as to afford emphatic verification of one of his favorite maxims. "*Optimus; eligite et consuetudo faciet jucundissimum.*"

Mr. Gaston's address before the literary societies at Chapel Hill in 1832, should be the *vade mecum* of the young graduates of his beloved North Carolina, and the address at Princeton in 1834, must prove invaluable to him, who would be prepared to stand for his *last* examination and take his *last* degree—his examination and degree in Eternity.

On the morning of the 23d of January 1844 Judge Gaston attended court at Raleigh in his usual health, and was in the active discharge of

his duties when he was suddenly stricken down by apoplexy. By timely and skilful application of remedies, he revived, and was engaged in cheerful conversation with the friends who surrounded him, till within five minutes of his death. He was relating the particulars of a convivial party, at Washington, many years before, and was speaking of one, who, on that occasion, had avowed himself a free-thinker in religion: "from that day," said Judge Gaston, "I always looked on that man with distrust. I do not say that a free-thinker *may* not scorn to do a mean action, but I *dare not* trust him. A belief in an overruling Divinity who shapes our ends, whose eye is upon us, and who will reward us according to our deeds, is necessary. We must believe and feel, that there is a God all-wise and," raising himself and seeming to swell with the thought, "Almighty." Such were the last words of William Gaston.

In his death, North Carolina lost her favorite son, of whom the public voice proclaimed, "A simple and unvarnished history of his *life* will be the highest eulogium that *can* be offered to his name."

Numerous testimonials were placed on record by the legislative bodies, the courts, colleges, public and private associations, popular assemblies from every portion of North Carolina. The coloured population of New-Berne were indulged in a public expression of their sorrow and regret.

The wail of grief that roused the sleeping inhabitants of Judge Gaston's native place, when the news of his death was brought, proved that he was *most* loved where he was *best* known.

The Attorney General, after announcing to the court his death, said. "I cannot speak of Judge Gaston as he deserves to be spoken of. His eulogy is on the lips of the whole country; the force of his example will perpetuate his praise. Sorrow often produces its own consolation: I was present when Judge Gaston died: that he lived constantly mindful of the grave I have no doubt. The evening before he departed this life, he remarked to a friend that death had to him no terrors, that the years he had numbered, were but so many steps in the completion of that journey assigned him by his Master, and that he *rejoiced* that his armor would *soon* be put off."

As a sandal-wood tree communicates its fragrance to the axe that fells it, so the character of William Gaston diffused its sweetness over the closing hours of his life.

"Calm in the bosom of thy God,  
Great Spirit rest thee now;  
Even while with us thy footsteps trod,  
*His* seal was on thy brow.  
Dust to the narrow home beneath,  
Soul to its place on high,  
They that have seen thy look in death,  
No more may fear to die."

The following, from the pen of one who, more than any other, can tell of the closing years of Judge Gaston's life, is appended:

It is easy to speak from a full heart, but the heart may, sometimes, be too full for utterance.

To enter into the sanctuary of the private life and character of William Gaston inspires such emotions, as must be felt by those, who are admitted into a sacred fane, where the ashes of the mighty dead "repose, and the spirits of the departed hover around." Our soul is filled with awe, and we fear to tread upon such holy ground.

The virtues of our venerated subject seem to stand, as "a guard angelic placed," to forbid intrusion.

The upright citizen, the benevolent, hospitable gentlemen, the kind master, the faithful, benignant friend, the dutiful, loving son, the affectionate brother, the devoted husband, the tender father, the pious christian rises before us, without one shadow to dim the radiance of the vision.

The younger Pliny has said; in the confines of great qualities, are generally found vices of an opposed nature. In the train of the virtues of William Gaston, it would baffle the most hypercritical, to discover any attendant vice.

He was charitable, according to the Apostle's definition, not, only in deed but in word and thought: clear-sighted to the good, he seemed not to see the evil in his fellow creatures; detesting vice, in every shape, he was yet, compassionate to its unfortunate victim; from the mountain-heights of his own purity he would not "cast a stone" upon even, the most degraded, beneath him. His assistance was never asked in vain. Many of his most beautiful acts of beneficence have not transpired to the public.

The presiding genius of every convivial party, he yet, knew and practiced the wisdom of "*Est modus in rebus*." He would not "dip so deep in pleasure, as to stir the sediment that rendered it impure and noxious." The powers of memory and remarkable talent for anecdote, which he possessed, were never exercised at the expense of the feelings of the humblest individual: they served only to season the intellectual feast, which his varied conversation offered.

Many of his anecdotes and humorous sayings, are treasured and repeated by his friends; but, who can give them the zest which his speaking eye, expressive voice and inimitable manner imparted to them?

His habits and tastes were simple and unostentatious. He, always rose early, and took a cold bath, in winter, as well as summer; his diet was plain and moderate, and he used but little wine.

Agriculture was his favorite pursuit. All the leisure hours he could



command, were spent at his plantation. There, "exempt from public haunt" he truly, found:

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

One of his favorite quotations, which, he said, embodied his own wishes—were these lines of Dr. Johnson:

"But grant the virtues of a temperate prime,  
Bless with an age exempt from scorn and crime,  
An age that melts with unperceived decay,  
And glides in modern innocence away;  
Whose peaceful day, remembrance endears,  
Whose night, congratulating conscience cheers;  
The gen'ral fav'rite, as the gen'ral friend:  
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?"

How were these wishes more than realized by him!

As the last rays of the setting sun are the most beautiful; so the bright virtues, which had illuminated the path through life of this truly good man, were, in his declining years, diffused in new and varied hues, unwonted splendor.

The day before his death, he repeated, from memory, at the breakfast-table, the whole of the "Vanity of Human Wishes."

The silence of the grave has closed over those, who could bear testimony to his excellence, in the near relations of son, brother and husband. His early letters to his mother are replete with every sentiment that should animate the bosom of a good and affectionate son.

The following lines, addressed to his only sister, are certainly remarkable from a youth of only sixteen years: "The receipt of your letter has afforded me pleasure not easily to be expressed. I was glad, not only to hear from a much loved sister, but, also, to see such improvement in her style and in her writing. Nature has gifted you with an excellent heart and good parts, and you would be deficient in your duty towards God, and towards yourself, did you not endeavor to improve them. What reason then, have I not to exult in possessing a sister, who is by diligence and application, endeavoring to render the amiable gifts of kind nature, still more amiable? My feeling are such, as, I think, yours would be, were you to hear of my acting in such a manner, as to reflect honor upon you. Continue my dearest sister, to advance rapidly in the path of perfection, that you may cause the declining years, (long! long! may they last) of a tender mother, to pass on in sweet and tranquil succession.

"Know that fine hair and a beautiful face may be destroyed by sickness, but that a mind stored with useful knowledge, and a heart blessed with the residence of virtue, will teach you to smile at the changes of fortune, and make you happy in the midst of adversity.

"Forgive your sermonizing brother. He would be gay, but having

fallen on a subject so near his heart, levity flies away and fraternal love directs his pen."

The multitude of letters, written by Mr. Gaston, at the various stages of his life, are models of epistolary style—particularly those to his children.

One of the most attractive traits of this lovely character, was his patience with children, and his fondness for their society. However deeply immersed in his book, he would put it aside, to answer the simplest question, to join in their sports, or to soothe their griefs. He used to say, that there was no one, not even the youngest child, from whom he could not learn something.

His tenderness for his own children cannot be expressed. With hearts full of grateful love do they recall his watchful care, his judicious instructions, and his untiring effort to implant, in their minds, a taste for intellectual pursuits, and such principles as would make them "grow in wisdom and in favor with God and man."

Ever ready to sympathize in all their pursuits, how often, when he has found one of them, laboring, with clouded brow, over some weary school task, he has taken her upon his knee, and with a few words of clear explanation, removed the difficulty, and opened a way, through which her own mental vision could pierce, what had before seemed impenetrable obscurity. The hour of gloomy toil was thus converted into one of cheerful exertion, for which his approving smile was ample recompense; though this was often heightened by one of the merry songs, with which he so delighted the young.

But the brightest gem of the coronal that adorned the brow of this illustrious man—the crowning glory of his life, was his christianity. Perseveringly he carried out the motto, which he had adopted early in his life—" *sapere aude*;" he *dared to be wise*, not only in earthly things, but in those that pertain to Eternal life. True to the principles of the Catholic faith, instilled into him by his pious mother, he was never deterred, by sneer or taunt, from the most exact fulfillment of its minutest requirements. The boy who would not commence a task, without reciting the prayer for Divine assistance, was, indeed, "father to the youth," who wrote to his mother during his college course: "I propose spending my vacation at Princeton, as I can board here with less expense, than elsewhere; but, I must go for a few days, to Philadelphia, to perform my *Easter duties*. My dear mother will see that I have not, altogether, forgotten her good and pious instructions, or, in my cousin's words, my 'bigotry and attachment to superstition.' 'God grant' that I never may!"

In after years, when it was proposed to send, his two youngest daughters, to school in Connecticut, he wrote: "Above all, let it be under-

stood that their religious opinions are to be treated with respect, their religious practices to be in no manner interfered with, and that they are, not, even to be, *invited*, much less, *required*, to do any act inconsistent with the *avowed profession* of the faith in which they have been nurtured. Much as I respect Connecticut, I know full well, the rancorous and unenlightened hatred, which is there felt against my venerable religion, and the extreme difficulty, which must be experienced by those who are under the influence of this confirmed prejudice, in treating with decency, what is so completely misunderstood, and feared, and detested. I would spare my children the mortification of seeing that insulted which they have been taught to revere, and save them from the greatest of all moral evils—the *unsettling of their faith*.”

He often said, that religion—the sincere devotion of the heart to God, furnished the most exquisite felicity of which human nature is susceptible. “Love God, love your fellow-creatures, pursue wisdom, and then, whatever may happen, you cannot be altogether unhappy.”

In all the various aspects, in which their venerated father appears to his children, there is none more delightful to their contemplation, than, as they have often seen him, pacing up and down the garden paths, with an additional shade of seriousness upon his thoughtful brow, and his head bent over the well-worn prayer book in his hand. They knew him to be then, in commune with his own heart; sounding its depths for aught that should be submitted to that tribunal, which Divine mercy has appointed for the forgiveness of sin, for the due humiliation of the penitent, and his reconciliation with his offended God. Wonderingly, they question, what impurity could be found in this abundant fount of excellence?

The rich inheritance of humble faith, bequeathed in his example, is far more precious to them than all his intellectual fame—than, could be, untold millions, or the heirdom of a kingdom.

Like Cowper, they exclaim :

“My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—  
The son of parents, passed into the skies.”



## JUDGE HAYWOOD AND HIS EARLY CONTEMPORARIES AT THE BAR.

BY HON. WILLIAM H. BATTLE.

IN an article on the subject of "American Independence" written in 1815 and supposed to have been from the pen of the late Hon. Richard Rush, who was then the Attorney General of the United States, occur these remarks: "If we were inclined to run a parallel between the mind of this country and that of Europe, but especially of Britain, we know of no line to which we could so fairly resort as to that of the law. Here it is where we think that a test of the relative intellectual cultivation and force of the two hemispheres may be found with the fewest intrinsic disadvantages to ourselves in the comparison. The theory upon the subject may be plainly resolved into this; that the prodigiously greater incentive, which is forever applying itself to mind in Europe, rouses it into more keen action, and gives it momentum towards purposes which it does not yet require, and which therefore it cannot be supposed to reach, here. A numerous and condensed population, an infinitely intricate organization of society, producing habits and tastes not merely artificial, but in the highest degree fastidious and dainty in a countless variety of ways; every possible avenue in which human genius can exert itself, thronged with the most eager competition; the spectres of poverty at hand to reanimate, by their powerfully stimulating admonitions, flagging industry with resulting rewards, proportioning their incitements to the difficulty and the rarity of success—these and not royal munificence, have in all countries been the essential promoters of literature and the arts.

In the department of jurisprudence, the United States probably approach, if not in all of these yet in other great excitements of mind, nearer to a par with the old nations than in any other that could be named. Here the law is every thing. It makes its appeal to the strongest motives of interest and of ambition. In most instances it leads to a comfortable subsistence, and in many to independence and wealth. To public honors, if so they are to be denominated, it unquestionably opens a wider door, than any other pursuit."

In running the parallel between the legal profession in the United States and in Great Britain, which Mr. Rush seemed to think that we might do without discredit to our country, it must be a source of gratification and pride to every North Carolinian to reflect that his own State furnished her full proportion of learning and talent to the general mass of

professional ability and renown. Indeed, when we consider the comparative poverty of our state at that early day, arising from the facts that she had no large commercial town within her borders, and that her great mineral and agricultural resources, had then scarcely begun to be developed, we may justly claim that she contributed more than her average share of eminent names to the great roll of American lawyers. Among these names none stood higher than that of the principal subject of this brief sketch.

John Haywood was born in the county of Halifax, a few years before the commencement of the American Revolution, but in what particular date we are not informed. His father, Egbert Haywood, was a member of the convention, (or congress as it was then called) which sat in the town of Halifax in the latter part of the year 1776 and adopted the constitution of the State, and he represented the county of Halifax in the House of Commons during the two succeeding years. In the distracted condition of the country during the progress of the war, and for a short time after its close, the means of instruction were so scanty that the sons of gentlemen of even comparative wealth could with difficulty obtain a respectable education. From this, or some other cause, young Haywood, was compelled to enter the profession for which he was destined, under the great disadvantage of an imperfect preparation for it. He was in this respect, more unfortunate than those who came to the bar either before the commencement of the Revolution, or some years after peace was established, when schools of a high order began to spring up in the country. To the want of systematic intellectual culture, was added the disadvantage of an ungainly person and a harsh voice; but being possessed of strong mental powers, an ardent love of study, and a stirring ambition to take a high rank in his chosen profession, he soon overcame all difficulties and began to make for himself a name at the bar, and to contend successfully with its ablest advocates for its emoluments and its honors. About the time when he made his debut, there were not a few men whose place at the bar was already well secured, a place which they had nobly won, not only by the exercise of great talents in their profession, but by the performance of patriotic deeds, some in the civil, and others in the military, service of their country. Among the most distinguished of these were William Hooper, and Archibald McLane, of Wilmington, Samuel Johnston, and James Iredell, of Edenton, Abner Nash, of New-Berne, Waightstill Avery, of Mecklenburg County, Alfred Moore, of Brunswick County, and William R. Davie, of the town of Halifax. Richard Caswell, of the County of Dobbs, (afterwards Lenoir) and Thomas Burke, of the County of Orange, the first and third Governors of the State, had been eminent lawyers prior to the Revolution, but during its

progress and at its close, they were too much occupied with the great affairs of State, to allow of a return to the practice of the Courts. Indeed the latter gentleman was prevented by death from returning to the bar after the war, as he died the same year in which the definitive treaty of peace was ratified between the United States, and Great Britain. Three other gentlemen of eminence in the profession were withdrawn from the bar by being chosen to fill seats on the bench of the Superior which was the highest Court established in 1777, upon the organization of the judiciary system of the State. The gentlemen first selected for that office were Samuel Ashe, of the County of New Hanover, Samuel Spencer, of the County of Anson, and James Iredell of Edenton. The last named gentleman resigned after a few months, when the office was tendered to Richard Henderson, (who had been a Judge under the colonial government) but he declined to accept it, in consequence, probably, of his being President of the Transylvania land company. Archibald McLane, was then elected to fill it, but he declined to accept whereupon it was conferred upon Colonel John Williams, of the county of Granville.

Of those whom we have named as resuming a practice at the bar which the war had interrupted, the greater number still continued the discharge of high public trusts whenever they could do so without entirely neglecting the private interests of their clients. William Hooper had been a member of the continental Congress of 1776, and as such had had the rare honor of connecting his name indissolubly with the history of the Independence of his country by becoming one of the signers of its Declaration. He afterwards served a few sessions as a member of the State Legislature. He was one of the most elegant writers of his day, and as such was selected by his compatriots to prepare some of the most important public documents of that time. Those, who read his letters, to his friends, during that interesting period of his country's history, cannot but admire that curious felicity of language, those exquisite turns of humor, and that occasional severity of sarcasm which, reproduced by his grandson in his Address, entitled "Fifty Years Since," gained from President Buchanan the high compliment of being the finest specimen of wit and humor he had ever heard. In his style of public speaking, Mr Hooper was stately and diffusive, and with such a style, aided by his fine attainments as a classical scholar, it is not surprising that his return to the bar, should be followed by an extensive practice. His fellow-townsmen, Archibald McLane, was never a member of the continental Congress, but he filled, during the war, an important public trust in the State as a prominent member of the Committee of safety for the town of Wilmington, and subsequently for the district in which Wilmington was situated. He was devoid of the learning and accomplishments of Hooper, but he had strong



native powers of intellect which enabled him to grapple successfully with the difficulties of the law, and to establish such a reputation as an able member of the bar, that he was tendered a judgeship in 1779, which, as we have seen, he declined to accept.

SAMUEL JOHNSTON was, perhaps, more of a statesman than a lawyer. He filled successively many of the highest public trusts, both during and after the war, which left him but little leisure to devote to his profession. He did not, however, abandon it entirely, for we know that nearly twenty years after the close of the war, and after he had been Governor of the State, and Senator in Congress under the federal constitution, he accepted and held for three years the office of Judge of the Superior Court, which still continued to be the highest in the State. His friend and brother-in-law, James Iredell, was truly a great lawyer. Upon the organization of the judiciary system of the State, he was elected one of the three judges of the Superior Court, an office which he accepted with reluctance, and which he resigned at the expiration of a few months, for the more lucrative practice of the bar which the moderation of his fortune made necessary for the comfortable support of himself and his family. He subsequently became one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, and as such was spoken of by Chief Justice Marshall as "a man of real talent."

Abner Nash, like his compatriots of whom we have already spoken was constantly engaged in the service of his country. He succeeded Caswell as Governor of the State during the war; and was afterwards sent as delegate to the Continental Congress, a trust which he continued to discharge until his death. As a speaker at the bar he was vehement and fiery, forming a fine contrast to the measured and elegant style of Hooper. One of the last cases in which he appeared as counsel was that of *Bayard vs. Singleton* decided at New-Berne, November Term 1787, and reported by Martin at page 48. The case is remarkable as having been the first in any State of the Union, in which the Judges vindicated their right, and fearlessly performed their duty, of upholding the constitution, by declaring an act of the Legislature to be void, because contrary to its provisions. He argued in favor of the binding force of the act, in which he was ably assisted by Alfred Moore. The opposite side of the question was quite as ably, and more successfully, sustained by Iredell, Johnson and Davie.

Waightstill Avery was a member of the convention or congress at Halifax in 1776, when, as we have already stated the constitution of the State was adopted, being a delegate thereto from the county of Mecklenburg. He was also a member from the same county of the House of Commons in the first General Assembly which convened under that constitution in 1777. In the arrangement of the court law, which was enacted

at that session, provision was made for the appointment of an Attorney General, whose duty was to act as prosecuting officer in the Superior courts throughout the State. The office was therefore at that time, one of great dignity and importance; and we learn from the interesting biography of Judge Iredell (recently published by Griffith J. McRea Esq.) that he would have preferred it to that of Judge which was then conferred on him. We need not demand any other evidence of the high professional reputation of Mr. Avery than his election, under such circumstances, to such an office.

Messrs Davie and Moore were not ante-revolutionary lawyers, but came to the bar just after the close of the war. They had both borne arms in the patriot cause, and had both distinguished themselves as young officers of uncommon merit. With the prestige of such service, aided by industry and talent, they soon and rapidly rose to the "upper story" of the profession, in which Mr Webster is reported to have said, there is always plenty of room for the aspiring votaries of the bar. As the older lights of the law were extinguished by death, or removed to the bench where they could shine in a different sphere, these new luminaries had ample scope for sending out their brilliant rays to every part of the State. They were contrasts as well as rivals of each other; and public opinion was divided as to which excelled at the bar. The late Judge Murphey, in the first address which was ever delivered before the Literary Societies of our University, thus beautifully and graphically describes the personal appearance and manners of each.

"Moore was a small man, neat in his dress and graceful in his manners; his voice was clear and sonorous, his perceptions quick, and his judgment almost intuitive; his style was chaste, and manner of speaking animated. Having adopted Swift for his model, his language was always plain. The clearness and energy of his mind enabled him almost without an effort, to disentangle the most intricate subject, and expose it in all its parts to the simplest understanding. He spoke with ease and with force; enlivened his discourses with flashes of wit, and, where the subject required it, with all the bitterness of sarcasm. His speeches were short and impressive: when he sat down, every one thought that he had said every thing that he ought to have said. Davie was a tall, elegant man in his person, graceful and commanding in his manners; his voice was mellow and adapted to the expression of every passion; his mind comprehensive yet slow in its operation compared with his great rival. His style was magnificent and flowing; and he had a greatness of manner in public speaking, which suited his style, and gave to his speeches an imposing effect. He was a laborious student, arranged his discourses with care, and where the subject suited his genius, poured forth a torrent of elo-

quence that astonished and enraptured his audience. They looked upon him with delight, listened to his long, harmonious periods, caught his emotions, and indulged that ecstasy of feeling which fine speaking and powerful eloquence alone can produce. He is certainly to be ranked among the first orators, and his rival, Moore, among the first advocates which the American nation has produced." Davie, at a subsequent period of his brilliant career, became Governor of the State and while in that office he was selected by the President of the United States and sent as one of the Ministers Plenipotentiary to the court of France at a very important and critical period of our national affairs. Moore confined himself more closely to his profession, and ended a career scarcely less brilliant than that of his rival as a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

It was to a bar thus adorned and illustrated by a bright array of great advocates that Mr. Haywood came to seek fame and fortune. We have briefly alluded to some of the disadvantages under which he labored, but they were not all, against which he had to contend. His opponents had not only age, experience, genius, eloquence, scholarly accomplishments, elegance of person, and gracefulness of manners, on their side; but they had great deeds of patriotic service, performed in the council and the field, to recommend them to the patronage of their fellow-countrymen. A young man coming forward, without any of these advantages, to enter the lists against such intellectual giants might well have quailed before the unequal conflict, and have contented himself to move in an humbler, but more secure walk of the profession. Not so, our young aspirant to professional fame and distinction. He had a powerful and intrepid mind, and he determined to march boldly on, and to overcome the effect of all his deficiencies, by making himself the most learned and profound lawyer of his day; and he did it. We are told that at first Mr. Hooper did all he could to sustain him in the unequal contest; but it was to his own indomitable energy, and to his laborious attention to all the duties of his profession that his success was due. He soon (as Mr. Murphey says in the Address to which we have alluded) "acquired a reputation that placed him at the head of his profession in this State, and gave him rank among the ablest common lawyers in the Union." Chief Justice Marshall added the weight of his great authority to this estimate of Mr. Haywood, by saying that he had often heard him at the bar, and that he was "unquestionably among the ablest lawyers of his day."

The eminent and complete success of Mr. Haywood was soon manifested by his appointment to high office. In the year 1791, he was elected by the General Assembly, Attorney General of the State, the peculiar dignity and importance of which at that period, we have already noticed. It had been previously filled, and its highly responsible duties most ably dis-



charged successively by Messrs. Avery, Iredell and Moore, of whose great abilities we have already spoken. That the office suffered no disparagement in the hands of Mr. Haywood, we are assured in the recorded testimony of a distinguished Judge of the Supreme Court given under all the solemnity of a judicial opinion. In *Spier's case* decided in 1828 (see 1 Dev. Rep., 496) Judge Hall, in reference to an opinion pronounced by Mr. Haywood after he became a Judge, says: "I may add that that opinion drew after it the approbation of the profession, and I believe I shall not treat with disrespect the memory of the dead, or the pretensions of the living, when I say that a greater criminal lawyer than Judge Haywood never set upon the bench in North Carolina." He held the office of Attorney General until the winter of 1794-5 when he was elected a Judge to supply the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Spencer. That he made a very able Judge we well know. In the reports of the cases decided during the time he remained on the bench, we have some of his opinions given at length; and we hesitate not to say that for extensiveness of research, for logical precision, and conclusiveness of reasoning, they will compare favorably with those of any other Judge in this country, or in England.

In the spring of 1800, he resigned his office, having been induced thereto, it is said, by a large retainer to defend Mr. James Glasgow, against a criminal charge of having issued fraudulently certain false land warrants whilst he was Secretary of State. The trial took place before a Court specially appointed for the purpose, and the defendant was convicted, and no doubt properly convicted, but when we notice the wonderful astuteness of his counsel, in assigning errors on a motion to arrest the judgment for alleged defects in the bill of indictment, we cannot resist the conclusion that there was no want of skill and ability in the defence. (See Conf. Rep. 38). After his return to the bar Mr. Haywood continued to practice with great success until his removal from the State in the year 1806. We have heard it stated that he was induced to take that step in consequence of the unpopularity which he incurred in the State by the resignation of his seat on the bench, under the peculiar circumstances in which it was made. He was named as one, of the Judges in the special commission under which the court was to be held. The commencement of the term was fixed for the 10th day of June 1800, and his resignation was sent in on the 31st day of May, eleven days only before that time. As the commission authorised the then four Judges, or any two of them, to hold the Court, it was in fact held at the time and place appointed, so that the resignation of Judge Haywood, did not impede nor delay the regular administration of justice, but as he resigned for the express purpose of defending the accused, his conduct, whether

right or wrong, incurred a degree of odium, from which he never recovered, and which finally prompted him to leave his native State, and to seek a new field in Tennessee for the display of his great abilities. Go where he might his success was certain; and in his adopted State he, accordingly, took rank at once with her ablest advocates, at the head of whom, at that time, was the celebrated Jenkin Whiteside. He continued at the bar until the year 1816, when he was elevated to the Supreme court bench in the place of Judge Cooke, deceased, and he remained on that bench until his death in December 1826. Of his reputation as a lawyer and Judge in Tennessee, we have a passing notice in an able and elaborate argument made before the Supreme court of the United States in 1839 in the case of *Scott vs. Reid*, by Thomas Washington, Esq. The sketch must, in some of its depreciating terms, be taken with some grains of allowance, as the counsel was endeavoring to weaken the force of the Judge's opinions in some cases which bore very strongly against the cause of his clients. He says "Judge Haywood was a fine genius, and a most powerful and unrivaled advocate; of very liberal and extensive attainments. He possessed inexhaustible stores of imagination; was full of resources in argument, but, withal his judgment was essentially defective. He was so much under the dominion of the imaginative faculty, that the eccentricity of some of his opinions, with those, who did not understand the character of his mind, sometimes brought the purity of his motives into question; and the uncertainty of his conclusions was a subject of regret with his friends. In addition to this, he was a man who had many sympathies in common with his fellow-men, and highly cherished their good opinion, particularly of his own fame. I do not think that I should do him injustice by saying that he never delivered an opinion, without desiring the presence of a large audience, and he certainly was actuated by a wish to be considered the master spirit in the settlement of all great and leading questions of jurisprudence."

Judge Haywood found time, notwithstanding his arduous labors and multiplied engagements at the bar and on the bench to adventure into the field of authorship. While residing in this State he prepared and published a "Treatise on the duty and office of Justices of the Peace, Sheriffs, Coroners and Constables," "A Manual of the laws of North Carolina" and two volumes of reports. The two first named works were found to be very useful, were great favorites with the public; and each went through as many as three or four editions. The "Manual" embraced the statutes laws only, "arranged under distinct heads, in alphabetical order, with reference from one head to another, when a subject is mentioned in any other part of the book than under the distinct head to which it belongs." It furnished the hint for the plan upon which the first volume of

the Revised Statutes of 1836 was prepared; a plan found to be so convenient for popular use that it was strictly followed in the last Revised Code adopted in 1854.

The first volume of the Reports appeared in 1799 while Judge Haywood was on the bench. As there was no supreme appellate tribunal in the State during the period from 1789 to 1798 when the decisions reported were made, the volume is a book of what is technically called *Nisi Prius* Reports; and as such it is a work of very high merit; and has always been so considered by the profession. The writer remembers to have heard the late Chief Justice Henderson say, that it was one of the best books of *Nisi Prius* Reports which had ever been published. It is a book of peculiar interest to the writer, because he owes to the publication of a second edition of it, with notes, the beginning of whatever success he has met with in his profession. The second volume of the Reports was a hasty production, and is greatly inferior to the first.

After his removal to Tennessee the Judge published three volumes of cases adjudicated in that State, but they are numbered as if they were a continuation of his Reports in this State, and hence are called the 3rd, 4th and 5th volumes of Haywood's Reports.

In addition to his works of a purely professional kind, he wrote and published one volume of a theological, and two of a historical, character. The first of these works made its appearance in 1819 under the title of "The Christian Advocate" by a Tennessean;" but, though published anonymously, it has always been known to have been from the pen of Judge Haywood. Its general tenor may be gathered from its table of contents. It is divided into three books of which the first treats, 1, of Prophecy; 2, of the nature of prophecy; 3, of the evidence from the fulfillment of them; 4, of Cyrus; 5, of Isaiah; 6, of Egypt; 7, of Arabia; 8, of the seventy weeks; 9, of Judea; 10, of Jerusalem; 11, The visitation of Judea; 12, of rebuilding the temple; 13, The Jews distinct from others; 14, of Gog and Magog; 15, of Melchizedek; 16 The Jews, a proverb; 17, The days of desolation; 18, of the beast with seven heads, Rev. ch. 13; 19, of the septenaries; 20, The seven seals Rev. ch. 6; 21, The fifth trumpet Rev. ch. 9; 22, The sixth trumpet; 23, The seventh trumpet; 24, The four winds of the ocean Dan. ch. 7; 25, The death of Christ; 26, of the great earthquake and hail Rev. ch. 17 v. 19 and 20; 27, of the Millenary Sabbath; 28, of the precedency of prophecies; 29, of prophetic signs; 30, of prophetic events; 31, of the last fulfillments. The second book is headed with "The world was made and will perish" and treats 1, of planetary infirmity; 2, of a animal mechanism; 3, of the soul; 4, Man did fall. The third books asserts that "All men are from one common ancestor," and in support of that proposition, argues to prove that "The aboriginal Americans emigrated from Asia."



We have not the time nor the ability to discuss the merits or demerits of this singular production. Its object seems to have been laudable, to prove the divine origin of the Holy Scriptures and "to vindicate the ways of God to man." It displays extensive and varied learning, but its author seems to have so lost himself in the mazes of his mighty themes that he became utterly unable to distinguish between fact and fiction. He was a firm believer in supernatural apparitions, and spiritual influences, and he presses them into his service to prove the immortality of the soul. We will give one or two (what he says are well authenticated) instances of the reappearances of disembodied spirits, in order to show the people of North Carolina, that more than half a century ago, their own State, as well as her daughter Tennessee, was either blessed, or cursed (as the case may have been) with messengers from the land of shadows, though in later times these messengers seem to have selected a more northern latitude for their chief manifestations. "John Rains, an old gentleman living within one mile of Nashville, and known by his acquaintance who are numerous, to be a man of as much veracity as ever lived, two or three years ago remained late at night in Nashville before he attempted to go home. On his way he went near an old log house, formerly used as a blacksmith shop. Seeing a great light there he went to the door, where he saw two persons, then lately dead, but whom he well knew whilst living, going around the block where the anvil had stood, seeming to be in the act of making nails for shoeing horses; two others stood by them whom he did not know. He never was alarmed in his life time with any danger, or apprehension of it. He noticed these particularly, and describes their dress, the same they wore about the time of their death. After standing at the door and looking in for some time, he withdrew and went on the road towards home. About one hundred and fifty yards from the shop, his mare that never before started at any thing, then started and drew back, and would not be driven by many blows to go forward. He turned into the woods, on the right hand of the road, and when the beast came to a point opposite to that where she had started in the road, she started again and drew back here likewise, and could not be got forward, and he was obliged to return and remain in town all night." In this instance the ghost-seer is not recorded to have suffered any evil from the effect of his nocturnal adventure. Not as with the subject of the next supernatural visitation. "Henry Pugh, Esq., of Stewart County in this State, formerly resided in North Carolina, in Bertie County, eight or ten miles from Windsor. His elder brother died, and sometime afterwards another brother riding from Windsor, suddenly saw the hand of a man on the mane of his horse, and a man walking with the horse as he travelled, and kept up with him. He knew him to be

his elder brother, and hastened the gait of his horse; after continuing to walk some distance, the apparition pronounced these words "*Prepare for death,*" and instantly disappeared. The living brother came home, told the family what he had seen and heard; began his preparations, and in a short time afterwards was taken sick and died." We do not like to question the veracity of ghost stories particularly when they are *well authenticated*. We cannot but remember that the peasant bard of Scotland has immortalized in verse the not less marvellous and equally veracious doings and seeings of one "Tam O'Shanter" when all "glorious" he was late in going *home from a town*.

These spiritual influences, the author shows, acts sometimes upon insects, small quadrupeds and reptiles unconnected with the presence of man. Thus he says that "about twenty years ago, in all directions from Nashville, and to the distance of many miles, bees were seen, as if in much hurry, flying towards that point. There they actually met on the plantation of Judge McNairy, settling in swarms upon the fences, trees, rocks and other convenient places, and after remaining there several days dispersed. Not many years ago, the squirrels assembled in vast numbers, and crossed some of the North American rivers. In the year 1059 an immense number of snakes assembled in a plain near Turney in Flanders, and forming themselves into two bodies fought with incredible fury, until the one had nearly destroyed the other. The people killed the other band." The snake story we recommend to the consideration of the American people, at this time, with the hope that the citizens of the different sections of our Union will extract a moral from it, and profit by it.

The two volumes of history were published in 1823, just three years before the death of the author. One is entitled, "The Natural and Aboriginal History of Tennessee, up to the first settlement therein by the white people in the year of 1768," and the other, "The Civil and Political History of the State of Tennessee from its earliest settlement up to the year 1796, including the boundaries of the State." In the first is given an interesting description of the appearance of the country before it was settled and occupied by the white men, its soil, climate, productions, natural curiosities, &c. Then follows the account of the aboriginal inhabitants, with a learned and labored argument to prove that they were descendants from those Israelites who, upon the destruction of Jerusalem, were carried captives to Babylon. In his account of the natural curiosities of the State, the mind of the author seems to have been particularly impressed with the subject of petrefactions, many remarkable specimens of which he describes, as well in this work as in his "Christian Advocate." We are tempted to give an extract or two, containing these accounts, for

the benefit of the students of Geology and Mineralogy in the University, with the view of stimulating them to greater diligence in the study of that interesting department of science: "In Davidson county, in the State of Tennessee, on the plantation of Captain Coleman, at the bottom of his spring-house, is a rock on which the house is placed, and on the surface of this rock, are petrified snakes, partly incorporated with the stone." "Dr. Brown, late of Wilson county, saw in the museum of Philadelphia, a completely petrified bull. He was found about the year 1806, in the neighborhood of Ohio. All his parts are perfect and all are petrified. One of his hind legs is bent as in the act of making an effort to get out of the sink hole in which he was found, and into which he had been precipitated." "A nest of yellow-jackets with the young ones in it, all petrified, was taken from the Ohio river, and was seen by Mr. Hayes, counsellor at law, in 1807." "When the foundations of Quebec were dug up, a petrified savage was found, his quiver and arrows were undecayed and unpetrified. Near Tonne in Thuringia, which is about the 51st degree of north latitude, the petrified skeleton of an elephant was dug up, and in the mines of that country the petrified skeleton of a crocodile. In Scanea, several feet below the bottom of a drained marsh, an entire petrified cart was found, with the driver and horses also petrified. The supposition is, that a lake was formerly there, and in attempting to cross over it, on the ice, they perished."

The other historical work gives a minute and detailed account of the progress of the white people in settling and improving the country, their wars with the savages, and other matters connected with the civil and political affairs of the State; and it contains besides much valuable and important information in relation to the boundaries of North Carolina, as well as of Tennessee. The style however, is inelegant, and it must be confessed that the book is rather dull and uninteresting.

It is not upon these works outside of his profession, but upon the fact of his having been one of the most learned and profound lawyers in the Union, that the fame of Judge Haywood must mainly rest. That is a solid basis from which his renown as a man of great abilities cannot be removed. His arguments in the cases of *Baker vs. Webb* and *Bell vs. Hill* and *State vs. —*, which are to be found reported at length in the first volume of his Reports; his observations upon the decision in *Armour vs. White* (annexed as a note to the case of *Stanly vs. Turner*, 1 Murp. Rep. 14) which fixed the constructions of the act of 1715 in relation to the limitation of actions founded on claims to land, and his great constitutional argument in the *University vs. Foy*, 1 Murp. 58, fully justify the distinction awarded to him by the general voice of his contemporaries. His judgment in the case of *Ingram vs. Hall* 1 Hay. Rep. 192 is one of the



ablest treatises which can any where be found upon the subject of deeds. It is said to have received the compliment of having been the first American case upon any question of the common law, ever referred to by an English author.

Judge Haywood, married in early life a lady whose name was Martha Edwards, and from that union have sprung numerous descendants, the most, if not all of whom are living in the State of Tennessee, and Alabama. His residence during the latter years of his stay in North Carolina, was upon a farm which he owned about six miles north of Louisville, in the County of Franklin. A house of worship belonging to the Baptist denomination standing about a mile from the place where he dwelt, still bears the surname of him, who, whatever may have been his deficiencies as a theologian and historian, was without doubt one of the most learned, able and profound lawyers, who ever appeared at the bar, or sat on the bench, of his native, or of his adopted State.

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## NORTH CAROLINA FIFTY YEARS AGO.

[THE first number of "*The Star*" newspaper was published in Raleigh on Thursday 3d of November, 1808, by Jones & Henderson. It was the third hebdomoidal which appeared in our political metropolis. "*The Raleigh Register*," established by Joseph Gales, and "*The Raleigh Minerva*," by William Boylan, preceded *The Star* by about ten years. Mr. Boylan is the only survivor of these useful and estimable men. *The Register* was the organ of the Republican, and the *Minerva* of the Federal, party. *The Star*, though not professedly neutral, was less partizan in its character than either of its contemporaries. The first six volumes were edited by Calvin Jones, an eminent member of the medical profession, but more widely known by his military rank. There was too much reason to apprehend a rupture at that time with France or Great Britain, and military science was much more the object of attention than at the present time. He was Adjutant-General of the State during the war with England, and gave great celebrity to the office. He was a public spirited, liberal and useful man, in every pursuit in which he engaged, and though successively a physician of well-established reputation, a scientific and successful agriculturalist, the most valuable service he rendered to the public was as newspaper editor. We have the first and second volumes now before us, and regret that we have it not in our power to enrich our collection with the four subsequent volumes edited by Doctor Jones. Each volume was accompanied by an appropriate title-page and copious index, and in this way had a claim to preservation which no similar publication in North

Carolina, before or since, has exhibited. Abstaining to a considerable extent from acrimonious political discussion, it afforded more than ordinary space for literary and scientific disquisitions, and moral and religious essays.

Our object, however, in directing attention to this publication is not merely to call to remembrance some of the characteristics of a man whose usefulness entitled him to respect and gratitude, but to introduce to the notice of the reader an enterprize well begun a half century ago, and which we think might well be resumed at the present time. The following Circular was addressed to some of the most intelligent gentlemen in the several counties in the State :

“RALEIGH, MARCH 30, 1810,

SIR :—Between the Eastern and Western parts of this State there is as great dissimilarity in the face of the country, productions, and means of subsistence as usually exists between different and widely separated nations. One government embracing the whole, it is of infinite importance, in order to inculcate liberal sentiments and promote enlightened legislation, that the inhabitants of each should have a correct knowledge of the other. But this is far from being the case: Indeed the little communication between the two parts of the State, and there having never been published any account of the local parts of it, the inhabitants have hitherto had no means of obtaining that knowledge. We believe an accurate description of the several Counties in the State would be generally interesting and useful. Under the influence of this belief, confirmed by the opinions of those whom we have consulted, we have proposed to solicit information from gentlemen who by their habits and situation are qualified to give it, and to communicate it to the public through the medium of our paper.

“It would be false delicacy in us to conceal that in the establishment of the Star we were influenced by the hope that it would be a source of profit: for that consideration neither our present situation or future prospects would permit us to forego: But a desire of equal force was to render useful services to our country; to diffuse knowledge, to encourage literature and the arts, and to elevate the character of our State to that rank in the Union to which the improvement of her resources and the cultivation of her talents would entitle her. Our feeble exertions have, with undeviating aim, been directed to this end. Other avocations and the difficulties inseparable from an infant establishment, under the peculiar circumstances in which we were compelled to give existence to this, have prevented our bestowing that attention to its leading objects which we desired, and have also greatly lessened the force of exertions which can scarcely be excited before they are necessarily remitted. These impediments we hope ere long will be lessened. While our inclinations are riveted to the objects of this establishment, the patronage which the public is bestowing upon it has increased its connection with our interests. We hope soon to add to its local value, and at no very remote period to make it approach more nearly to that standard of utility which we have in our own minds set up for it. In our renewed exertions we have ventured to solicit the coöperation of our fellow-citizens, and the object of this letter is to request of you a descriptive account of the county of ———, and any other county with which you may be acquainted.

"We have subjoined some particular enquiries, to which we wish to invite your attention. This is the only application made for information in the county named above, and having before apprized you of the importance we attached to it, we now acquaint you with the full extent of your dependence. Should, however, unfavourable circumstances put it out of your power to comply with our wishes, we have to request of you the favour to engage some gentleman to perform the task who will execute it with fidelity. Should even that be out of your power, you will please take the earliest opportunity to apprise us of it.

"PARTICULARS RESPECTING WHICH INFORMATION IS DESIRED.

"1. Face of the country; quality of the soil, timber, growth, vegetable productions, water, value of land in different situations.

"2. When the county was settled; circumstances of settlement; object of the first settlers. Remarkable occurrences in the history of the county, particularly during the war of Revolution.

"3. Rivers, lakes, bays, harbours, canals, mountains, cataracts, islands, swamps, roads, bridges, mines, minerals, medicinal springs, and curiosities.

"4. Quantity and kind of produce and staple commodities; markets.

"5. General and individual wealth.

"6. Towns—an account of their origin, growth and present state. Remarkable edifices; general style of building.

"7. State and progress of Agriculture. Improvements. Breeds of useful domestic animals.

"8. Manufactories, breweries, distilleries, &c., &c., their state and value. Labor-saving machines.

"9. Commerce, value of trade, how carried on; quantity and size of shipping boats, &c.

"10. Fisheries, game.

"11. State of society and progress of civilization.

"12. Schools and Academies; account of their rise, progress and present state; funds, libraries, number of Students, &c., &c. Teachers, their qualifications, where educated, and whether any and what collegiate degrees they have received. Men of talents residents in the county, now and heretofore; distinguishing natives from foreigners.

"13. Learned professional men.

"14. What proportion of the citizens cannot read and write, and what is the comparative difference, in this respect, between the present time and twenty-five years ago.

"15. Societies for intellectual improvement, libraries, &c.

"16. Societies for encouraging the Arts and Agriculture, and for purposes of humanity.

"17. Religion: number of churches, societies and communicants.

"18. Destruction by fire and storms.

"19. Diseases and remedies.

"20. Amusements, Sporting Clubs, &c., &c.

"21. Everything interesting not comprised in the foregoing.



"These are the leading particulars to which we would invite your attention, but you will notice every thing you may deem interesting, and give the information in any form you may prefer.

"We are aware that a very few paragraphs will suffice for the description of some counties, while several columns of a Newspaper may be necessary to complete the view of others. You will be limited by no other restrictions than the bounds of your subject.

"We presume it would be worse than superfluous to offer any apology for the trouble this request imposes. It would seem to imply a doubt that you did not feel sufficient interest in the spread of information, while we were led to the application solely by the perfect conviction that you would embrace with ardour any opportunity which might be offered of contributing to its diffusion.

"Our very extensive correspondence compared with the slender profits of the establishment requires that we avoid every possible expense of postage; we have to request, therefore, that your communication may be forwarded by private conveyance.

"We are very respectfully, your obedient servants,

"THOMAS HENDERSON & CO."

About twenty replies, embracing much valuable information in relation to the history and statistics of the counties to which they relate, were returned. We select for publication at present a communication from the pen of the late Bartlett Yancy. His name is all that is necessary to secure attention to the subject, and propitiate public favor in its behalf.—EDS. MAG.]

### THE COUNTY OF CASWELL IN 1810.

IN CASWELL, the face of the country is generally hilly; there is, however, some valuable low-land upon the water courses, that lies well. Some valuable level land, likewise, is to be found, not immediately on any water course. The Country-line land, so called, from a creek of that name, which empties into the Dan River, near where the counties of Caswell and Person join the Virginia line, is generally esteemed of the first quality in the county. Its greatest objection is, that the land, adjacent to the creek, is so hilly, that without great care in the cultivator, most of it is worn out and washed away in the course of ten or twelve years cultivation. The Dan river low-grounds are very fertile, and amply repay the farmer annually for his toil; but the adjacent ridges are hilly, are still more apt to wear than the land on Country-line. Next in point of value and fertility is considered the land on Hico. A water course called Moore's creek, has some valuable low-land on it, but is objectionable on account of being marshy.

The growth on the Country-line land, is pine, all kinds of oaks, hickory, dog-wood, sour-wood, black-gum, black-walnut, white-walnut, ash, beech, birch, sassafras, and a variety of other vegetable productions. Nearly the same growth on other water courses, except not so much pine.

The water in Caswell is as good, perhaps, as any other county in the State.

As to the value of land, as much depends on the situation of it as the fertility; land in the neighborhood of the court-house, and indeed most of the handsome situations on the main road, sells for as much, as a tract on the Dan river. The value of land therefore depends much on the neighborhood in which it is situated; the general price of good land, is from five to ten dollars per acre. Agreeable situations and tolerably good land may be had, from three to five dollars an acre.

This county was first settled about the year 1750; from that time, until 1754-'5, there were about eight or ten families in that part of the country, now known by the name of Caswell. A family by the name of Reynolds, and two others, by the name of Dolittle and Barkston, were among the first settlers; not one of the family is now in the county, and it is believed not one of their descendants. The Lea's, Graves', Petersons' and Kinbro's came to this county about 1753-'4-'5. They came from Orange and Culpepper in Virginia; several hundreds of their descendants are now living in the county.

The object of the first settlers, was to possess themselves of fertile land and good pastures. I am told by the first settlers, that cane was so plenty, at that time, that their cattle were fat all the winter without feeding.

No extraordinary occurrence took place in this county during the Revolution. No regular fought battle; there were some skirmishes with the tories, a number of whom were killed. Cornwallis passed through this county, in his pursuit of Gen. Green, some little time before the Guilford battle, but little injury was done to the inhabitants, when compared with the general destruction they suffered in other parts of the United States.

Dan river runs through a small part of Caswell, and about twelve or fifteen families, live on the north side of the river in the county. We have no lakes, bays, harbors, canals, mountains, cataracts, islands, nor swamps. The roads in Caswell are very good, for the back-country, they have been much improved lately. Scarcely a county in the State perhaps, has better bridges, or more of them, than the little county of Caswell. On every water course, of any size, there is a bridge, and over some two or three.

As to mines, there is not as much noise about the "silver mine," as was about two years ago. At that time a rascal by the name of Charles Stewart, induced a citizen of the county to believe he possessed an immensely valuable silver mine. Experiments were made by Stewart, in the presence of men of respectability and intelligence, and they were induced to believe there was metal in the ore; fifty dollars was then advanced to Stewart for the purpose of procuring materials to extract the metal. He

pretended to go in search of the materials, but instead of procuring them, he was shortly after confined in jail for his crimes. Experiments have since been made of this ore, at Richmond, Washington City and Philadelphia, and I am informed it is said to contain a little iron, but not worth the attention of the owner.

There is but one mineral spring, that I know of, in the county. This is on a farm belonging to Capt. Thomas Graves, about five miles from the Court house. I have tried this water, and think, with care, it would be as good as any I ever saw.

Indian corn, wheat, rye, oats, cotton, tobacco, and flax, are raised in great abundance. Our staple commodities are tobacco, cotton, and of late, flour. We generally send our produce to Petersburg and Richmond.

The inhabitants of the county are, generally, in easy circumstances. There is a greater equality of property than in most counties; about ten or twelve gentlemen, however, have a very considerable property, and of that number, there are only two, whose immense wealth and possessions work an injury to their neighbors.

The county has two towns, Leasburg, formerly the court house, when Caswell and Person formed one county. It has one store, a saddler's shop, and a cabinet maker shop, with ten or twelve houses. Milton is situated in the fork of the Country-line on Dan river, it has two stores, a saddler's shop, a hatter's shop, a tavern, with about fifteen or twenty houses. Caswell Court House is not an incorporated town, the whole of the possessions there belong to Capt. John Graves and his sons. It has two taverns, a store, a hatter's shop, with about fifteen houses.

It is supposed that at least nine-tenths of the inhabitants are agriculturists. Great improvements have been made in agriculture within ten years past. Of useful domestic animals, it may be observed, that few counties have more useful, elegant horses; they are from the stock of Diomedé, True Blue, Dion, Magic, and Bryan-Olyn; there are valuable horses from old Celer and Noupareil. Almost every farmer has a yoke of oxen.

The inhabitants of Caswell, are following the example of the western counties in erecting distilleries. There are I suppose upwards of fifty, the great part of which have been erected within a few years. Some of them are useful to the owner and to the country, but most of them are nuisances to society, being the resort of idle, dissipated men, who by their visits to such places, bring ruin to themselves and their families. I know of nothing which has so great a tendency to demoralize society, except it be the late practice of electioneering by drenching the people with grog and falsehood.



Our fisheries are mostly on Dan River; the fish are generally shad and round fish, but they are not more than half as valuable as they were fifteen years ago. Of game we have but little; the greater part of the deer having been killed in an immensely large snow that fell about eight or nine years ago. We have, however, a few deer and some turkeys.

The progress of society and civilization depends upon the education and virtue of the people; great improvements, therefore, have been made since the first settlement of the county. From 1750 to twenty-five years after, it is computed that not more than one-third of the inhabitants could read, and scarcely half that number could write a legible hand; from 1775 to 1800 what was then called a common English education, viz: "to read, write and cypher as far as the rule of three," was given to a little more than half the inhabitants, but from 1800 up to the present time the progress of civilization and literature has been greater than for perhaps fifty years antecedent to that time. The great revival of religion about that period seems to have contributed much to the dissemination of morality, sound principles and good order in society; but as naturalists have observed every calm is succeeded by a storm, and accordingly many of the inferior class of society appear now more depraved than ever.

For the progress of literature in the inferior branches of an education, such as reading, writing and arithmetic since 1800, the people of this county are much indebted to Mr. Robert H. Childers. Greater improvement in writing could not have been expected from any man; at least one-half of the youth of the county who write well, were taught, either directly or indirectly, by this excellent pensman.

Situated within a quarter of a mile of the Court House is Caswell Academy. The plan of Caswell Academy was first conceived and brought to public view in the winter of 1801. Early in the succeeding year between five and six hundred dollars were subscribed, and during the year 1803 it was completed for the reception of students. The Rev. Hugh Shaw and Bartlett Yancy were the teachers for the first two years; the number of students was from fifty-five to sixty-five each year. From that period the institution was not in a very flourishing state until 1808, since which time it has prospered much under the direction of Mr. John W. Caldwell—a gentleman educated in Guilford by his father, the Rev. Dr. David Caldwell, well known in the State for his services in disseminating literature, morality and religion among his fellow citizens. The funds of the Academy at present are low; it is now, and always has been, dependent on the liberality of the trustees of the institution, and a few other public spirited gentlemen of the county for a support; no library of consequence is yet established—a plan has, however, been suggested and is now going into operation by which it is hoped a good library will be pro-

cured in a few years. The number of students at present is thirty-eight.

Hico Academy, situated near the Red House in Caswell, was erected, it is believed, in 1804, by a number of public-spirited gentlemen in that part of the county. Mr. Shaw, after he left Caswell Academy, became the teacher at this Academy for two or three years, during which time, it is believed, it had between thirty and forty students. It has since that time been on a decline, and about the middle of last month it was consumed by fire. There had been a school taught in it this year, but no fire had been used in it for several months previous to its being burnt; it is generally believed that some vile incendiary put fire to it, for the purpose of consuming it. The trustees have, however, determined to rebuild it of brick upon a more extended plan.

Since the establishment of these institutions the progress of virtue and of science in the county has exceeded the most flattering hopes of the friends of literature. The education that has been acquired there by our youth seems to have benefitted, not only its votaries, but to have imparted its blessings to all around them. The inhabitants generally are more enlightened—men who thirty and forty years ago were considered the best informed and most learned among us are now scarcely equal in point of information to a school-boy of fifteen years. The venerable fathers are, however, almost to a man (those that are able) the supporters of seminaries of learning; they seem to look forward with pleasing anticipation to the utility their country will derive from the cultivation of the minds of our youth; there are, however, some designing demagogues, “wolves in sheep’s clothing,” who, because they can read a chapter in the Bible, (when it is in large print) and drag over a congressional circular (after a manner) think they have learning enough, wish to excite prejudices against the institutions and their students—“but *black sheep* are to be found in almost every flock.”

Since the commencement of the year 1804 this county has sent the following students to the University of this State, the foundation of whose education (except one,) was laid at these institutions, viz: Saunders Donoho, Bartlett Yancy, Edward D. Jones, James W. Brown, Romulus M. Saunders, David Hart, and John W. Graves; besides them the following students received the rudiments of their education at Caswell Academy: Dr. Horace B. Satterwhite, now of Salisbury, William W. Williams, of Halifax, Virginia, Archibald Haralson, of Person, Elijah Graves, of Granville and James Miller, of Person.

Caswell is not distinguished for men of talents. We have no men of the first rate talents, but a great number entitled to the rank of mediocrity and some above it. These are all natives, for we have no spreeing Irishmen, revolutionizing Frenchmen, or speculating Scotchmen among us.

In this county there are five practicing physicians: Dr. John McAden, Dr. William S. Webb, Dr. Samuel Dabney, Dr. James Smith and Dr. Edward Foulks. Of the profession of the law, now residing in the county, are the following gentlemen: Bartlett Yancy, Edward D. Jones and Solomon Graves, Jr. The order in which each professional character is named denotes the priority of time in which they commenced the practice of their profession.

There are two societies in the county constituted for intellectual improvement. One at Caswell Academy and another at the tavern of Jethro Brown, Esq. Their exercises are mostly polemical. We have no public library in the county.

About two years ago several gentlemen of Caswell and Person had formed themselves into a society for the encouragement of the arts and agriculture; but that spirit of emulation and national pride which then characterized all seems now to be possessed by a few only. Little has been done for the progress and promotion of this society as yet.

The religion of the inhabitants may be best estimated by the number of churches and communicants: there are four Baptist churches and about 300 communicants; four Presbyterian congregations and about 200 or 250 communicants; three or four Methodist societies, and about 250 or 300 communicants.

Caswell is a very healthy part of the country. The common diseases of the inhabitants are nervous and bilious fevers. The remedy for the most part is stimulants and purgatives, the composition of which is best known to the physicians.

The amusements of the polite part of society consist in balls, tea parties and visiting parties. Those of an inferior class consist of Saturday-night frolics, now become almost obsolete; shooting matches and horse-racing afford amusement to the better sort of men, and now and then may be seen a party with an old rusty pack of cards *amusing* themselves for whiskey. The only Sporting Club in the county is the "Jocky Club" of the Caswell Turf.

BARTLETT YANCY.

AUGUST 11TH, 1810.



## FRIENDSHIP.

## A TALE OF THE MEXICAN WAR, FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY THETA.

TRUE Friendship's cause deserves applause  
From every virtuous heart;  
The joys are sure, the hopes secure,  
Which friendly words impart.  
When storm-clouds low'r in sorrow's hour,  
The friend is ever nigh,  
Our grief to share, to soothe our care  
And heal our heaving sigh.  
Should anger plow upon our brow  
The deeply furrowed frown,  
The soft command and friendly hand  
Will keep our passions down.  
Yet when we fight with all our might  
Against a foreign foe,  
Friendship will stand to nerve our hand  
To give the final blow,  
Or raise his arm to shield from harm—  
Unless the foe relents—  
And in the strife expose his life,  
And die in our defence.

When ghastly death has chilled his breath and laid beneath  
The sod the friend we love,  
We feel that grief which is not brief, nor can relief  
Be sent us from above;  
We then sustain that heavy pain which earthly gain  
Nor honors can remove.  
Bleak sorrow's wave rolls o'er the brave when in the grave  
A loved one sinks to rest;  
The bitter cries which none despise and few disguise,  
Make friendship manifest.  
Alas! all know the bitter woe we undergo,  
When friends are from us torn—  
Our heads are bowed, our cries are loud, when the white shroud  
Envelops him we mourn—  
Nought can restore the smile we wore and loved before;  
We're friendless and forlorn.

The hero of my song, a noble youth,  
Whose humble home was in our sunny South,  
Had strongest passions, yet a gen'rous mind,  
That made him worship God and love mankind.  
Though he could boast no honored ancestry,  
His heart was noble and his aim was high.  
'Tis true he cherished youth's ambitious dream,  
And sought the world's applause and high esteem;  
Yet his kind heart knew not that low desire  
Fame, wealth and earthly honors to acquire;  
Not that blind love of fame which warriors feel  
And nerves their hearts to face the glittering steel;  
Not that ignoble lust for power to make  
The proudest kingdom to its centre shake;  
Not that dark passion which the tyrant owns,  
Who hears Fame's loudest trump in nations' groans;  
Whose heart exults in Liberty's defeat,  
Content when worlds are humbled at his feet.  
Such vicious passions had his heart e'er known,  
Despised and scorned, they had forever flown.  
But his ambition was to help the poor—  
And oft for them God's blessing did implore;  
To clothe the orphan, heal the hearts that bleed,  
Make sinful souls repent and mercy plead;  
T' illumine the darkness of benighted souls,  
And make them love the Being who controls;—  
To make himself to all the world a friend—  
Such was his highest hope and noblest end.  
A doting father blest his happy home,  
And made it brighter than a King's bright dome;  
A gentle sister's smiles and mother's prayer  
Brought hope and love and sweet contentment there.  
But their sweet joys were far too sweet to last—  
Misfortune's cloud soon all their hopes o'ercast.  
The aged father died, and left them there  
Without a friend their toil and grief to share.  
His death, alas! ere many months had flown,  
Revealed a secret which they ne'er had known.  
He died a bankrupt, leaving to his wife  
And children nought—save only hope and life.  
The noble youth, at duty's stern command,  
Now sought subsistence in a foreign land—  
Determined that for those he left behind  
A comfortable home he soon would find.  
“Give me,” he said at parting, “Mother, give  
One boon that will sweet thoughts of home revive.  
Let Peru follow me where'er I go,

No greater present could you well bestow ;  
The friend who shared my sports in happy times—  
He, too, will share my toils in foreign climes ;  
And Peru, when in distant lands I roam,  
Will oft recall sweet memories of home.  
The dog befriended by a master's hand,  
Is prompt to act, submissive to command ;  
His honest heart than man's by far more true,  
His friendship firmer and more lasting too.  
Though meanly lashed, and what is even worse,  
Insulted by his master's haughty curse,  
He pleads for mercy with a bitter wail—  
Seeks no revenge, but simply wags his tail ;  
Faithful in life, affectionate in death,  
For him he loves he breathes his ev'ry breath.  
Ah, yes ! kind friend, together we will dwell—  
And now my mother—sister dear farewell.”  
And thus in grief he left his humble cot,  
In hopes to gain for them a worthier lot.  
Happy that toil imposed by ardent zeal  
T' increase a sister's joy, secure a mother's weal.  
Though forced to ply his hand from morn till night,  
The work is pleasant and the burden light.  
Sweet words of love oft cheer that drooping heart,  
Whom poverty from home has torn apart ;  
Love gives him energy which ne'er will tire,  
While roused to action by that holy fire ;  
Necessity has made his sinews strong  
To latest hours his labors to prolong.  
But when sleep comes, 'tis sweet—he dreams of home,  
From which need makes his weary footsteps roam.  
Till death's cold wave has closed o'er his dear head,  
His mother ne'er shall beg her daily bread ;  
His sweetest sister ne'er shall know the pain  
Which follows close the poor man's hapless train.  
Deceitful hope ! Ere many months had passed,  
News came that those he loved had breathed their last.  
Disease, like prowling wolves, who hunt for prey  
And spread through sheep-folds terror and dismay,  
Was stalking through the land, with murd'rous pride,  
And spreading dread contagion far and wide.  
No sex, nor age, nor station did death spare :  
Hope, withering, fell beneath his savage glare ;  
And even the modern quacks' best arts defied,  
No pleading *prayer* could turn his blow aside.  
That once proud healthful city of the plain,  
Now filled with corpses which disease has slain.



Dead piled on dead, or strewn along the ground,  
And piteous wailings rend the air around,  
Few have survived the pestilential breath,  
And they ere long will all succumb to death.  
Henry, we know, has heard the doleful news,  
And see the course which his kind heart pursues.  
For comfort in distress he breathes a prayer,  
And asks of God his soul for death prepare.  
Then with a firm resolve and hopeful heart,  
He braves e'en death and makes his homeward start;  
Resolved to give to mourning hearts the balm  
Of comfort, and their sorrow's storm becalm.  
And O! sweet words Hope whispers in his ear,  
Relieves his heart and dries his starting tear;  
*Report* may lie—and *death* sometimes relents—  
Perhaps the loved ones live—Oh! dread suspense!—  
Auspicious hope his drooping heart revives—  
And he ere long at that sad place arrives;  
Heart-sickening sights here greet his tearful eyes,  
And mournful wailings pierce the gloomy skies.  
Through weeping friends he goes in anxious haste,  
And seeks the spot where all his hopes are placed;  
Alas! *Report* was true!—his sister's voice  
No more will sing to make his heart rejoice;  
From that dread fate no brother's prayer could save,  
Nor snatch the loved one from her early grave.  
The mother's pallid cheek and sunken eye  
Tell him that hope is gone and death is nigh.  
He gained her side, before her spirit fell,  
But only heard her last, long, fond farewell!  
His ear bent low to catch her parting breath—  
He clasped her form, but found it cold in death!  
Oh! who can paint the anguish of that hour  
When death unmoved asserts his gloomy power?  
When loving hearts are rent by bitter throes?  
When loved ones sink into their last repose?  
The grief of anguished spirits who can tell,  
When oft is heard the doleful fun'ral knell?  
*He* shed no tears—*his* grief was far too deep—  
For when all hope is flown, we cannot weep.

But still is death insatiate; his rage  
Impossible to conquer or assuage.  
Thus spake our hero when disease and death  
Seemed at each moment to cut short his breath:  
"No friend can e'er my drooping soul revive,  
And this dread pest I cannot long survive.

And must I die? Must all my fond hopes fade?  
Must my cold form in the dark grave be laid?  
Must foul worms prey upon this healthful frame?  
Must I resign the joys I once could claim?  
Yes! Death who aims his murd'rous shafts at all,  
Ere long will shroud me in the fun'ral pall.  
And when death comes no prayer will strive to save,  
No mourning friends surround my early grave.  
No sister's voice will soothe my anguished heart,  
Or comfort in that dreadful hour impart;  
No mother's tears will cool my fevered brow,  
All will be dark and desolate as now.  
Oh, Death! thy sting is terrible, and yet  
My heart would meet thee now without regret—  
Oh! I would fain resign this weary life,  
And quit this scene of sorrow, care and strife.  
All hope is flown, ambition's dream is vain,  
And friends departed, ne'er will come again.  
All whom I loved and cherished now are gone,  
And left this mourning heart to mourn alone.  
Oh, Death! thy visit will be welcome—come  
And from this world of sorrow take me home!"  
In vain his prayer! Though his the orphan's grief,  
Death still refused to give his woe relief.  
He turned away, but ere he reached the gate,  
In accents wild he thus laments his fate:

"Death has laid his cold hand on my father's fair brow;  
How cold and unfeeling I find the world now!  
Ere proofs of his greatness my father had shown,  
Death claimed him a victim and left me alone.

"My best friend, my mother, is laid in the grave—  
From death none could shield her, no power could save,—  
Ah! A motherless child in sorrow must live,  
Because there's no mother kind lessons to give.

"I weep; for my sister lies low with the dead,  
And with her the joys of my youth are all fled;  
Death has snatched her away, and now that fair form  
Is food for the loathsome and pitiless worm.

"Like the sweet rose of morning when Summer is green,  
But a few days ago she in beauty was seen;  
But the Angel of Death breathed a blight on its bloom,  
And now the fair flower lies low in the tomb.

"I weep; for sad tears are fit tributes to pay  
To beauty and greatness and truth passed away;  
Yet I weep not as those who must sorrow in vain,  
For soon I shall meet them in Heaven again.

"Unprotected, uncared for I ever must roam,  
Deprived of the comforts and pleasures of home;  
No friend, no relation will weep when I die,  
Or point to the spot where my body shall lie.

"In vain have I sought in this cold world a friend,  
One in grief to console and in danger defend;  
All but *one* have deceived me, who proves to be true,  
Tho' the others have vanished like morning's fresh dew—  
That friend is my dog, ever faithful Peru."

Poor Henry now bereft of friends, of hope and love and home,  
Is forced to toil in grief and care, and through the world to roam.  
Scarce fifteen weary months have pass'd ere he in wretched plight,  
Is gladly summoned by the call to strike for freedom's right.

And hark! what harsh sounds break upon the ear,  
Presaging that a foreign foe is near!  
The din of preparation sounds afar,  
And booming guns announce approaching war.  
Heard ye that threat'ning voice from Mexico,  
That faithless friend and our inveterate foe?  
Know ye that borne on ev'ry Southern gale,  
There comes of Texas' wrongs some mournful tale?  
Heard ye the piteous cries of those distressed?  
The groans of those by Mexico oppressed?—  
Then seize thy arms and seek a just revenge,  
And on her foe thy country's wrongs avenge!  
Henry obedient to his country's call,  
Resolves to serve her well, whate'er befall—  
His manly spirit lives for her alone,  
And will not rest till foes are overthrown;  
With sword in hand and Peru at his side,  
Resolved to conquer, he to battle hied.  
And now the hostile hosts are on the plain,  
Each gazing on his foe in proud disdain;  
"To die or conquer" rang along the shore,  
And then—O, God! the cannon's op'ning roar.  
Swords flash, and flaunting banners proudly wave—  
And cowards tremble—but unmoved the brave.  
The serried ranks now join in dreadful fray—  
Each foe resolved to die or win the day.



The dreadful grape-shot sent in anger wild  
Rush through the ranks and dead on dead are piled ;  
Here some brave spirit grapples with his foe ;  
Here writhes in pain some noble heart laid low ;—  
There some unyielding falchion drenched in blood  
Is deeply plunged and draws the gory flood.  
But where is Henry in this bloody strife ?  
Escaped unhurt, or dearly sold his life ?  
Yes! his brave heart has done its duty well—  
He bravely fought, and fighting bravely fell !  
And now the bloody work is done ; the night  
Throws her dark mantle o'er the gloomy sight.  
And from the field the weary hosts withdraw,  
And seek refreshment on their beds of straw.  
Our hero wounded, left upon the plain,  
Must spend the night among the ghastly slain.  
Oh ! bitter thought that makes his brave heart moan—  
He's doomed to die upon the field alone.  
No friend is there to heal his deadly wound—  
And comes not death, though hourly importuned.

Hark ! whence that sound ? It is the wolf's deep growl,  
Or else the savage cougar's hungry howl !—  
“ Welcome ! ” cried Henry, “ Come ! Consume this flesh,  
My bones are tender and my body fresh.  
Come ! free this anguished soul from all its pain,  
Appease your hunger ! Let not life remain.”  
But see ! no wolfish glare is in that eye ;—  
And list ! no hungry howl breaks from that cry.  
O ! 'tis his dog, that ever faithful friend,  
Faithful through life and faithful to the end.  
“ Peru,” he cried, “ my friend, how cam'st thou here ?  
O, was there ever friend half so sincere ?  
I'm sure that I before the battle's eve  
Bound thee with fetters which thou couldst not cleave.  
O, thou hast broke for friendship's sake thy chain,  
And found me here in agony and pain.  
Well mayst thou mourn ; well mayst thou weep and sigh ;  
My only friend, thy master soon must die.”  
The dog wept loud, and by his howlings round,  
Drew many soldiers to the battle ground.  
The wounded hero to his tent conveyed,  
Ere long the summons which death bore, obeyed ;  
And when his spirit reached cold Jordan's wave,  
They laid him softly in a soldier's grave.  
The dog not long survived bereavement's smart,  
But pined away, and died with broken heart !

## A VACATION TRIP.

ABOUT the first of June 1859 a company of thirteen boys, of which I was one, started on a pleasure trip for vacation. Our Commencement had just ended. Our eyes had been dazzled and minds bewildered by *Nature's beauties* decorated by art; we now desired to see it in its simplicity and grandeur, unalloyed; the mountains, therefore, were our destination.

Perhaps an introduction to our company would not be amiss; for "they were the unseparable companions of all my toils." Our Captain is a robust, square-built Dutchman, about five feet six inches high, pretty good looking, and

"As brave a lad as e'er commission bore."

His badge of office was a red and blue stripe down the breeches leg, the others having the red only, and his word was law (when we were so disposed.) The Treasurer is of a rather diminutive size, has a corn-field walk and an immense cud of tobacco always in his mouth gives him what appears to be a swollen jaw. Further description is unnecessary; for everybody knows Jesse. Our journalist—is rather a nondescript character. As the others are privates it will not do to take too much notice of them lest they become mutinous. However on the whole they are fine looking fellows and seem like they would *walk well*. Our wagoner could drive slower, halloo louder, want more waiting on, and eat more than anybody I ever heard of and the cook invariably had us out of all patience before supper was ready. We had a wagon and two horses, tent cloth, bedding, cooking utensils, guns and so forth (which means you know *pipes and jug*).

The morning was clear and pleasant when we, in our uniform of checked shirts, striped tow-pants, and broad-brimmed hats took up the line of march, followed by the wagon containing all the paraphernalia of the camp. None but a student, who has been caged in his study for five months, can appreciate our feelings when once more out of sight of the "Hill" and beyond the summon of the old bell. Childe Harrold felt no wilder delight when

"Once more upon the waters."

though perhaps his lasted longer; for when night come, all to him was imagined beauties, whilst to us it brought sterner realities.

Our intention was to visit the Pilot also which was but little off the direct route to the Black: our road was through Graham, Greensboro' and Salem.

The first named place is small and badly arranged, like the most of the villages I have seen in North Carolina. The most prominent building in it, at least, which excited more attention, was the "Temperance Hall." This shows the inclination of the people and their consequent neglect of the place. The country between it and Greensboro' is broken and hilly; the farms were in a bad state of cultivation, nevertheless, the corn and wheat looked fine. Greensboro' is a much larger place than the former and is, historically, of greater importance; for near here were exhibited in '81 the diversified tactics to which *brave* men will resort when closely pressed. Apart from this, it is a beautiful place, and has every appearance of industry and enterprise. Two large female colleges add much to its appearance, and, I doubt not, to its business. Our stay was very short so we did not have time to visit them.

Another day's walk and we were at Salem.

Its celebrated Institution, extensive manufactories, and general industry make it an interesting place; and the intelligence and hospitality of its citizens make it a pleasant place. We stayed here two days, so that we had time to examine the former and to partake of the latter. The visit to the Institute was among the most agreeable incidents of our trip. We found Mr. DeSchweinitz, (Pres.) a very nice, agreeable gentleman, who showed us the high honor of conducting us through his large and splendid establishment. He conducted us into all the various departments, and told their use, &c., but in nearly every one we found something more attractive than his explanations, and I am sorry I cannot repeat them. Our brave Captain was captivated, you could not, therefore, blame the others; for afterwards when misfortune and starvation assailed us,

The fair girls of Salem seemed to appear  
And bid us, with smiles, to be of good cheer.

Mr. Wheeler invited us to dine with him that day, which of course we accepted; and whatever good opinions we may have formed of the people these were heightened ten-fold in him their worthy representative.

The dinner was rich and sumptuous, and we had been on the road long enough to do it justice. It would require much time to tell of all the interesting things we saw; but we found the homely old proverb, that "every sweet has its bitter," too painfully true in our case. I will therefore leave these "bitter things" to cancel the other pleasures and pass both.

Here we determined not to visit the Pilot; for we feared that we would become too easily satisfied with "mountain scenery" estimating our feel-



ings by the other companies that had visited them. We therefore took the most direct route for the Black. About dark we arrived at Mr. Williams' who had invited us to call by and spend a day in "the valley of the Yadkin." I had often heard of this valley—of its surpassing beauty—great fertility—and above all, of the hospitality of its inhabitants. These we found combined in his fertile farm in a high state of cultivation—his beautiful residence situated in almost a "Paradise below,"—and his hospitality unequalled. We spent the day pleasantly. "Young Nick" joined us here; and the next morning, when about to start, Mr. Williams made us a most handsome present, which made his name a household-word in camp for a long time.

The country now began to grow mountainous. Now and then we could catch glimpses of the Blue Ridge as it loomed up in the far distant West. To our right the Pilot raised its pyramidal form whilst various others could be seen on every side. While standing on the ridge overlooking the Yadkin valley, a scene, the most picturesque I ever beheld, was presented. The "happy valley" with its extensive farms, neat residences, and rich harvest lay below; around and above the lofty peaks look down in solemn grandeur upon the lovely scene; below the beauties of nature spread their charms, glowing in the freshness of spring and basking beneath a congenial sun. The bare and craggy peaks present the gloom and desolation of winter. Here at one sight were presented all that could inspire us with love to God for his kind blessings and comforts, and fear and veneration for his awful power and unbounded wisdom.

We traveled along the banks of the river all day and arrived at Mr. Jones' about dark; and again were warmly greeted with western hospitality. One or two of our company being sick we were compelled to stay a day or two. We met several students here and spent a most pleasant day in fishing, hunting and other amusements. The sick got no better and we had to leave them.

Lenoir is a handsome little village on the road leading through Swananoa gap. It has a large female academy and many other improvements which make it a very interesting little place. The Hi-Briten is about four miles to the east of it and I have been told by those who have visited our most noted mountains that it presents the most lovely and interesting scenery of any. The surrounding country is well suited to give it this prominence; for

"Partial nature with a lavish hand  
Has spread her jewels o'er the favored land."

On one side the Yadkin meanders through fields of grain now ready for the reaper looking in the distance like "silvery thread o'er fields of burnished gold." On the other, the village nestles among the lofty hills;

the whole western horizon is begirt with a blue line extending as far as the eye can reach now and then broken by some jutting crag lifting its head far above the others, reminding you of the oriental description of the domes and spires of ruined cities. Over the wide panorama are spread farms, towns, cities, dense forests, deep ravines, watered by gentle brooks and perfumed by myriads of flowers that line their banks. The whole surrounding country presents a rich field for the Geologist. It contains many specimens of rocks, some of which seemed to be rich in iron and other ores. The extensive quarries valueless where they are, would be worth fortunes could they be moved where they are needed. Rail-Roads and other means of conveyance are needed to fully develop the almost boundless resources of this "fairest portion of our happy land." Gold *has* been found this side of the Rio Grande and our progress west will soon be limited by the Pacific; then the true economist will return to the seemingly worn-out hills of the older States and new charms and virtues will arise that have never yet been dreamed of.

Our next mountain was the Blue-Ridge. Our anticipations were high; for if the small hills we had passed were so interesting what would the mountain itself present? When we had reached the top we were disappointed; for the ascent was so slight we hardly noticed it and the top gave but a poor view. There are residences all along the ascent and one on the top, but they look badly and the people seem to be staying there because they cannot get elsewhere; the case, I fear, of a good many that don't live in the mountains.

We are now in "old Buncombe." I almost feel like I am at home; for ever since I could recollect it has been a household word. What a crowd of recollections rush through the mind at its mention! Childhood's innocent sports and enjoyments; youth's visions of glory and ambition; middle age's half hope, half fear, half regret; and then second childhood when all is lived again. It makes us in fancy,

"To return to the spot where our infancy gamboled;  
To linger once more in the haunts of our youth;  
To retreat where young passion first stealthily gamboled,  
When whispers are heard full of nature and truth  
Saying, don't you remember?"

Beside these it has other special claims on us. It contains the highest mountains east of the Mississippi—it contains vast quantities of ores as yet unnoticed—presents every variety of scenery that could charm the eye of the poet or painter—and has the happiest people, neatest residences and best farms within the bounds of the "old North State."

And of her honored who'll complain;  
Since she's produced a *D. L. Swain*?

We reached the foot of the Black Mountain June the 21st, strong and

healthy, and ready for any sport the wild mountains could afford. We employed Mr. Stepp, who lived near the foot, as a guide, and of course placed ourselves under his directions. We left the wagon, each taking an overcoat and blanket while our horses brought provisions for a night and day. Thus packed, two or three ahead with their guns, the others with their long sticks, following, we set out for the top nine miles distant. The ascent was gentle for a mile or two; after this it became more difficult and in many places dangerous. On our right the Catawba went "tumbling, rolling, roaring" over the cliffs forming many Niagara's though on a smaller scale. Half way up we come to the "Mountain House" which was built by a Mr. Patton, several years since, who I am told owned the entire mountain at that time. Above the house a short distance it breaks off into a sudden precipice of several hundred feet. On the brink of this there is a small tomb-stone with the simple inscription "*Elizabeth.*" It was placed there by the same gentleman to the memory of his daughter, who visited the mountain with him and sat upon this rock and looked out upon the wide variegated landscape lying far below. Here commenced the Balsam Fir which covers the whole top, and in many places so thickly that it would be impossible to get through it. Our guide told us that a snake had never been seen in it. The temperature of the atmosphere is too cold for them, which suits the growth of the Balsam. Some, however, attribute their absence to some virtue in the growth. I think the former, however, a sufficient reason. The whole mountain affords a fine range for stock which become perfectly fat in the spring and summer. There is some game too, but it is hunted so much that it is very difficult to find it.

It commenced raining on us shortly after we had left the "Mountain House," and of all the muddy, slippery, lonesome, dreary looking places this took the lead. I had often heard of the little fellow stepping one step forward and slipping two backwards but this was the first time I ever thought his excuse could be true. We reached the top late in the evening and the muddiest set you ever saw I reckon. We were in no tune to admire the beauties of nature, but could have appreciated much more highly some of its comforts. It had stopped raining but a dense fog shut out all view, so that we had to content ourselves with hearing our guide relate the many beauties that the mountain discloses.

So much has been written lately about the Black Mountain that it is unnecessary to say more about it. I have no doubt that it is a very pleasant place when the weather is fair, but there are but few attractions about it when it is raining. We spent the night in a little hut near the top, and it was one of *the* nights. It rained nearly the whole time, the wind blew cold and made the most dreary, mournful sound among the old



firs that I ever heard; the little cabin was so small that we could not even move after we had been packed in, and the fleas and other vermin were so thick you could almost stir them with a stick; the house leaked and smoked, and the wind whistled through the cracks as cold as December. For the first time since we started all were up before breakfast, and several were making preparation to return, completely satisfied with "Mountain Scenery." Seven or eight of us determined to go to "Mitchell's Falls," about three miles north of the Peak. We started early and reached the falls in about three hours. From the accounts I had heard, and also from the lithograph taken of it, I expected to see a much larger and more dangerous place. The creek, or rather branch, is quite small, and the height of the falls is some ten or twelve feet. The water runs over a large rock, and in falling has worn a large basin in it about thirteen feet deep and ten wide. It would hardly attract attention on the mountains where there are many places much more dangerous.

We returned to the hut and after eating a little lunch set out for Mr. Stepps'. We had not gone very far before it commenced raining on us again. We soon found that it was useless to try to walk; for we could hardly stand unless we held to a tree. The thunder seemed like it would rend the very skies, the rain poured down in torrents and the wind blew almost freezing cold. We soon came to the conclusion that it would never do to stand still so we bundled up the best we could and just *rolled down*. I got a little ahead once and stopped to look back; some had hold of the bushes trying to stand up—others were coming over and over, somersets fashion—some were sliding feet foremost and others with feet upwards—in short it just beat any sight I ever witnessed. When we got to the bottom "our hides were not worth shucks" sure enough. We were tired of Black Mountain, and after hunting and fishing a day or two we started for Asheville about eighteen miles east of the Blue Ridge. We passed through a beautiful valley and the increased neatness of the farms and residences indicated wealth and industry. In comparing this with the Yadkin valley it is difficult to decide which is the most attractive. The Yadkin excels in grandeur and sublimity, this in mildness and loveliness; the Yadkin is situated among high hills steep cliffs, rugged mountains, and deep ravines; this, is a beautiful plain where gentle slopes break the monotony of the scene, and clear rippling brooks delight with their distant murmurings.

Those who love to gaze on nature's works, admire them in their awful grandeur and can realize the true delight of this feeling will find a home in the Yadkin valley: While those who delight in the unbelishments of art, increased in interest by nature's mildness will find this Eden in the beautiful valley of the Swannanoa. Our stay at Asheville was short, and we had no time either for enjoyment or observation. From this place we started for home, where we arrived July 5th, strong and healthily. On the whole we were well pleased with the trip, but have no desire to repeat it.

A U T U M N .

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"IN AUTUMN LET ME DIE."

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## I .

O, who would die in autumn, who so weary of their life  
That fain would leave this fair, bright earth with summer joys so rife;  
Who is it that would die 'mid the falling of the leaves,  
The fading of the flowers, and the gathering of the sheaves?

## I I .

'Twas a youthful voice that murmured, "in the autumn let me die,"  
With the withered flowers around me, and the summer's parting sigh;  
I would depart ere ushered in the winter's frosty king,  
While in mine ear the winds I hear, sweet summer's requiem sing.

## I I I .

With all around me fading, I am weary, sick of earth,  
I would soar away to Heaven above where spring hath ever birth;  
Where the sky is never clouded and joy forever reigns,  
And the verdure never changes, on the bright celestial plains.

## I V .

O plead not *thou* for death! but that thou here mayst dwell,  
Till thou hast tuned thy sweet-toned lyre the Saviour's love to tell,  
And with the talents *five* which He to thee hath given,  
Bring *ten* to lay before His throne when thou art called to Heaven!

## V .

I know, loved friend, that there thy joys can never, never end—  
Yet ask not in the dawn of life, to see thy sun descend—  
I know thou hast a mother there, whom thy young heart pines to see—  
Yet pray not that in autumn, thy closing days may be!

## V I .

I love the tints which autumn spreads among the forest trees,  
I love, at times, the saddening sound of the autumnal breeze—  
I love to see "the harvest moon," and its cold silvery rays—  
Yet still in autumn's mournful time, I would not close my days.

## VII.

I hear them talk of *death*, and the bright cheek doth not pale,  
As tho' it were a *trifling* thing to enter death's dark vale;  
But, O that vale is very dark, and it makes my spirit shiver,  
To think of the arrow Death will hurl from his unfailing quiver!

## VIII.

'Twould be very sad for me to part from the friends I dearly love,  
E'en though I knew a happier home were waiting me above.  
I know that some would weep for me, though waywardness in youth,  
Hath turned away full many a heart I loved in very truth.

## IX.

But when I die, as die I must, let it be in summer's prime,  
And the play of zephyrs among the trees, be my funereal chime.  
I know that the transit would easier be, from earth to heaven above,  
With the birds, and flowers, which cluster around, the things I fondly love.

## X.

I would not die in autumn with its clouded threatening sky.  
The chill, shrill whistle of its winds would make my spirit sigh.  
But I would have above my head, warm summer's glorious blue,  
That to the heaven beyond, by faith, my spirit might look through.

## XI.

I would have the air so still and calm as they lay me down to rest,  
That the mournful sob might be clearly heard as it passed from a loved one's  
    breast,  
That the voice of the surpliced priest might come to the mourner's heart and ear,  
As he tells of the trust in the Saviour's love which robs e'en death of fear.

NINA.



## ADVENTURES OF A MAN IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

BY "COUSIN JOHN."

SOME years ago while residing in a small country town of the "Old North State," I became acquainted with a young man named William Carter. He was a very industrious and worthy mechanic, had just reached that age when a young man begins to think seriously of committing matrimony, and placed implicit confidence in whatever was told him by his friends. He had been raised in the county of B., and a residence of three years in town had not cured him of "greenness" and as a consequence was made the subject of many a joke by the youngsters of the place whom he had chosen for associates. He had been in town only a short time when, complaining of sore eyes, he was very gravely informed by one of his friends that Mr. Peters had an article in his store which would cure his eyes in a very short time.

"What is the name of the article?" inquired Carter.

"Pigeon milk," was the reply of his friend who looked as grave as though he were prescribing for a case of Asiatic cholera.

"Pigeon milk?" Whoever heard of pigeon milk before? Why, *our* pigeons at home never gave any milk."

"Perhaps they didn't; the milk-pigeon cannot live in our climate, it is too cold; but in South America a large number are raised, and a great many of the natives are pigeon-raisers."

"Well, I'll try it certain. I am heartily tired of sore-eyes. Did you ever try it?"

"Certainly, and it effected a cure in a remarkably short time."

His ornithological friend soon found an excuse to leave and went directly to Mr. Peters' and told his clerk that Carter would soon be over for some "pigeon milk." He then instructed the clerk to open a drawer or two, look among his bottles, and tell Carter that he "regretted he was out—would have some more in a few days," &c.

Carter soon called for the "milk," and was sent to every store in the place for it—his friend preceding him and giving directions to the clerks what to say to him. At the last place he was supplied with a small bottle of red-pepper water, properly labelled, which he was directed to apply every hour; this he did, and though his name is unknown to fame, he positively assured me afterwards that he saw more that day than any other astronomer ever saw—seven times "seven stars" at noon-day. That was all I could get from him concerning the matter, but judging

from what he said, I concluded that the "milk" not only cured his eyes but would be a good article for astronomers to use when making observations. After this he was called "Pigeon."

Some time after this he saw on the street a young lady of prepossessing appearance, and enquired her name. He was informed that her name was Jennie Walton—that her father, Thomas. Walton, was a retired merchant, very wealthy and proud, but Jennie was a very sweet girl, kind to all with whom she met, heartily despised many of the customs of high life, and would, if it were left to her choice, as soon receive the addresses and even marry a poor young man as a prince, provided he was found worthy.

Being quite romantic in his notions, and being stuck by the beauty of Miss Jennie, she was as a matter of course, the subject of several conversations between him and his "friends," as he called those who sought his company only to tease him, and he did not hesitate to declare to them the true state of his feelings.

Not long after he received through the post-office the following note traced in delicate characters:

AT HOME, Oct 15, 185—

MR. CARTER:—Having learned that my humble self has been the subject of some enquiries by you and that you had expressed a wish to have an interview with me, I have taken the liberty of addressing you a few lines. I trust you will not think me too bold in so doing when I inform you that I too should be delighted if we could meet face to face and converse as we desire. But Pa would be furious at the thought even of my speaking to one who has not more money than brains, so we must forego the pleasure of such an interview for the present. We can write to each other, however, and I hope to hear from you soon and often. Put your letters under the stone inside of our front yard and there you may expect an answer from

JENNIE.

Without stopping to enquire into the improbability of a wealthy and accomplished young lady writing such a note to a poor mechanic with whom she was not acquainted never entered Carter's mind. He wrote a reply—a very loving reply—but as it contained nothing out of the usual style it is not thought necessary to insert it. This reply he placed under the stone, according to instructions, and he was so anxious for Miss Jennie to receive it early that he could barely wait for night to arrive to cover him from the rude gaze of the world, in so doing.

A long correspondence followed. In each letter Carter besought his love to grant him an interview, or to elope with him and she declaring her unchangeable love for him and her determination to marry him or nobody. After considerable teasing on Carter's part and many doubts and fears on the part of Miss Jennie, she finally agreed to elope with him.

The hour of midnight was chosen, place, at the back gate of her fath-

er's yard, Jennie stipulating that she should get the license and minister herself as she was afraid Pa would hear of it if he made any arrangements.

It is almost unnecessary to state that all these letters were written by the "friends" of Carter, and Miss Jennie's mind had never been troubled with fear that Pa would find out that she had been keeping up a secret correspondence with Carter as she had never penned him a line.

The night arrived for the wedding. Three or four of his friends had hired a negro girl to act as the bride on the occasion, while one of them was to officiate as clergyman. They secreted themselves until the hour, a very cold night in December, and when the bride made her appearance the *clergyman* insisted on the bridegroom saluting her with a kiss before he proceeded with the ceremony. Carter accordingly saluted his *bride* as he thought, and the *clergyman* proceeded to make them one. Just as Carter made his response, a man rushed toward them, and the girl exclaimed "There's Pa—fly for your life." The sight of a pistol in the hands of "Pa" frightened poor Carter nearly to death, and he darted, with "Pa" after him exploding caps which sounded like cannons to Carter. Carter reached his room, nearly exhausted, and barred the door, fearing the man with the pistol would break in and kill him. The next day he received a note from his friends signed "Jennie" stating that she much regretted the disappointment of the previous night—that she regained her room unperceived, and that Pa was speaking at the breakfast table of dispersing a number of negroes the night before—so she added "Our secret is safe, but I think it best to postpone the elopement a week or two longer. Of course we'll keep up a correspondence as heretefore."

The correspondence *was* kept up, at least Carter replied to the above, but it was raining when he went to deposit the reply beneath the stone, and fearing it would get wet, he waited a few minutes when a servant of Mr. Walton passed, and he gave the letter to the servant and directed that it be handed to Miss Jennie.

The reader may judge of Miss Jennie's surprise when she read Carter's letter. Mr. Walton called on Carter the next morning and demanded to know by what authority he addressed his daughter as "My Dearest Jennie." Carter told the whole tale, and exhibited the letters signed "Jennie," whereupon Mr. Walton forgave him, finding that he had been made the dupe of others, and instituted strict enquiry as to who were the real writers—but like Junius the writer remains unknown, save to a few.

Carter, fully impressed that "the course of true love never did run smooth," soon left the place, and whether he ever found another Jennie must remain for another chapter.



## OLD LETTERS.

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BY NINA.

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Old letters, how I cherish them! they are precious in their age,  
I love, though it is sad to see, each well remembered page,  
They tell of days, of happy hours, in years long, long gone by,  
Ere I had lived to see hope's flowers, in their faded fragrance, die  
They picture many a bright, bright scene, in sunny days of yore,  
Old letters you are dear to me, you are a priceless store!

And here is one the hand of youth, its free and careless grace,  
O, this was from a being loved while in a distant place,  
So cherished then, still dearer now, so "noble, gen'rous, true,"  
Though thy other name I better love, as they call, so I call thee, Sue!

Another! know I not that hand? and yet I dare not think, [link,  
Of my heart's young dreams that are scattered now—a bright tho' broken  
O! it would be but mockery, so wanting false and vain,  
Of my earlier loves I'd rather dream for I dare not call thy name!

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY TUKES.

IN OLIVER GOLDSMITH were combined the historian, the poet and man. Born of humble though pious parents, he had to work his own way to the high degree of eminence which he attained. His father though poor was a zealous patron of letters, and gave young Goldsmith a collegiate education.

In early life he evinced a fondness for rhyming—sang songs for the merry warbles of his native hills, and the sluggish streams that washed the play-grounds of his boyhood. And oft reclining like Tityrus

“Mid sylvan groves of spreading trees,”

would he pour forth songs to Ireland's brave heroes and hardy yeomanry. Thus frequently absenting himself from society, and indulging in gloomy thoughts, no doubt his heart became shrivelled by misanthropy, and he imagined that his friends had forsaken him and determined to leave them.

He wandered far from home and friends, in a strange land among a strange people, with no passport save an amiable disposition, a tender heart, a brilliant intellect, and the music of his harp at twilight as it floated softly upon the air charming the peasants ear, and winning for him a welcome reception to the “cotters' home.”

After being tossed for many years, upon the ruthless waves of life's “incessant, stormy sea,” the dormant fires of love and remembrance for the “dear ones” he had left behind, commenced to burn in his bosom. With a longing and lopeful gaze he set out to seek his native land. Triumphant over innumerable prescriptions his bark was at last blown into the long-sought-for haven of home, to seek

“The hearts that loved him,  
The eyes that beamed in gladness but to lighten his,  
Where fond thoughts, like holiest incense rise,  
Where cherished memory reared her altar's shrine,”

but what must have been the anguish of his soul, to find, like the man who slept upon the mountain top until his locks had grown gray, his beloved village, where his youthful days had been spent and this happiest hours past, fallen and decayed. His early associates had been scattered over the face of the earth by the winds of heaven. Well might he exclaim “I returned to my native village and said: Friends of my youth, where are they! and echo answered where are they.” They remained not, to welcome the weary “traveller of the world” home, to extend to him

the hand of affection, and to sympathize with him as he told of the many shoals and quicksands he had past and the dreadful maelstroms he had escaped. The desolation around seemed to say to him: "They were, but are not!" But all this did not crush his manly heart. He set to work with his pen, opened his intellectual and moral fountains from which gushed forth streams to enlighten and purify the world. As a historian, his works occupy an enviable place in the libraries of the learned, and will be read with delight as long as literature is admired. He was a correct chronicler of events, and a true delineator of human nature and human life.

"He was a deep observer, and he looked  
Quite through the thoughts of men."

As a biographer, his judgement was generally accurate, his sarcasm mild, his criticism just. His poetical works are claimed by some to be the best ever written, I, however, dissent from this opinion; but they are meritoriously entitled to much praise. His thoughts are not so profound as some, but as to softness and melody of expression he was unsurpassed.

Despite our aversion to novel reading generally, we must confess that there is a peculiar charm in his *Vicar of Wakefield*. It is a simple tale of every day life, a true picture of "man's inhumanity to man." Besides there is a moral full of wisdom underlying it, unusual in works of fiction. The author did not intend it merely to amuse an idle hour, to please the fancy or delight the imagination of some day-dreamer, but to impart instruction, by which mankind might become happier, wiser and better.

His style is clear and simple, unadorned with the flowers of rhetoric, but breath forth the inspirations of a noble soul and exalted intellect. As a man, Goldsmith was generous, humorous and benevolent. In him were combined all the elements that constitute the true man. As frailty and imperfection are a part of our nature, it would be hard to say he had no faults. But a wise man has said: "Let the good men do live after them, let their faults be buried with them." He was a cheerful companion, a generous neighbor and a faithful friend. Possessed of fine sensibilities, his heart was often wounded by the shafts of malice and deception of his fellow-men. He learned from bitter experience that life is an empty dream, a fleeting vapor, that all earthly hopes are vain, all earthly friends are fleeting, that the strongest cords of affection are frail, and that the object of our existence is to give glory, honor and praise to Him of whose glory the heavens speak.

But Goldsmith is now in a land of souls. His wandering steps have found a home, where the rude epithets and harsh denunciations of the world will never fall upon his ear. Yes! the Irish bard is now silent.



His harp-strings are broken, and their thrilling melody have died away.  
He sleeps entombed among the great and honored of earth.

The Irishman laments the loss of his true friend, while travellers from distant lands pay homage at the shrine of genius and talent, shed tears of grateful remembrance upon his grave, and mourn for the "historian, naturalist and poet."



## STANZAS TO MISS F. W. H.

BY L'ETUDIANT.

I love thee; oh! how fruitless and how vain  
Are sounds which fall so coldly on thine ear;  
What anguish deep, what throbs of ceaseless pain  
Those simple words, at memry's calling, bear.

I love thee—oh! how cruel, how unkind  
Thy words responsive, paralyzing life!  
Yet, whilst those words my breast with sorrow bind,  
May sorrow ne'er your bosom thrill with strife!

Must love thee still? How bitter is that fate,  
Which dooms to love *and love for e'er unloved!*  
How dark and sad must be that lovers's state,  
Who loves his maid e'en far from him removed.

Must love thee still? Let Time, with trembling hand,  
Now trace the answer on thy guileless heart;  
Forget this not, whilst earth and heaven stand,  
I'll fondly love, *in anguish tho' we part!*

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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OUR NOVEMBER NUMBER.—We have the pleasure, this month, to present to our readers a portrait of the Hon. WILLIAM GASTON, together with a memoir of that great and good man by the Hon. Mathias E. Manly. We feel sure that it will prove interesting to every American, for whom he ever labored arduously, and especially to every North Carolinian, to whom we more particularly consecrated his labors and his life, to recognize, in these *true* pictures of his face and character, the eminent lawyer and statesman now enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen. The name of the author of this brief sketch of a long and useful life is a satisfactory certificate of its merit. But, aside from this, we think it is exceedingly well executed, and will reflect the highest honor upon our Magazine.

The memoir of Judge HAYWOOD and his early contemporaries at the bar by the Hon. Wm. H. Battle is from a pen no less able and distinguished. Every line, every word, is replete with *eloquent justice* and *beautiful truth*. We only, who are most deeply interested in the prosperity of our University Organ, can appreciate such favors.

We are indebted to our fair friend NINA for "Autumn" and "Old Letters." They are beautifully written, and we hope to hear from the young lady again.

The other articles are well selected so that we think that we can congratulate ourselves that we send out an interesting and attractive number for November.

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"THERE IS NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL."—The happy success of our Magazine is a demonstration of this truism. We do not wish to appear self-conceited or vaunting in setting forth the triumphs of our periodical over predicted "oblivion," but we beg your pardon, kind reader, while we contrast its infant struggles, with its present imperfect, but increasing, strength. Nine years have passed away since it first had an existence. During its earlier days, ere the experience and influence of age had prepared it for the battle strife, the darts of envious and bigoted criticism were hurled against it by the ungenerous. Lost to every sympathetic feeling, totally forgetting the interest of North Carolina, and especially of her PRIDE—THE UNIVERSITY—a *few* disloyal Editors portrayed in bellowing tones its "death." And 'tis true it did not give, in youth, "any evidence of that precocity which sometimes distinguishes uncommon genius;" it did not, Minerva-like, leap full-grown and perfect into life.

But were disparaging words and portentous prophesyings most likely to render that encouragement which was and is *ever essential* for the development of its powers? Is not kind advice as regards both mental and moral instructions more efficient than severe punishment? But, blessed be, Jupiter! Those "bad old times of yore" have passed away. That age of criticism and poetry has given place to the more practical. Those *smart men* with their sharp sayings have gone unwept "over the hills." The public is beginning to appreciate our motives, and to realize the *practical* benefit of our energies to the State, to the University and to themselves. Our leading men, the ladies, God bless them! and our fellow-students are lending their writings, smiles and patronage to aid in establishing more firmly the reputation and merit of our University Exponent.

We give with each number a Mezzotint steel engraving of some noble son of Carolina, together with one or more articles from the ablest pens in the Union. As regards the size of our Magazine, we present sixteen pages more than any other College organ in America. Indeed we have assurances from new papers of North Carolina and other States, from College Magazines, from conversations, and from letters that we send forth "the largest, neatest, cheapest, and most valuable College monthly in America, and having no equal even in European Colleges."

We would not however claim all the honor attending our success, dependent though it be to a great extent upon our individual energies. The last corps of Editors evidently wrought many and great improvements in our Magazine. They handed down to us the "Editorial robe" bedizened with the with the brightest jewels, rendering it still more *weighty*. We put on that robe in August last with unassumed doubts and fears. We were fully conscious of the responsibility which with much diffidence we assumed. Excited anxiety for the success of our efforts raised nightly, visions of myriads of critics preying upon our issues. Fancy heard the anathemas of our friends, should we fail to guard well the trust committed to our hands, and to merit the confidence reposed in us. Imagination saw the frowns (purely imaginary) of the ladies, who now smile so kindly upon us. But amid these misgivings and suspicions "hope enchanted smiled," and emulation and pride, the greatest incentives to continued effort, shone conspicuous, *We were determined not to fail.*

Gratitude perhaps can never repay the services rendered by our exchanges in the way of compliments and encouragements, which were probably the offerings of a generous spirit. We thank Carolina's great men, among them *especially* our President, Ex-Governor D. L. SWAIN, for the interest they have manifested in our welfare. We thank our fellow-students for the lenity and allowance with which they have received our efforts. We thank the ladies for their *constancy* (?) towards us, shown in various forms of approval. We thank our printers for their able and willing efforts to promote our cause. We thank our subscribers for their liberality and punctuality (?) We thank even (for we are in a grateful mood) our *readers*, who do not subscribe, for their "passing glances." Let such magnanimity greet us in future and we will demonstrate more beautifully and completely that "there is no such word as fail."



THE STATE FAIR.—We stated in our last that it would afford us great pleasure to respond to the kind invitation of the State Agricultural Society by attending the Fair *en corps*. It was entirely out of our power to do so. We felt that a sense of justice, due alike to the public and to ourselves, forbade it. But right here there arose a grave question. Whom should we send? Like the rest of the world now-a-days we wished to show to the best advantage; indeed this was the prime reason why we so much desired to attend *en corps*. After much consultation we selected Mr. Simmons as our delegate, and deputed him to observe and enjoy everything, at the same time giving him the strict injunction that he *mustn't court nary gal*. We, who could not go, tried to console ourselves that our delegate would represent us *comme il faut*. He has returned perfectly delighted, and declares he saw so much of the *fair* that he could not see *the* Fair. He is still very anxious to see a little more of the *fair*. He hands in the following report:

I most fortunately found the hotels at Raleigh crowded to overflowing—most fortunately indeed, for on this account my kind friend, whose *blushing propensity* forbids me to mention his name, procured for me a large and comfortable room in a private house. I would reveal the name of my most pleasant and interesting hostess, but I fear she would be troubled in future by my fellow-students who are very importunate, especially when they know that “good living” is to be gained by their perseverance. Surely, if there be rewards for the obliging and generous, and I hope there are, her life will be one of unequalled success.

On the evening of my arrival I attended a party given at the house of Mr. W. D. H. It was decidedly *exquisite*—not very large, but so select, so agreeable, so pleasant. Mr. and Mrs. H. and daughters have no superiors anywhere: They possess that remarkable and indescribable power of making *everybody* enjoy themselves. I think I can candidly say I never enjoyed myself better at a party in my life. Several of my brother Chapel Hillians were there in all their glory. We retired about one o'clock, sorry that such pleasure could not last always.

I spent the next day at the Fair Grounds, where, according to deputation, I saw *everything*. The Fair, I think, was a decided success. I was informed by several gentlemen of observation that the attendance was much larger than it was last year; *surely* it was *better looking*. The numerous articles of interest exhibited reflected the highest credit upon the wealth, ingenuity and industry of our good old North State. Emulation between the various counties is arousing “old Rip” from his *quondam* lethargy. North Carolina begins to realize her agricultural advantages. May her able sons and fair daughters improve those advantages till they shall raise agriculture to that high estate which it occupied among the ancient Greeks and Romans, where it was considered the *most just, most natural, and most honorable* employment. Space forbids me mention everything worthy of note, and to attempt a discrimination would be invidious. I may be allowed however to agree with the delegates of the last *corps* in saying that Floral Hall was to me, beyond all comparison, the most attractive department, because it had been fitted up and superintended by the ladies of Carolina. Col. Tew and the Hillsboro' Cadets

were present. Their evolutions were somewhat peculiar, and very well executed—I suppose.

I attended the *soiree* at St. Mary's, and found Dr. Smeades and lady very agreeable, the music sweet, and the ladies more beautiful, if possible, than imagination had pictured them. 'Twas there that a charming young lady said that, judging from their representative, she thought the *corps* wished to appear talented, dignified, and handsome at the Fair. An astounding compliment to a *novice* in the art of flattery, for which I was totally unprepared. Indeed I was not, then, *quite sure* as to what rule guided my editorial brethren in their selection. I take the present opportunity, therefore, of informing her and all others, who may be laboring under the same *very natural* impression, that I was chosen for no such criminal intentions. Who ever heard of an *editor*, or a *corps of editors* trying to *humbug* anybody? My brethren "following a characteristic rule, bent their wills to suit convenience."

I saw no Chapel Hillian on a *razee* while at Raleigh. *No not one!* A panegyric indeed upon their dignity and self-control upon such an important and exciting occasion. It shows what we can do when we try.

I met many pleasant acquaintances, and came up on the train with several old graduates of our University. They are *whole-souled* boys and seem to float at ease upon the high sea of life, whither many of us must launch next June.

Upon the whole, I must say, I was much pleased with the fair and every one, and everything connected with it. It has "gone without a word," but leaving recollections that will ever linger in sweet remembrance around my heart.

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"PUTTING A FRESHMAN THROUGH."—We clip from that extremely well-conducted paper, the *Boston Semi-Weekly Courier*, the following extract which needs no comment at our hands:

"The account which we publish below of what is called "putting a Freshman through," in the College of Hanover, ought to attract the attention of the public to the abuses which have long existed in our highest places of education. We refer, of course, to the rough treatment of new comers, by the older, or one of the older classes. This usage originated many years ago, in the desire to play off practical jokes upon the Freshmen, who were not supposed to be familiar with the place, and the wiles of its inhabitants. There was no great objection to this, so long as the actors in the scene abstained from all injury to person or property. It is true there never was much wit in the jests they enacted: but what was wanting in wit was made up in laughter, and the result was unobjectionable.

"But in all such things there is an unavoidable tendency to abuse. Amusement, especially of the coarser kinds, by the very law of its nature, runs into violence and brutality, unless held in the severest check. This is peculiarly the case with young men assembled in any considerable numbers, in schools and Colleges. The experience they have had of life is not sufficient to awaken the real tenderness of their nature. For the most part, they have not had the sorrows of bereavement, or any great affliction. They are frank, in some

things generous, ready to stand by a companion in open fight, or to share with him their pocket money; but they are wanting in consideration for the shrinking nature of a stranger, awkward, it may be, and timid in the midst of unaccustomed scenes. They have little sympathy for persons of delicate organizations, and no sort of mercy for the perplexities and embarrassments of a country youth, leaving for the first time the protection of the family circle, and entering upon an untried condition of life. Dr. Arnold was more and more struck with the hard-heartedness of boys. He was mistaken in his judgment; the boys were not hard-hearted, but the sad experiences that check every prolonged human life have not yet developed the heart. They had the physical organ—the blood propeller—but they had not yet the moral sentiment, for which that organ becomes the symbol.

"There is a class of books, of which Tom Brown is the type, the influence of which is to prolong the reign of the brute in boys. They are taught to glory in fisticuffs. The hero of the school is the boy whose brawny arms, and insolent overbearing strength are the terror of all the smaller fry. We remember still the dread which certain persons of this stamp, appropriately called "Old Boys," used to impress upon their less muscular associates, in our school days.

"One would suppose that the refining studies of the College would be enough of themselves to put an end to the brutal and cowardly practices, of which the affair at Hanover is only a specimen. But it is not so. There are so many encouragements to ruffianism in the constitution of modern society, that we are far from realizing the old heathen saying:

—*didisse fideliter artes*  
*Emolit mores nec sinit esse feros.*

The practices tolerated in some of our colleges would disgrace a convocation of Yahoos. Breaking windows, forcibly entering rooms, destroying furniture, committing outrages on persons—all these repeated night after night, in violation of the laws of the land, and of every principle of gentlemanlike conduct to say nothing of Christian duty—are the acts by which young men, or some of them, have been in the habit of signalizing their progress from one class to a higher.

"We are glad to know that these disgraceful orgies of brute force have nearly if not wholly ceased at Cambridge.\* It is to the honor of the students in that University, that they have risen above them. Parents sending their sons to College will feel the safer; and the friends of liberal education will find one more obstacle removed. We trust the Faculty at Hanover will stand firmly on the ground of law and order; and that the outrage which has disgraced the institution will be so dealt with by the tribunals of justice, that it shall never again be repeated.

**TROUBLE AT DARTMOUTH**—"Putting through" a Freshman.—A correspondent of the *Manchester Mirror* writes from Hanover, N. H., on the 22d inst., that on Tuesday evening of last week "the younger son of Judge Fowler—for he has two in College—was enticed into Dartmouth Hall, where some of the students undertook to give him an insight into the 'ways and means' of College life, by way of a Freshman initiation. After 'putting him through' as is the College phrase, he was left on the steps of one of the College buildings, where he was found by three other students. They took compassion on him and conveyed him to his room. Wednesday, his elder brother informed the Faculty, and also wrote to his father. Thursday, some of the students were invited to call upon the President, and Judge Fowler arrived in town. Friday, five students were arrested, and gave bonds to appear at the February

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\*The same is true of the University of North Carolina, and we hope of every other College in the Union.



term of the Court. This Saturday morning the Judge hangs in effigy from the deck of the mast on the Common, and it appears that about one o'clock last night, the Messrs. Fowlers' room was visited by a bottle of asafetida and a shower of stones, when a pistol was fired from the window at the crowd, but no one was injured. Great excitement prevails."

"HURRAH FOR THE CHAPEL HILLIANS!"—These words, among other fine things, came to us a few days ago in a neat little letter from a most beautiful young lady. We reiterate emphatically "Hurrah for the Chapel Hill'ans!" But here, fellow-students, think a moment. The eyes of the South, especially of North Carolina are upon us. Some look with anxious care and conscious pride to our advancement and improvement. Others, we are sorry to say, omit no opportunity to set afloat any report of our thoughtless actions, which may tend to injure us and the University. These reports grow with every telling:

*"Fuma malum, quo non aliud velocius ullum;  
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo;  
Parva metu primo; mox sese attollit in auras,  
Ingreditur solo, et caput inter nubila condit."*

How particular, therefore, should we be that we give not the opportunity, no not even the chance of suspicion, for such exaggerating reports. They give pain to those who have centered all their hopes in us, injure the institution and set upon our names a stigma which we do not deserve.

We have here all the splendid opportunities of *gaining* an education. Whether we improve them or not the world will hold us none the less accountable. When we shall step forth upon the arena of life something worthy of our advantages will be required of us. Fellow-students let us prepare to answer that requisition.

"Enjoy the present; nor with needless cares  
Of what may spring from blind Misfortune's womb,  
Appal the surest hour that life bestows.  
Serene, and master of yourself, prepare  
For what may come; and leave the rest to Heaven."

LITHOGRAPHS OF THE UNIVERSITY.—We return our thanks to Mr. D. J. Ezzell, for a fine and neatly framed picture of the College Campus and Buildings, which he has sent up to our "Sanctur." It is decidedly well executed and is about twenty two by twenty eight inches in size. We think every student of the University ought to have one. It will awaken fond recollections of College-days in after years. They may be procured for a low price at the Portrait Gallery, opposite the Union Hotel, on Franklin Street.

STEEL ENGRAVING OF THE HON. WM. GASTON.—We take the present opportunity to announce that Mezzotint Steel Engravings of the Hon. Wm. Gaston, neatly framed, may be procured at the University Bookstore of Mallett & Co.

THE GAELIC ELEMENT IN NORTH CAROLINA.—The following extract from a letter written by a gentleman\* in this State to a friend in Scotland, published in the *Inverness Courier*, has found its way into our newspapers. We hope the reverend gentleman, who is so well qualified for the task, may be induced to extend his remarks into the history of the Scotch settlements upon the Cape Fear, and make our Magazine the medium of communication with the public. We are certain his sketches would be very favorably received by our readers.

The English language, like the English people, is of the *composite order*, and our population exhibits one of its widest developments. The Palatines upon the Neuse, the Irish in Duplin, the Quakers, of various races, on the Perquimans and in Guilford, the Dutch, Lutherans and Calvinists, in Cabarrus, the Moravians in Stokes, the Scotch-Irish in the valleys of the Catawba and Yadkin, and the Yankee everywhere will, we hope, before a great while find competent historiographers among our contributors:

"It may be interesting to some of your readers to learn that the Scotch Highlanders were among the first settlers of the State of North Carolina. The great majority of them were from the Hebrides, from Islay, Jura, Mull, Coll and Skye, and not a few from the mainland of Argyll. The precise date of the landing of the first Scottish emigrants in the Carolinas cannot be well ascertained. It appears that Scotch families were settled on the Cape Fear River previous to the division of the province into North and South Carolina in 1729. Some time between 1744 and 1746 a Highlander, named Neil MacNeil, from Argyllshire, visited North Carolina. He returned to Scotland in 1748 and in the following year landed in Wilmington, North Carolina, with his family and about 300 emigrants (some say 600) from the district of Kintyre, Argyllshire. It is said that upon the arrival of so unusual an importation at Wilmington the authorities, struck with the dress and language of the new comers, required MacNeil to enter into a bond for their peaceful and good behavior. Perhaps the warlike spirit of the Celtic race struck the Wilmingtonians with such terror as led to the demand of the bond. Our intrepid countryman managed to evade the demand, and ascended the Cape Fear with this band of his countrymen. From this period the emigration was yearly on the increase. Mr. MacDonald of Kingsburgh and his lady, the fair-named Flora MacDonald, famous for her adherence to the unfortunate Pretender, Prince Charles, in his forlorn condition after his defeat at Culloden, emigrated with a number of others from the Isle of Skye; so that every year added to the number of the Scotch Highland emigrants until they soon formed the majority of the population and controlled the civil and ecclesiastical interests of no less than seven counties, viz: Cumberland, Bladen, Robeson, Richmond, Montgomery, Moore and Harnett.

"The Gaelic language is *spoken in its purity* by many in these counties, and in both my churches I preach in it every Sabbath. On last Sabbath I assisted at the dispensation of the Lord's Supper in a congregation forty miles distant from my home, and preached and served a table at which upwards of one hundred and fifty had taken their seats, who had not heard a sermon in the language of their childhood for the last ten years. Many a tear was shed during the service, many a warm shake of the hand, such as a Highlander can give, was given, and many a blessing was bestowed upon your correspondent at parting with the warm-hearted people. The Rev. Colin MacIver, a native of Stornoway, Lewis, was the last preacher who could preach in Gaelic till I came to the State two years ago. He died in this town in 1850, much respected and regreted by his countrymen in North Carolina. I will state an instance of the preponderance of the Scotch Highlanders in this State. The *North*

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\*Rev. John C. Sinclair.

*Carolina Presbyterian*, a religious paper and the organ of our Synod, published in the town of Fayetteville, has upwards of eight hundred Macs on its list of subscribers, besides those who claim the honor of pertaining as much to the Celtic race as those who bear that ancient patronymic.

"The Presbytery of Fayetteville, of which I and one of my sons are members, has thirteen Macs among its clerical members, and seven others who will not yield the palm to their brethren of Mac families in tracing their Celtic origin; and hence our Presbytery has the cognomen of the Scotch Presbytery given to us by our brethren of the Synod of North Carolina."

AMBITION.—The following piece of poetry we received from a beautiful young lady, who permits us to insert it in the Editors' Table. The sentiment is beautifully expressed. It may perhaps clash with the opinions of some of our ambitious brother-students, who believe "ambition is the germ from which all growth of nobleness proceeds:"

The cup is wreathed with laurels,  
 And brightly flows the wine,  
 The path is decked with flowers  
 That leads to Ambition's shrine.  
 And lovely to us it seemeth,  
 As we see it from afar;  
 And bright the soft light gleameth,  
 It is life's guiding star.  
 We strive to reach its altar,  
 And lay our offerings there,  
 But our trembling footsteps falter,  
 As we pine for scenes so fair:  
 At last the work is ended,  
 We stand before the shrine;  
 The weary way is wended,  
 We grasp the cup divine.  
 But where the laurel garlands  
 For which our peace we sold?  
 Where now the sparkling liquid  
 That flowed in the cup of old?  
 The laurel hath changed to ashes,  
 The flowers have died away,  
 The cup hath lost its brightness,  
 The star its brilliant ray.  
 The dream of hope is over,  
 And life its joys hath lost,  
 Oh! they who Ambition worship,  
 Do it at fearful cost:  
 They tread on the hearts that love them,  
 They crush the flowers that bloom,  
 To gain but a faded garland,  
 To grace a lonely tomb.

HAVN'T WE WON 'EM? We bet a pair of boots that we would issue this number before the first day of November. It appears on the 27th of October. The question now arises, who must wear them—Editor or Printer.



**HYMENEAL.**—The following, which with much pleasure we insert, was forwarded to us by a friend:

Married this morning, October 4th, at seven o'clock, by the Rt. Rev. N. H. Cobbs, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. VERNON HENRY VAUGHAN and Miss CORNELIA D. BIBB, daughter of W. Crawford Bibb, all of Montgomery, Alabama.

Mr. Vaughan graduated last June at our University and was an *Editor* of our Magazine. *Gewhilikins!* Bro. Eds. just think of that! *One* year hence and who will it be?

The bride, we understand, is "lovely, beautiful and accomplished."

"His house she enters, there to be a light  
Shining within, when all without is night;  
A guardian angel over his life presiding,  
Doubling his pleasure and his cares dividing."

May they ever enjoy

"Domestic happiness, the only bliss  
Of Paradise that survived the fall."

N. B. This is a *living* demonstration to all of our friends, to *the young ladies especially*, that the Editors of our Mag. sometimes marry.

JOHN A. BROADUS, D. D.—We are pleased to announce that the Senior Class have obtained a promise from the distinguished Divine whose name heads this article to deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon next June. We give the correspondence between the Committee and Dr. Broadus:

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, }  
Chapel Hill, Oct. 10, 1860.

REV JOHN. A. BROADUS, D. D.—*Dear Sir:*—At a recent meeting of the Senior Class of the University of North Carolina you were unanimously chosen to deliver the "Baccalaureate Sermon" before our class on the Monday night preceeding the first Thursday in June, 1861.

We have the honor to inform you of the choice, and sincerely hope that you will accept and favor us with your presence on that occasion.

We have the honor to be yours most respectfully,

R. S. CLARK, }  
C. M. STEDMAN, } Com.  
E. E. WRIGHT, }

SOUTHERN BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, }  
Greenville, S. C., Oct. 18, 1860. }

*Gentlemen:*—I have received your letter of 10th inst., inviting me to deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon before the Senior Class of the University of North Carolina, on Monday night before the first Thursday of June, 1861. So far as I can foresee, it will be in my power to do this, and I take pleasure in accepting your invitation.

I am, gentlemen, with great respect, yours,

JOHN A. BROADUS.

Messrs. Clark, Stedman and Wright.

## TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL, Sept. 28, 1860.

Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God in his all-wise providence to remove from time to eternity our late fellow-member, VINE A. ALLEN, and thus to cut off in the morning of life one, who when with us enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all, therefore "in this our hour of affliction" be it

Resolved, That, while we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who hath the power to give and to take away, we cannot but lament our sad bereavement.

Resolved, That we offer our warmest sympathy to the family and friends of the deceased, and while freely mingling our tears with theirs on a common altar of grief, we would point them to that Eternal Source from which alone the crushed heart can derive consolation.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and also to the North Carolina Standard, and University Magazine with a request for publication.

A. M. MOORE, }  
W. J. WHITE, } Com.  
L. R. BELL, }

PHILANTHROPIC HALL, Oct. 6, 1860.

Whereas the Philanthropic Society has received intelligence of the death of R. F. WILLIAMS of Pitt County who left us a few years since a worthy member and a good citizen, therefore

Resolved, that while we bow in humble resignation to the will of the Most High, and would not murmur, for "He doeth all things well" we are deeply pained at the untimely end of our late friend and fellow member.

Resolved, that we offer to the family of the deceased our heart-felt sympathy, and trust that they will find consolation in the religion of their Redeemer.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, also to the Raleigh Register, Wilson Leger and University Magazine with request for publication.

N. E. PRICE, }  
ELIAS BUNN, } Com.  
DOSSEY BATTLE, }

WARREN L. POMEROY,  
PUBLISHER & BOOKSELLER,  
DEALER IN  
FOREIGN & AMERICAN STATIONERY,  
Sheet Music, Artist' Materials, Picture Frames, &c.,

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☞ Visiting Cards engraved to order. NEW BOOKS received and for sale as soon as published.

☞ A full supply of Oil and Water Colors always on hand.

Recently received—Reminiscences of Rufus Choate, by Hon. Ed. G. Parker; Burrill's Law Dictionary, new, revised and enlarged edition; Foot-Falls on the Boundary of Another World, by Robert Dale Owen; Saxe's New Poem—the Money King; The Rivals, by Hon. Jere Clemens.

---

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The insured *for life* are its members, and they participate in its profits, not only upon the premiums paid in, but also on a large and increasing deposit capital kept in active operation.

A dividend of 95 per cent. at the last annual meeting of the Company, was declared, and carried to the credit of the Life Members of the Company.

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Jan. 1860.—tf.

D. P. WEIR, *Treasurer*,

Greensboro', N. C.

---

**Edgeworth Female Seminary,**

GREENSBORO', N. C.

**T**HE nineteenth annual session of this Institution commenced on the 3rd of August, 1859.

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Tuition in the regular classes, ..... 20 00

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RICHARD STERLING,

October, 1859.—tf.

*Principal, Greensboro', N. C.*



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**DEVLIN, HUDSON & CO.**  
NEW YORK, *February 1st, 1860.*

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**"Neatness, Cheapness, and Despatch."**

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**BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,**  
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.,

HAVING purchased the interest of Mr. Josiah Jones in the BOOK and JOB PRINTING OFFICE recently established in this place, would respectfully announce that the business will hereafter be conducted by him at the old stand, over the store lately occupied by J. W. Carr.

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**Book-Binder & Blank-Book Manufacturer,**  
RALEIGH, N. C.,

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Orders can be sent through the hands of J. B. NEATHERY, Chapel Hill, who makes no charge, above freight, for forwarding.



Vol. X. DECEMBER. No. 5.

# NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

## EDITORS:

OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

JOHN T. JONES.  
OLIVER T. PARKS.  
DAVID W. SIMMONS, Jr.

OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

THOMAS T. ALLEN,  
ROBERT S. CLARK,  
JOEL P. WALKER.

FOR SALE BY  
W. L. POMEROY, Raleigh, N. C.

CHAPEL HILL:  
JOHN B. NEATHERY, PRINTER.  
1860.

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## Receipts.

We acknowledge the following receipts since our last issue: Sandford, \$2; John Harris, \$2; Henry Sessions, \$2; R. H. Graves, \$4; Chas. Haigh, \$2; J. S. Foscue, \$2; R. B. Miller, \$2; G. W. Mordecai, \$2; Col. Guthrie, \$2; R. H. Gray, \$2; J. P. Battle, \$2; E. D. Scales, \$2; J. H. Lee, \$2; W. B. Whitfield, \$2; Geo. W. Goza, \$2; John W. Ballard, \$2.

## NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

As we receive a good many letters asking the price, &c., of the Magazine, to save time and trouble we publish below all necessary information.

The MAGAZINE is issued regularly at the beginning of each month (excepting January and July.) TERMS: For single copies \$2 per annum *invariably in advance*; six copies \$10; and for clubs of more than ten a reasonable deduction will be made.

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$\frac{1}{4}$ page	\$2	\$5	\$8	\$15
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$\frac{3}{4}$ page	4	9	15	30
1 page	5	12	20	40

All letters should be addressed to the "Editors of the North Carolina University Magazine."







*Amos Alcott*

# NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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Vol. X.                      DECEMBER, 1860.                      No. 5.

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### JUDGE GASTON AS A LITERARY MAN, BY HON. WILLIAM H. BATTLE.

THE patrons of the University Magazine owe a debt of gratitude to Judge Manly for his brief but very interesting sketch of the life and character of the late Judge Gaston. His near connection with the subject of his memoir, has enabled him to bring to light some of those fine and endearing traits of domestic character, which show that his distinguished relative was as much to be beloved for his good, as we all know that he was admired for his great, qualities. Judge Gaston was, at the time of his death, one of the most popular men in North Carolina. His popularity, was, too, of that substantial character which (as Lord Mansfield eloquently said) "follows, not that which is run after. It was that popularity which sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means." The seventeen years which have elapsed since his death, have not effaced from our minds the recollection of how sincerely he was mourned, and how many tributes of affection and respect were paid to his memory, both by the public authorities and the private citizens of the State which he had loved so well, and had served so long and so faithfully. After this lapse of time it is with feelings, less of sorrow, but none the less of admiration, that we recognize in the sketch before us a brief remembrancer of his many virtues, and of his well-earned fame. It is not our purpose to attempt the difficult task of re-touching the picture thus presented to us, but we trust that neither the author of the sketch, nor the general reader, will object to the humbler task which we have assumed of supplementing it, by bringing together and grouping for the instruction of both young and old a few of those many lessons of wisdom and of patriotism which are to be found in his public addresses, speeches and legislative reports.



Judge Gaston, quite as much as, if not more than any other of our great lawyers, devoted his leisure moments to classical studies, and to the cultivation of style. He may not have received from nature that literary taste and that aptitude for writing which were possessed by the elder William Hooper and Chief Justice Taylor, but we think that by diligent and laborious attention to the art of composition, he acquired a style in speaking and writing not inferior to that of any professional man our State has produced. In confirmation of this remark, we can refer to what we heard said by Mr. Green, one of the most learned lawyers of the bar of Richmond in Virginia, that he thought Judge Gaston's judicial opinions were equal in every respect to those of any other Judge in any State of the Union. It is not, however, to his judgments pronounced from the bench, to which we wish to call the attention of the readers of the Magazine. He snatched a few moments from the laborious duties of his professional and official life, and devoted them to the preparation of those lessons of wisdom and patriotism to which we have already referred, as being fit for the instruction of the young, and the enlightenment and guidance of those of more advanced years. It is from these, and from one only of his speeches and of his legislative reports that we make the extracts which we now offer to the consideration of the public.

The first extract is an earnest exhortation to students, designed to impress upon them the importance of endeavouring to avail themselves, to the utmost, of their collegiate advantages; and to this end, setting forth the true value of college distinctions. He says:

"Remember, that it is not designed by an academical education, to teach you all that it behooves you to learn. Education is not completed within those walls. When you shall have quitted this peaceful retreat and selected the profession or state of life in which you are to be engaged, then you should apply all your efforts to the acquisition of that species of knowledge which is more especially needed. Here are inculcated those elementary principles of science and literature, which experience has shown to be best fitted to form the foundation of the character of the scholar and gentleman—those rudiments of instruction, which omitted here are rarely indeed acquired afterwards. Here are to be formed those habits of vigorous and continuous application—here, the capacities for improvement are to be cultivated and strengthened, so that every occasion and every employment without these walls may become subsidiary to farther advancement in knowledge, ability and usefulness. It is a miserable fallacy to mistake the exception for the rule. True it is that those who have won the highest honors at college, do not always realize the hopes which those glorious beginnings have excited. "The fair bloom of fairest fruit" may be blasted by pestilent dews. Folly, vanity and vice,

low pursuits and vulgar associations, indolence, intemperance and debauchery, but too often debase and destroy the generous youth who entered on life's career, rich in academical distinctions, docile, ardent for fame, patient of labour, of manly purpose and noblest promise. Mourn over those moral wrecks. Lament the instability of all earthly good, the frail character of all human excellence. Weep for those who have fallen from their high estate, but say not that it was folly in them thus to have risen. True it is, also, that it sometimes, though very rarely happens, that those who have been idle during their academical course, have, by extraordinary exertions, retrieved their early neglect, and in the end outstripped others who started in the race far ahead. These are the exceptions—they furnish cause to humble arrogance, check presumption, banish despair, and encourage reformation. But so surely as a virtuous life usually precedes a happy death, so surely it will be found, that within the College precincts, is laid the groundwork of that preëminence afterward acquired in the strife of men; and that College distinctions are not only good testimony of the fidelity with which College duties have been performed, but the best presages and pledges of excellence on a more elevated and extensive field of action. In defiance, therefore, of all the lures of pleasure, and seductive suggestions of sloth, let active, persevering industry, be the habit of your lives. Form this habit here, and cherish and preserve it ever afterwards."

The following encomium upon the value of integrity—stern, unbending integrity—as the true basis of a noble and manly character, closes with one of the most beautiful sentences in our language:

"The first great maxim of human conduct, that which it is all-important to impress on the understandings of young men, and recommend to their hearty adoption, is, above all things, in all circumstances, and under every emergency, to preserve a clean heart and an honest purpose. Integrity, firm, determined integrity, is that quality, which of all others, raises man to the highest dignity of his nature, and fits him to adorn and bless the sphere in which he is appointed to move. Without it, neither genius nor learning, neither the gifts of God, nor human exertions, can avail aught for the accomplishment of the great objects of human existence. Integrity is the crowning virtue—integrity is the pervading principle which ought to regulate, guide, control and vivify every impulse, desire and action. Honesty is sometimes spoken of as a vulgar virtue; and perhaps that honesty, which barely refrains from outraging the positive rules ordained by society for the protection of property, and which ordinarily pays its debts and performs its engagements, however useful and commendable a quality, is not to be numbered among the highest efforts of human virtue. But that integrity which, however tempting

the opportunity, or however sure against detection, no selfishness nor resentment, no lust of power, place, favour, profit or pleasure, can cause to swerve from the strict rule of right, is the perfection of man's moral nature. In this sense, the poet was right, when he pronounced "an honest man the noblest work of God." It is almost inconceivable what an erect and independent spirit this high endowment communicates to the man, and what a moral intrepidity and vivifying energy it imparts to his character. There is a family alliance between all the virtues, and perfect integrity is always followed by a train of goodly qualities, frankness, benevolence, humanity, patriotism, promptness to act, and patience to endure. In moments of public need, these indicate the man who is worthy of universal confidence. Erected on such a basis, and built up of such materials, fame is enduring. Such is the fame of our WASHINGTON, of the man "inflexible to ill and obstinately just." While, therefore, other monuments, intended to perpetuate human greatness, are daily mouldering into dust, and belie the proud inscriptions which they bear, the solid granite pyramid of his glory lasts from age to age, imperishable, seen afar off, looming high over the vast desert, a mark, a sign and a wonder, for the way-farers through this pilgrimage of life."

What a fine contrast between a patriot and demagogue is drawn in the following lines:

"'How wretched,' exclaims the Poet of Nature, 'is that poor man who hangs on Princes' favours.' Miserable is the condition of every being who hangs on the favours of creatures like himself. Deserve, and strive by desert, to win the esteem of your fellow-men. Thus acquired, it decorates him who obtains, and blesses those who bestow it. To them, it is returned in faithful service, and to him, it comes in aid of the approbation of conscience to animate diligence and reward exertion. Those too, who engage in public service, are bound to cherish a hearty sympathy with the wants, feelings, comforts and wishes of the people whose welfare is committed to their charge. It is essential for the preservation of that confidence which ought to subsist between the principal and the agent, the constituent and the representatives, that all haughtiness and reserve should be banished from their intercourse. It sometimes happens, that he who has lived too constantly among books, manifests a disgust in an association with the uneducated and unrefined, which mortifies and repels them. This is absurd in him, and unjust to them. It is absurd, for he ought to know, and know well, those for whom, and upon whom, he expects to act—they constitute, in fact, one of the first and most appropriate object of his study; and it is unjust, for not unfrequently, under this roughness which shocks the man of books, is to be found a stock of practical information, in which he is miserably deficient. Banish, then, al'



superciliousness, for it is criminal and ridiculous. Honestly seek to serve your country, for it is glorious to advance the good of your fellow-men, and thus, as far as feeble mortals may, act up to the great example of HIM to whose image and likeness you are made. Seek also, by all honest arts, to win their confidence, but beware how you ever prefer their favour to their service. The high road of service is indeed laborious, exposed to the rain and sun, the heat and dust; while the by-path of favour has, apparently, at first, much the same direction, and is bordered with flowers and sheltered by trees, "cooled with fountains and murmuring with waterfalls." No wonder, then that like the son of Abensina, in Johnson's beautiful Apologue, the young adventurer is tempted to try the happy experiment of uniting pleasure with business, and gaining the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. But once entered upon, the path of favour, though found to decline more and more from its first direction, is pursued through all its deviations, till at length, even the thought of return to the road of service is utterly abandoned. To court the fondness of the people, is found, or supposed to be, easier than to merit their approbation. Meanly ambitions of public trust, without the virtues to deserve it; intent on personal distinction, and having forgotten the ends for which alone it is worth possessing, the miserable being concentrated all in self, learns to pander to every vulgar prejudice, to advocate every popular error, to chime in with every dominant party, to fawn, flatter and deceive, and becomes a demagogue. How wretched is that poor being who hangs on the people's favour! All manliness of principle has been lost in this long course of meanness; he dare not use his temporary popularity for any purposes of public good, in which there may be a hazard of forfeiting it; and the very eminence to which he is exalted, renders but more conspicuous his servility and degradation. However clear the convictions of his judgment, however strong the admonitions of his, as yet not thoroughly stifled conscience, not these, not the law of God, nor the rule of right, nor the public good—but the caprice of his constituents, must be his only guide. Having risen by artifice, and conscious of no worth to support him, he is in hourly dread of being supplanted in the favour of the multitude by some more cunning deceiver. And such, sooner or later, is sure to be his fate. At some unlucky moment, when he bears his blushing honours thick upon him, (and well may such honours blush!) he is jirked from his elevation by some more dexterous demagogue, and falls unpitied, never to rise again."

Where can be found a nobler eulogy upon the majesty of LAW, and a finer plea for its claims upon the obedience of every citizen, than is exhibited in our next extract:

"There is another subject to which, on this occasion, your attention may

properly be invited. The spirit of freedom is a powerful principle, prompting to boldness of thought and action, connected with an excitable temperament, and seeking for sympathy and coöperation from kindred minds. If it wanted these properties, it would be inadequate to the performance of the great duties which it is required to discharge, and unfit to meet the the hardy trials which it is doomed to encounter. But like that unseen agent which is daily operating such marvels amongst us, which drives the mighty steamer through the waters, and sends the fiery car careering over the land, it must be effectually secured and skilfully regulated, or its explosions will spread havoc around. To retain it safe, yet active; to impose upon it all needful, but no unnecessary restraint; to direct it wisely, virtuously and happily, has been among the highest objects of human study, and in all ages has given employment to the most capacious intellect and the most experienced sagacity. Next to that truth which cometh down from heaven, does it most concern the welfare of man to be right upon this subject. It is a trite observation, but not on that account less correct, that the greatest of blessings become the worst of curses when they are perverted and abused. Without freedom, man is a poor, miserable, abject thing, the sport and victim of his fellow man's rage, caprice and cruelty, having neither vigour of thought, motive for exertion, nor rational hope to gratify. But there can be no freedom without law. Unrestrained liberty is anarchy; dominion in the strong; slavery in the weak; outrage and plunder in the combined oppressors; helpless misery in the oppressed; insecurity, suspicion, distrust, and fear to all. Law is the guardian of freedom. To borrow the thoughts, and, as far as possible, the words of the orator of Athens, "Law seeks for that which is just, good and useful, and when it is found, proclaims it as an ordinance equal and alike to all. To law all should submit, for it of divine institution, the enactment of wise men, the corrective of wrongs, and the common compact of the state, according to which every citizen is bound to live." There is high sublimity in the conception of moral and intelligent beings acknowledging no superior upon earth, yet conscious of their own infirmities, follies and distracting passions; resolved to submit to no wrong, and anxious to do wrong to none; embodying themselves into a state, and yielding allegiance to that state's collected will; obeying no man as man, but yielding prompt and loyal obedience to every ordinance that may be decreed according to those prescribed forms which ensure the happiness of all, and which are equal, uniform and universal in their application to all. Such is the glorious spectacle exhibited in our land, and long may it be presented to the hope and wonder of an admiring world! May He who watches over nations, and who is mindful of the sons of men, preserve to us and to our children, and to our

children's children, these blessed institutions! But we must not content ourselves with idle wishes. Blessings are not granted simply for man's enjoyment, or even for man's gratitude; they are bestowed also and principally, as motives to virtuous exertions, objects of his care, and pledges for his vigilance, courage, prudence and activity. History is full of instances—alas! it records but little else—of free states built up by wisdom and virtue, undermined and overturned by folly and vice. Deprecating from the bottom of my soul this fate for my country, I would fain warn my countrymen with an earnest tone against the evil auguries which seem to threaten her free existence. It may be, that as even the ordinary voice of the surf awakens, in those unused to its deep and solemn roar, terrors at which the hardy seaman smiles; it may be that he who, remote from public bustle, hears in his retirement the distant report of the outbursts of popular violence, may distress himself with imaginary and unfounded alarms. But when, from one end to the other of this extended confederacy, we behold lawless associations asserting the prerogative of vindictive justice, legislating for what they fancy to be crimes; adjudicating on those whom they suppose guilty, and by such rules of evidence as best suits their rage; and executing sentences of devastation, torture and death, with appalling rapidity; there is, there must be, cause of dread that a spirit is rife in the land which must be put down, or our fathers have bled and toiled in vain, and all that has been won by their valour or treasured by their wisdom—all is lost."

The next two extracts are taken from the Judge's celebrated speech on RELIGIOUS LIBERTY, delivered in the Convention of 1835 upon the proposition to abrogate the famous 32nd Article of our State Constitution:

"If there be difficulties in ascertaining what the Article in question *effectually* enacts, we are at least able, with some degree of confidence, to pronounce what it does not enact. It in no degree abridges the *elective* franchise. Every citizen, however heretical his religious opinions, has a right to vote in the *choice* of those who make the laws, or who administer to the service of the State. It *unquestionably* has no application to military offices. However dangerous may be supposed the religious principles of an individual, he is constitutionally qualified to command the military strength of the State. It is clear, too, and I suppose will be admitted by every legal gentleman, that the prohibitions in this Article can exclude no one from *seats in the General Assembly*. Whenever the Constitution means to exclude any man from a seat in Legislature, it says so in express terms. Thus in the the 25th section, it declares that no Receiver of Public Monies, &c., "Shall have a seat in either House of the General Assembly, or be eligible to any office in this State." A seat in the Legisla-



ture is *above* offices or places of trust in the Civil Department, and is not comprehended impliedly within these terms. If there had been any good reason to doubt this construction, such a doubt would have been removed by the adjudication of the Senate of the United States upon the impeachment of William Blount, and the decision of our House of Commons, in the year 1808, in the case of Mr. Jacob Henry, a Jew, and a representative in that body from the county of Carteret. The persons, therefore, whom this Article proscribes are not only qualified to choose the law-makers and to hold military appointments, but *may* themselves become the law-makers of the land. Let us pause a moment, and consider the *wisdom* of the provision. The only ground upon which a constitutional disqualification of a portion of the citizens for any public trust, can possibly be vindicated, is the public safety. The people, the legitimate fountain of power, should not be forbidden from confiding the management of their concerns to any whom they may prefer unless it be those who *cannot* have the ability and integrity to serve them faithfully. Now, if the profession of certain irreligious notions, or certain heretical religious opinions, renders a man *necessarily* unfit for the public service, he is peculiarly and emphatically an unfit repository of the political power and controller of the physical strength of the State. Yet this Article permits unbelievers to elect those who shall enact laws—and permits them, if the people so please, to enact laws themselves for the government of the whole State, and permits them to command the militia, by whom the laws are to be enforced. If it be safe to allow them to wield these powers, on what pretence can it be alleged, that it is utterly unsafe to permit their fellow-citizens to appoint one of them to a subordinate civil employment, whatever knowledge they may have of his fitness for its duties, and whatever confidence a long and intimate acquaintance may warrant them in reposing in his tried virtue? He may elect rulers, or may himself be a ruler. There is no danger in his being a member of the Senate or House of Commons—there is no danger in having a command over the armed force of the State—but, the country's safety forbids, however exemplary his conduct or excellent his character, that he should be a Judge, or a Sheriff, or a Clerk of a Court, or a Constable! Wonderful sagacity! Admirable prudence! A congeniality of sentiment sometimes betrays men into a misplaced confidence; but it seldom happens that an individual, whose opinions on any subject of deep concern, are quite different from those of his neighbors, commands their respect and affection, unless his life be such as to keep down and overrule the prejudice so naturally arising from this dissimilarity. Bad men, belonging to obnoxious sects, stand no chance of obtaining appointments; and, therefore, our Constitution takes care that good ones *shall* not be elected. Profound Wisdom! This pro-

vision has been called a badge of ancient prejudice, and no doubt it is in part the result of prejudice. But it does not spring from prejudice only, from a mere dull, sullen, unreasoning antipathy. It manifests, also, the agency of another temperament or passion of a more calculating character—a passion not unfrequently seen on occasions where one would least expect it; which may be discerned through disguises most carefully put on to hide it from observation. When the renowned John Gilpin was about to enter on his gallant expedition to Edmondston, he was delighted to perceive that his money-loving spouse, in all her preparations for the celebration of the happy day, still exhibited her characteristic disposition to take care of the main chance—

“That though on *pleasure* she was bent  
She had a *frugal mind*.”

While this restraint on the freedom of choice professes an affectionate solicitude, lest the good people or their agents may ruin the country by employing as public servants, men whose faith is unsound, that solicitude is satisfied by an exclusion from offices or places of *profit*. It apprehends no danger, provided the *emoluments* of office can be kept sacred. Although bent on the preservation of religion, it has a selfish mind—it is of the same spirit which prompted multitudes to follow after the Redeemer of man-kind, under the pretence of witnessing his marvellous deeds and listening to his holy doctrines, but, in truth, because he had multiplied the loaves and fishes in the wilderness. It is of the same spirit which would find a belief in the Bible or in the Koran, the rite of Baptism or Circumcision, a reasonable and useful constitutional requirement, if it but insured a monopoly of the public service money. It is the same spirit which actuates the sutlers and followers of a camp, the retainers and slaves of successful power, who discover in the hopes of victory an inducement for fidelity, and in its plunder, a reward for baseness. It is the spirit of cupidity, cloaked but not concealed beneath the mantle of religious zeal, offering bribes for conformity—courting prejudice and bigotry on the one side, and wooing dissimulation and human infirmity on the other—it is a spirit which should find no abiding place in the Constitution of a free People.”

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“It is not without hesitation, Mr. Chairman, that I can bring myself to advert to some observations which have been thrown out in the course of the debate, in relation to the tenets, or supposed tenets of Roman Catholics. The great battle of Religious freedom should not be fought on such narrow ground, as the exclusion of any one sect from, or its admission to, a participation of political power. Whether the charges brought be true or false, the decision on this question should still be the same. Some of

these charges are so absurd, that it seems like yielding them too much honor to notice them at all; but to pass them by in silence, might be considered as a tacit acquiescence in their truth. Besides, much allowance ought to be made for honest ignorance. The Catholics in this State are very few, and those who have had no opportunity of knowing them personally, and have learned their tenets only through the medium of their enemies, cannot be much blamed for crediting the most ridiculous falsehoods. It has been asked, whether the allegiance of Catholics to the Pope be spiritual only, and the learned gentleman from Halifax has unquestionably shewn that they do not owe him *civil* allegiance.—Sir, I object *in toto* to the term allegiance, as characterising the connection between the Catholic and the Chief Bishop of his Church. I owe *no allegiance* to any man or set of men on earth, save only to the State of North-Carolina, and, so far as she has parted with her sovereignty, to the United States of America.—The charge that Catholics owe allegiance to the Pope, is *wholly false*. Spread over the whole earth—speaking different tongues—subjects or citizens of different governments—beings of different races and complexions—they are connected by a spiritual tie, the tie of one and the same faith, which constitutes them one Spiritual family or Church. For the regulation of this wide spread Church, an Ecclesiastical or Spiritual Government is indispensable. This is mainly confided to the Bishops of the several Dioceses, and of these, the first in rank and jurisdiction is the Bishop of Rome. To him, subject to well defined laws and well ascertained usage, is committed the chief *administration*. To him—and to them—and to every spiritual or ecclesiastical teacher, *acting within his proper sphere*, respect and obedience are due. But no man owes to him, or them, or any of them, the duty implied by the term *allegiance*; the obligation of personal *fidelity*, the obligation of *defence*, as an equivalent for the benefit of *protection*. Should the Chief Bishop, in the pretended exercise of his ecclesiastical powers, (for in the Church he is known only as an Ecclesiastical superior) attempt to encroach upon the jurisdiction of the other Pastors of the Church, who claim their power from the same source from which his is derived, though not to the same extent; the principles of Catholics teach that such usurpation should be firmly and zealously resisted. Such usurpations have been attempted, and the History of Christendom shews that upon no point has there been a more jealous vigilance upon the part, not only of the Catholic Prelates, but of the Catholic people, to prevent and repel them. His authority—their authority, is *spiritual* only—has no connection with civil duties—and is enforced only by spiritual censures. He has not, and they have not any more right to interfere with a man's obligation to his country or his fellow men, than civil rulers have to interfere with a man's spiritual con-



cerns. Catholics peremptorily deny that the Church has any temporal power, or any right to interpose in the regulations of Government, and hold themselves bound to resist unto death, as tyrannical usurpation, all attempts at such interference. As a proof that this their doctrine was well known, even at the moment when for political purposes they have been most tyrannically treated by their Rulers, let me mention one extraordinary occurrence recorded in History. When Elizabeth of England had quarrelled with the Pope, and but recently put out of Catholic communion; when she was the avowed champion of Protestantism, and engaged in a tremendous war with the Catholic Monarch, Philip of Spain, the husband of her deceased sister—in the very moment of utmost peril, she committed the chief command of that small and gallant fleet which was opposed to the invincible Armada, into the hands of a known and exemplary Catholic, Lord Howard, of Effingham. And nobly was that confidence requited. She knew, and his conduct shewed, that he recognized no Sovereign but the Sovereign of his Country, and that his religious principles rendered him but the more resolved to discharge faithfully his duties as a subject.”

We give, last, the Report which he made as Chairman of a joint select committee of both Houses of our General Assembly upon a proposition to employ an artist by the name of Ball Hughes, to repair the statue of Washington, which had been much mutilated in the destruction by fire of the State Capitol in the year 1831. It includes a noble tribute to the character of the father of his country; and every American not dead to the sacred impulses of patriotism, must feel his heart beat high, as he reads it, with the proud recollection that he is the countryman of Washington. The resolution, which was designed to carry out the recommendation of the report, was adopted, but the artist subsequently proved faithless to the trust confided to him, in consequence of which the civilized world, as well as our own State, has lost “the last and greatest work of the first sculptor of the age” in which he lived.

“Among the regrets occasioned by the late destruction of the State House, it is believed by the committee that none have been more deeply or generally felt by the citizens of North Carolina than those which were excited by the mutilation of the monument, which the gratitude of the State had caused to be erected to the memory of the Father of his country. True it is that while a heart beats amongst us to which liberty is dear, or which can swell with admiration for patriotism, the name of Washington must live, embalmed in the affections and consecrated by the reverence of his countrymen. No storied urn nor animated bust is needed to perpetuate the glory of his achievements, or to rescue from oblivion the recollection of his services. But the people of this State

had a right to be proud of the evidence they had exhibited of the intensity with which they delighted to cherish his memory. Limited in their means, plain in their habits and economical in their expenditures, on this one subject they had indulged a generous munificence. At their bidding the genius of Canova had given to the marble of Carrara the impress of his noble figure, and this last and greatest work of the first sculptor of the age was to be seen in the Capitol of our unpretending State, gratifying the curiosity of our own citizens, attracting the attention of strangers, and fixing the admiration of the lovers of the arts. A full heart had thus spoken, and was relieved by this expression of its feelings.

The erection of this statue by the people and their representatives was the result of a generous impulse of their nature. But the act was not the less recommendable by a sound and sagacious policy. A monument like this was a book which all could read, and which bade the most thoughtless and inattentive to enquire and reflect. To the Legislator, as he passed by to the Council Hall of the State, as well as to the ardent and young of every condition, it taught a lesson the most salutary, and not the less impressive because it was communicated without the formalities of instruction. While it refuted the calumny which stigmatises Republics as ungrateful, it taught that true glory is the meed of virtue, and that though temporary popularity may be gained by courting public favor, permanent renown, the renown which triumphs over the grave, is awarded to him alone who seeks the public good with pure and devoted disinterestedness. Besides, few sentiments are found to be more congenial with patriotism, or more favorable to public and private virtue, than a rational State pride. As no one can love that of which he is ashamed, so it is impossible not to regard with affection the community of which we are proud to be members. The duty of advancing the prosperity, defending the rights, and cherishing, improving and perpetuating the institutions of our country, is performed with ardor when that country stands high in our own estimation, and is known to be respected by others. To serve it becomes a pleasure and ceases to be a task, when we feel that it is worthy of our service; and every, even the humblest, citizen of a free State appropriates to himself a portion of the reputation which belongs to the State itself. As that reputation is raised, his self-respect is increased; and if self-respect be not itself a virtue, it is assuredly one of the best safeguards against the degradation of vice.

\* \* \* \* \* In their opinion, the abandonment of this once magnificent monument to the fate with which it is threatened, would subject North Carolina to the just reproach of the other States of the confederacy, of all who venerate the memory of Washington, and of the admirers of genius and art throughout the civilized world. In their opinion

though the people of North Carolina may be poor, they are ready to encounter any expenditure which is demanded by a just respect for themselves, and your committee believe that the Legislature would little consult either the character or the wishes of those whom it represents, if it refuses to embrace this opportunity of re-erecting the statue of him who, living was always first in the hearts of our fathers, and whose name is now enshrined with the same precedence in the affections of their sons.

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## ROME AS SHE WAS AND AS SHE IS.

IN attempting to write upon a theme that presents to the mind such an illimitable field of reflection, we feel at a loss where to begin or whither to direct our course. It is a theme that, running down through the isles of time has gathered upon its boundless canvass the history of man—the fortunes of his power, and the vicissitudes of his natural destiny. Upon this variegated picture, the scholar may find food for every reflection; he may love and hate—admire and despise—weep and rejoice over victor and vanquished in the great struggle of human destiny. Rome, in its power and influence upon the human race, has been a world of itself, or at least a chief actor in the world's drama. As from her seven hills, she looks down upon old Tiber, which alone unchanged beneath the desolating march of time, flows on as in the days of Romulus, in obedience to its immutable destiny, she teaches the sublimest lesson. Through her temples and palaces, like the vine clad oak, entwined with the marks of modern civilization, she proclaims the mutability of wealth and power; and the frail tenury of all human hopes. But Rome is dead, the spirit of the Roman no longer animates the breast of those that bear her name. Her temples that once were decked with the spoils of the triumphant Cæsars, now look down upon a servile degraded race, trampled beneath the foot of a foreign oppression. Yet she lives upon the pages of her literature, the great fountain of the world's wisdom, and, through it, will proclaim, to the most distant time, the great truth that genius at last, triumphs over power, and thought over action.

But it is not our object in a brief article, to usurp the province of the historian, and stumbling over the ruins of antiquity, to follow Æneas



from burning Troy through shipwreck and disaster, until reposing in the embrace of the Carthaginian Queen. Nor would we follow him from thence in his heartless desertion, until arrived at the shores of Lavinium and from thence onward through his destiny-marked course, until his descendants had laid the foundation of the eternal city. Nor would we follow that little colony from the dark boundary of myth and fiction, through all the vicissitudes of its power, under its subjection to kings, consuls and dictators, until it was the acknowledged mistress of the world. Nor would we descend with it from the lofty summits of its imperial greatness, down through the darkness and chaos of mediæval night, until the Goth and the Vandal, with a sacrilegious hand, had desecrated her shrines and sanctuaries. Nor, still further down in the scale of her degradation, until the Roman was a slave and the Austrian his master. For such a province requires a historic research for which our time and ability are inadequate. But, glancing at Rome as she was and as she is, we would search for the causes and influences that have contributed to degrade Rome and her provinces, and enslave the blood of the Cæsars. Rome, in all the elevations of her power, was poor in all those elements that constitute a permanent national wealth. Her wealth was the prizes of conquest and the spoils of war. Commerce, agriculture and industry were no part of that policy which Rome impressed upon her sons as expedient for the perpetuity of wealth and power, but in the sacked cities and plundered granaries of the Barbarian, she taught her husbandmen were more ample harvests than an honest industry could reap from their genial soil. Her widespread provinces, which extended from the glens of Scotland to the shores of the Caspian, were not the result of a national development or annexations that a political expedience demanded, but the fruits of a rapacious spirit of conquest. And while there remained new fields of conquest Rome flourished, but when she had subjected and impoverished all the surrounding provinces, and that great source of her revenue had failed, then began her decline, then the light of civilization paled beneath the gathering cloud of ignorance, which for ages after, enveloped the world in mediæval night. Then her religion, whose basis was ignorance, and her priesthood, whose desire was to promulgate it, acquired new strength for to extinguish all the light that could be reflected through her literature, they consigned that embodiment of Roman wisdom to the cloisters of her monks. Then the spirit and liberty of Rome decayed in the grasp of a usurping hierarchy. But the Roman jurisprudence alone survived the wreck and ruin of that age, of superstition and ignorance. Although obscured in the dust of a decaying empire, yet when the light of a brighter day dawned, it shone forth in all the beauty of its proportions, adapting itself to the wants and wishes of the human race. The military glory

of Rome passed away, yet those great principles of justice which, with the protection of her laws, she extended as a boon to the vanquished, have withstood the shock of the Northern invader, which Rome could withstand; they have survived the night of feudal ignorance, which deepened at Rome's decline, and addressing themselves in their wisdom to the untaught Barbarian, they gained his adoption, and insinuating themselves through the whole social system, they became the chief element in the governments of the civilized world. And now while administering to the wants of the world, they proclaim the great object of Rome's mission. As the military glory of Rome declined her ecclesiastic power waxed more strong; under the gathering shade of ignorance it found an element, congenial to its growth and expansion; in that element, it achieved its mission, and perfected all its machinery for human degradation. In quest of the Heretic it sent forth the Inquisition raising its hideous head and accomplishing its dark designs with the torture and rack. Among the spawn of its polluted elements, the Jesuit came forth upon his secret mission, plotting all the dark deeds of infamy and treason to strengthening his church and encouraging crimes of the deepest dye, by "administering the anodine to wounded consciences."

Such were the machinations of evil and corruption under which the spirit and liberty of the Roman people gave way. Such were the blighting influences that beggared the nation and robbed it of its vitality, and inclination to resist oppression; influences which, to destroy the freedom of thought would chain the press, destroy the book and the pamphlet, stifle the whisper and the murmur, and say to man "eat but think not." In confirmation of this we have but to look to Italy, where catholicism for centuries has set enthroned with a free exercise of all its influences, there in a land upon which nature has lavished her choicest gifts, the land of the world's noblest poets, heroes and orators, there in a land abounding in so many glorious reminiscences of its departed greatness, behold the awful picture of moral degeneracy and national decay. There see the Italian groping his way through the darkness of ignorance and superstition without hope, without energy, in a condition worse than that of the slave under his taskmaster. Then say where is that Roman spirit that led the Cæsars from conquest to conquest, and unsheathed the sword of Brutus in vindication of the rights of Rome. Where that national pride and proverbial patriotism that knew no prouder boast than "I am a Roman citizen?" Her aqueducts her falling columns, her broken arches, the fading relics of her glory and pride echo where? Papacy rising in triumph above the desolation of its reign proclaims in itself the sources of Rome's degeneracy.

## “ WITHERED LEAVES. ”

BY “ NINON. ”

I see them all around me  
And tokens dear are they,  
Of the summer that hath faded  
And the days now passed away.

And many a dream they bringeth  
Of happy by gone hours,  
And round my heart they flingeth  
A chain of dreamland flowers.

A chain of flowers now broken  
In the dying leaflets' fall,  
They're like the vows once spoken  
They share the fate of all.

They tell us how we are dying,  
Er'e summer days are o'er,  
They tell us how joys are flying  
And with their scanty store.

They tell us not to cherish  
The dreams of happier days—  
They say those dreams must perish  
As fades the sunlight's rays.

So I watch them as they're falling  
From off the parent tree,  
And I hear them as they're calling  
Thou too must follow me.

For we were young and lonely  
In the early spring-tide's time—  
Now we're sad and lonely  
And pine 'neath winter's clime.

And the tree whereon we nestled  
'Neath the summer's moonlight sky  
We must leave alone to wrestle  
With the winds that pass us by.

Thus must it be with mortals  
Their lives like leafless trees,  
For their joys fall off the branches  
And die like withered leaves.



## THE INGRATITUDE OF THE NATION.

THE truth of our proposition, that the thanklessness of a nation is the sure index of its growing shame, has been fearfully proven in the history of the past; and to him who loves his country's good, and his country's honor, these are questions of the most vital interest: whether as a nation we, "knowing good deeds shall approve and reward them," or bear the curse which avenges ingratitude, whether we shall share the plaudits of other nations that may read our history, or writhe continually under their withering maledictions: whether posterity shall point to our sages and "call them blessed," or mention their names to the nation's shame.

That man who knows no gratitude, and whose sterile brain has never conceived sympathy or regard for his benefactor deserves not the appellation of a "man" but is "a mindless, heartless, throbless lump of accidental and misnamed humanity."

He who professes patriotism and its attendant virtues, who openly seeks the good of friends and country, with a smile of envy and a countenance that betrays the secret enmity of his bosom, who accepts with the grasping selfishness of his sordid and thankless heart the gratuities of the liberal and the good, is becoming all that is mean, worthless, infamous—the very synonym of depravity. And so is it with a nation. The republic, which ostensibly abandons its high rank and in the eyes of the world stoops to the sacrifice of the valiant leaders, who have boldly encountered its foes (even) against known odds and directed it successfully in its march of glory through the cess-pools of political strife and sectional prejudice, which knows no superior in the ignominy that the long tale of its ingratitude has bequeathed to it, is becoming the mock-word of dynasties and the scoffing misanthrope. The red man of the forest, rude and uncultivated as he is, whose mind has never been polished with the multifarious pencilings of science, or the delicate abstractions of classic lore, as he roams untaught through his sequestered wilds invokes the choicest gifts of the "Great Spirit" upon his benefactor, thus evincing what untutored nature would do, if freed from the thralldom of jealousy, the premonitory type of the growing rancor of party, or sect, or clime. Ye friends of learning, that love to hang upon the attenuated thread of political destiny, and sit under the impassioned tones of eloquence as they gurgle from the forum of party conflict, learn a lesson from the persecuted sons of the forest.

The heathen, whose enslaved mind has never been visited with the light of truth, acting from the inspirations of instinct would bless the hand that proffered him assistance. The trembling serf, that knows no freedom but that of despotic will and no kindness, save that dictated by the avarice and political cupidity of his lord, as he "receives the crumbs that fall from his master's table" "in the spontaneous ebullitions of his grateful heart thanks and adores him.

In the dark days that succeeded the ruin of the Roman Republic—when virtue sat weeping upon a sterile rock and pity dropped a tear unseen—when humanity could scarce claim an advocate, and honor was an empty name—when the cries of freedom and vassalage fell upon the dull ears of her enslaved sons as unmeaning monitories; still they were not entirely dead to all the finer feelings of grateful hearts and fell willing votaries at the shrine of their protectors. And are we, the exemplars of imprisoned hope, to be blind to merit more than the heathen, the serf, or the unfortunate sons of ignorance and barbarity? Let the disciples of the Henrys of our own loved land, who spurn with righteous indignation the dogmas and *ipse dixit*s of despots, proclaim an eternal negative to the false notion. There was a time in the history of our country when he, who braved the storms of sectional jealousy, as they raged fiercest in our midst, who stood forth and confronted with bold defiance the elements of civil discord and cried "peace, be still!" and it was done, might bid with confidence for the highest office in the gift of the American people, but alas, how changed! What marks of infamy have a few years blended with our political page! With what jealous eyes have the crowned heads of Europe for a time watched our progress, but at length as if oblivious of the hard earned renown of our revolutionary fathers, pointed their bitter mockery and writhing rebuke at the home of patriots and the birth place of freedom, and stigmatized us as a people, who to carry out the wicked aims of party, scruple not to sacrifice our greatest men as immolations upon the altars of availability, and consign them to a place with the political dead—the victims of the remorseless rancor of political beggars and obsequious flatterers. Such in a word, is becoming the history of our government, that he who would grapple for chosen honors, and sit enshrined 'mid the charms of political aggrandizement, seeks not to accomplish aims by proposing and carrying out great measures of common good, but in sweet retirement awaits the hour, when he is to be summoned forth, like noble Cincinnatus, to gratify the conflicting prejudices of party.

"The immortal tri" have lived and died! 'Twas theirs to speak when the demons of faction fanaticism and disunion waged intestine wars. 'Twas theirs to advise and trembling senators stooped to catch their

thoughts, but alas for human fidelity! When they might ask for political preferment, ingratitude, that plague-spot of great minds was awaked in the bosoms of a free people and the mortification of defeat, left to them as the reward of their mighty deeds. Is there no Lethe for our nation's infamy; and may not charity cast a veil of oblivion over the dark lines that may be traced in her character?

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## TO THEE.

BY J. B. G.

The summer's sun had left the lurid sky,  
And evening's shadows fast surrounded me;  
One silver star, in beauty hung on high,  
Its radiant glory made me think—of thee!

Anon I looked, and scattered here and there,  
Slow floating through the deep and airy sea,  
Were other worlds, but none so brightly fair,  
As that pure one that made me think—of thee!

I looked again, and spheres unnumbered shone,  
And poured their bright effulgence down on me,  
I turned from all, to view that one alone,  
Whose heavenly radiance made me think—of thee!

Once more I looked and scanned the heavenly host,  
That I again that glorious orb might see;  
'Twas sunk! 'Twas gone; my beaming star was lost!  
No more could I see it and think—of thee!

Oh cruel fate! And must it be my part;  
To bow in *silence* to thy stern decree!  
In vain! Though hushed the voices of my heart,  
'Twill ever cause delight to think—of thee!



## NAPOLEON THE EXILE.

BY A.

AUTUMN winds were whistling around an ocean isle, against whose barren and rock-bound shore in tumultuous and deafening roars the mad wave broke. High cliffs rose here and there, and as far as the eye could reach, spread out the blue expanse of ocean, now rising in mighty billows heavenward, and again resting in calm repose. Like a speck appeared that dreary isle—a mere atom in that illimitable waste of waters, yet it was destined to confine the earthly casket of an unconquerable soul, and be the prison, aye, the tomb of a hero.

On a cheerless day, a noble ship might have been seen, slowly sailing towards this cliff-girt isle, bearing thither—not a burden of gold and gems from India, nor pearls and corals from the Oriental deep—but a warrior overpowered, whose heart throbbed as proudly as ever though the cross of St. George floated over him—'twas Europe's, nay the world's conqueror, Napoleon Bonaparte.

The dull, deep murmur of the rolling surge and the shriek of the sea-bird alone feel upon his ear as he neared those wild and rocky haunts—his future home. He landed, but no roar of cannon nor shout of enthusiasm welcomed him there. And this was the great Napoleon! Fame and glory, position and power, friends and home had he left far behind him, to be buried as it were in a living grave. No more were armies to be marshalled at his command; no more should the French people raise the heartfelt cry of "Vive l'Empereur;" no longer could he gaze on the eagle of France, his own loved banner. He was led forth for sacrifice and the gates of public life were closed upon him forever. A compulsory exile, he entered his prison whose walls were piled up by Nature and whose moat was the heaving Atlantic.

A mournful, melancholy sound was in the air which breathed upon his kingly brow, a dirge-like voice came up from the tossing waters whose restlessness and broken might imaged the soul of the exile.

Years, weary years of suffering, both bodily and mental, he passed in his lonely habitation. Hope had well nigh faded from his heart and despair taken its place. Where now was that look and lofty pride, that mein and gesture of command which in former times had roused nations to arms, and swayed the hearts of myriads? The proud spirit was curbed but broken, never! Confinement partially dimmed the fire of his heart,

but *extinguish* it, it could not! Disease, however, gradually accomplished its work, and death at last opened the doors of that prison to which Hope could furnish no other key. \* \* \* \*

The storm-king rode abroad; whirlwinds in their fearful wrath swept by; clouds gathered; lightnings gleamed; and loudly the thunders' roar resounded through the air; the very elements themselves seemed contending for the mastery. No gentle voice of woman was there to cheer him amid the gloom, no woman's hand to smooth his dying pillow; men, war-worn men alone, were with him in his last hour. Their eyes, which had looked proudly and fearlessly on the battle-field, now were dimmed with tears—their stern hearts were moved as they looked upon the wreck of their beloved commander; for that arm once so powerful was now motionless in death, and those eyes which in days gone by had flashed the fires of war were now closing forever. But he for whom their tears were shed, for whom they sorrowed so deeply, heeded not their grief. His soul *was free*, and he had gone from earth forever.

Even in the moments of death his imagination hovered around the battle-field, and he seemed again to stand as in his days of triumph “a tête d'armée,” watching the contest of opposing hosts. 'Twas but the raging of the sea, and booming of thunder. Again the war-trumpet rang on his ear; 'twas but the night-bird's cry as he wildly flapped his wings, and the low murmur of the water as it beat upon the rocks.

The storm passed by—its rage was spent, the morning sun shone forth as brightly as ever, tinging the peaceful waves with a golden brightness; but its rays fell on the marble form of the Emperor. Icy, cold and rigid were those limbs but a few short hours before convulsed with pain. On the wings of the tempest had that spirit fled, disdaining human bounds, and nought remained of Napoleon but a lifeless, powerless form. Himself a tempest, he had lived a stormy life, and dying—the very elements felt conscious perturbation at his spirit's exit; and when he had passed away, earth, sea and air were alike at rest. Amid the rocks of Helena the exile's body was laid, but long will it be ere his memory shall fade from the hearts of his countrymen.

Again years rolled on. The cherished willow long drooped over his solitary yet unforgotten grave. The children of fathers whom he had lead to battle peopled the land once glorious in the meteoric splendor of his genius. The admiration and love of the sires were rekindled in their sons. Again a vessel wended her way to Helena. The dark rock gave up its dead! and the bark returned bearing to his enthusiastic countrymen the dust of their greatest monarch.

Loud acclamations and swelling bursts of joy greeted the return; but

insensible to fame and glory lay all that remained of "Imperial Bonaparte." It was but dust and ashes. With funeral pomp, the hero was borne to his last sepulchre, there to rest 'till called to meet his God, and account to Him for hopes blighted, and thousands slain.

He sleeps. May his follies, his ambition and his crimes sleep with him, nor never be dragged from their posthumous obscurity to be reenacted with perhaps equal guilt, though less brilliant genius. Let no imitator madly squander the same infinite price to purchase the splendor, of so vain, abhorrent and bloody achievements.

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## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHAMPAGNE GLASS.

My earliest recollections can be traced no farther back than to the period when I found myself with several glasses of a similar nature, occupying a shelf in a celebrated glass and China warehouse situated in the most fashionable part of New York City. I soon discovered from the brilliant illumination of the gas lights, the rich dresses of our customers, the conversation of those around me, the splendid equipages that daily thronged our doors, and the amount of money frequently exhibited, that my lot was cast among the aristocracy of the land. I also inferred from remarks made in my presence, that whenever I was called to leave this abode of ease and elegance, I should not be destined to serve in any menial capacity.

I was therefore gratified rather than alarmed when I learned that myself and friends were included in an extensive invoice to be shipped immediately to the Capital of North Carolina, a State which I had heard extolled that very day by one of the loveliest girls I ever beheld, whose brother, a fine, dark-eyed, sunburnt Naval Officer, catching the enthusiasm which beamed from his sister's glowing cheek and glistening eyes, invoked "blessings on the Old North State forever."

Although my anticipations were certainly of a pleasurable nature, yet it may be supposed that I could not without regret bid a final adieu to a city of which, as an American, I am justly proud, and to a home where my first years had spent so happily. A deep impression was made upon my mind by a conversation which I overheard between two of our work-



men respecting the proverbial carelessness of the negroes at the South, the roughness of the roads in North Carolina, and the scenes of intemperance, to which, as drinking glasses, we should be subjected.

But dread of future evil and hope of good were alike forgotten in actual suffering, when we found ourselves jostling over the stones of a street leading to the wharf, where our vessel, the Pocahontas, Captain Carver, bound for Petersburg, Virginia, lay waiting for her lading and a favorable wind.

The voyage was a dreary one to all on board, but to us especially, for though, thanks to the precautions which had been taken at the warehouse, we had been defended from material injury, yet our nerves had been so much excited by our transportation that we were illy prepared for the distressing nausea usually attendant on a sea voyage.

We were conveyed on Rail cars from Petersburg to Raleigh, where we first opened our eyes upon a Southern city, and congratulated ourselves and each other that we were once more at rest, and in a state of comparative safety.

I must confess that I was grievously disappointed when I examined the store upon the shelves of which we were placed. In vain I looked for the brilliance of the gas lights. The doors were generally closed at dark, and if after that period a customer was admitted, a dim lamp or a single candle, carried from shelf to counter, and from counter to shelf, scarcely enabled us to recognize friend or foe. In vain I looked for the row above row of cut glass, gilt china, astral lamps, &c., which lined the warehouse as far as the dazzled eye could reach. In vain I watched for the splendid carriages that I had been accustomed to see at the door. Such did at intervals visit this store, but it was not a daily occurrence. No longer crowds of belles and beaux came to trifle away an hour, or to display their own finery while professing to examine ours.

This store contained a little of everything, and though beautiful and elegant females whose manner and costume proved them the elite of the city, and gentlemen whose noble bearing would have done honor to the Senate, came alone or with their families, yet it must be acknowledged that the general mass of our customers were of a very different order of beings from those to whom I had been accustomed.

Although habit reconciled me to this medley of persons and things, I can even now recall the terror and disgust which shot through my frame when one of the lords of the soil, seizing me with a grasp better suited to a fence rail, inquired what upon earth I was made for. When informed that I was a Champagne Glass, he set me down with a jerk that almost threw me off my balance, declaring that his own crab apple cider was better than any foreign trash that he had ever seen, and desired the clerk

to get him a dozen of good solid tumblers, fit to drink anything he chose out of. He wanted no such rickety thing as I was on his table.

I was surprised to observe such men as these who had scarcely ever tasted Champagne, perhaps not even heard of it, and who did not think me worth the trouble of carrying home, lay out large sums of money in actual cash, and purchase for their wives or daughters, the richest and most expensive articles of apparel. Frequently, have I noticed such a one, upon leaving the store, mount and manage with perfect ease, a horse, that would have done no discredit to a General or his Aide on the Fourth of July in my dear native city; and shoulder a rifle, which would have been a prize to any sharp-shooter in the land. It was in this store, that I first heard the epithet of "the bone and sinew of the State" applied to such, and I am fully convinced that a country which can boast of a population like these sons of toil, may laugh to scorn all fear of a foreign invasion.

I had not been in Raleigh many months, when I found that I was destined to a home in the village of Chapel Hill. I had heard of the University, and was delighted to learn that I was to enter a literary circle, for I understood that I now belonged to one of the Professors. In this situation, advantages would be mine, which my elegant companions who had been purchased for theatres and ballrooms, might justly envy. My friends and myself were packed for our journey in a manner which we thought very careless, and being conveyed over the intolerable road that leads from the Capital to the Hill, our fears and our sufferings can hardly be described. All that we had endured on our first expedition, was ease, was comfort compared with this.

At length the driver stopped at the door of the Professor of Rhetoric, whom I loved at first sight. I shall never forget the look of indignant surprise with which he viewed our wretched condition, or the benevolent smile which welcomed us, as one by one we were lifted in safety from our hateful prison.

We were conveyed by a very pleasant colored man to a private apartment, where we were washed with great care and placed upon the sideboard in a plain, but very neat parlor. Here we enjoyed an agreeable repose, and being greatly refreshed we soon amused ourselves by remarks upon the different members of the family. I soon found that our master was a Minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and that the fine portrait hanging opposite to the sideboard was one of the late Bishop of the Diocese, the Rt. Rev. John Start Ravenscroft, of whose masterly eloquence I had heard so much, and whose memory, I perceived, was cherished by my master with an affection little less than that of a son. In this quiet resting place I became sincerely attached to my master and to

each member of his amiable family, and shall never forget the happy, peaceful life, which I led under his roof.

I soon discovered that science, literature, and religion, were the favorite topics of conversation among the visitors who frequented this apartment, and I congratulated myself and my friends upon the circumstance, that we were enabled to hear what was said, as well as to observe all that passed. From our post of observation, the sideboard, we were unnoticed and unobtrusive spectators of some deeply interesting scenes. Besides having been present at the regular morning and evening devotions of the family, I have witnessed a smiling infant presented for baptism. I have beheld adults kneel before the Bishop to receive the rite of confirmation, and assemble around the table of their Lord to partake of His most holy feast; and though in my ignorance, I could not fully understand their ceremonies, yet I felt in the silence which reigned around, in the subdued countenances of the worshippers, in the tearful joy of the parents, and the holy hope of the partakers, that water, bread, and wine, were used to a much more exalted purpose than as ordinary food; and I could not but hope that the Almighty Being so earnestly invoked would indeed bless and protect his faithful servants.

How long I remained in this delightful retreat, I cannot now determine. I was happy, and to the light heart, time seemed to fly past on downy pinions. I knew no griefs, except when some valued friend was snatched from our society, either by removal or by the hand of Death; but I had seen enough of the world, to know that such trials are the lot of all below the skies; and that it is the part of true wisdom, to submit with resignation to evils which we cannot avert, and to enjoy with gratitude the many blessings which are so constantly showered around our path.

A few years since, a lady, who was an intimate friend of the family, and had formerly been one of my master's parisoners, came to pay him a visit and being struck with my form as peculiarly suited to her purpose requested him to give me to her. To this, he very cheerfully agreed, and before I could recover from my surprise, or had time to bid my friends farewell, my new mistress was on her way home, and I was hurrying from scenes and companions which I should in all probability never more behold.

It is true, I felt regret at this sudden removal, but I am accustomed to view every circumstance in its fairest light; and I did not consider myself as going among strangers. I had so often heard the family speak of my mistress, that I felt as if known her for years. Besides, I was to reside in Hillsboro, then called "the Athens of North Carolina." And my home was to be the Female Academy, over which my master had so long



presided. I knew that I should there acquire much scientific knowledge and form many valuable intimacies. I did not suffer at all during my ride, which was only twelve miles, and I had been so carefully protected, that I reached my journey's end, with very little, if any fatigue.

I had the pleasure of meeting with a very polite and kind reception from my new friends in the Academy. I entertained them with anecdotes relative to my late master and his family, to which they listened, with much interest, as he was a great favorite with them all. In return, they explained to me the duties I would be expected to perform, and gave me such information as persons of experience, have it in their power to afford the ignorant, thus timely relieving me from many unnecessary fears, and assisting me to act with propriety the part allotted to me.

In my present situation, I have led a very happy, though at times, a very laborious life. My mistress, who sets a high value upon me, never allows me to be touched except by herself, or by some pupil in whom she places great confidence. I am never used except in the handsomest experiments. And I have the vanity to fancy, that "*Acqua Coelestis*" acquires a more splendid blue, and "*Litmus Water*" a richer purple, when I am used than they would display in any other article. And it is affirmed by the whole school, that the "fountain of fire" is more brilliant and beautiful, and that the fire balls fly up and down my sides with more vigor than when displayed in any other vessel in the house.

It is true that in many of these exhibitions I am in imminent danger from the intense heat. Indeed, I have long been convinced that my death, come when it may, will be a sudden and violent one; but it is no matter. I owe my existence to science, and in her cause I am prepared to die. In the meanwhile I am rewarded for my labors by the smiles of delight that beam on the bright young faces around me, and I assist my dear, respected mistress in preparing a number of sweet, intelligent girls to act creditably their part in the great drama of human existence.

When I contrast my lot with that of many of my youthful compeers, their unhappy lives spent amidst scenes of extravagance and dissipation, and their untimely deaths in riot and intemperance, how happy do I esteem myself. How delightful is the reflection that I have witnessed scenes of holy solemnity, but not one of crime. How sweet is the consciousness that I have labored in many works of usefulness, but not in one of sin, that I have aided in the promotion of Science, but not in that of vice, and that I have raised the blush of pleasure and of surprise, but have never tinged the youthful cheek with the crimson, or with the pallid, hue of shame.

In view of all these undeserved mercies, must it not be acknowledged that I have reason to bless my happy lot, and to consider myself a highly favored

CHAMPAGNE GLASS.

## SOMETHING TO DO.

It is an established fact that no two things in Nature are alike. There is not a leaf of the forest—not a sprig of grass that does not differ from every other. If Nature thus presents an unending variety in such things, how far more striking this fact must be in relation to the human mind! Did ever the tastes, dispositions and desires of two persons fully accord? Stand upon the street of one of our large cities and watch the multitude that continually pass before you. Do you see any two faces so much alike as not to be able to tell them apart? Although you may look among the nearest of kindred, every one has his own peculiar mark of distinction. It has been said, and I think very correctly, that the face is but the outward picture of the mind. Every marked trait of a man is stamped upon his visage, and we need only to understand human nature to see this verified in every-day life. The more the mind is cultivated in proportion will be developed its various characteristics; and therefore the greater the number of outward marks of distinction. To exemplify this, let us examine uncivilized nations, and we will find that the distinguishing features are not so numerous by far as among the cultivated communities. Hence it follows that the minds of men differ as much from each other as their outward appearances; that is, the inclinations, hopes and fears of no two are the same. Consider but a moment and you will see how important that such should be the case.

Happiness is the chief end of man; that happiness which consists in the consciousness of a well-spent life. Every one should live in such a way as would be the most pleasant to himself and at the same time the most beneficial to others. For if a man's taste does not agree with his pursuit, it is always a task for him to perform it; and where such is the case, it rarely happens that he is of much benefit to any one.

As various and numerous as the wants of mankind are, in the same proportion should exist the diversity of pursuits as a means of administering to their necessities. In order more effectually to do this every one should follow that occupation which he most prefers; and since there must be so many of them in order to gratify our wishes; hence, there should be diversity of genius enough to fill every position in life and at the same time make each one as contented as possible. But there are those who seem to think that enjoyment consists in doing nothing, and that they can live happier without any occupation at all. Who would prefer

to drag out a life of listless indolence, and die, without the consciousness of having done a single deed for their improvement or the melioration of the human race. Such persons are not only undeserving of aid and sympathy, but should be ranked below a faithful beast that has served us all its life. For how much better than a brute is that man, who although endowed with noble faculties, still refuses to put them to any use?

But is it true that a man can enjoy himself without some fixed aim, some object of pursuit? We are taught in the Bible that it is as much our duty to work six days, as it is to rest the seventh. No man therefore, who wishes to live according to the precepts therein laid down, can be an idler. And are we not taught, and do we not see it exemplified in everyday life, that the man, who acts from a strict principle of right, is the happiest and most contented with his lot. If you say otherwise, you must at once admit that Religion imposes upon its followers such restraints as will deprive them of the means of innocent enjoyment, and the more upright and correct a man's life, the less will be his real happiness; and in fine, the strictly moral person is compelled to drag out a monotonous and miserable existence. That this is not the case I need only refer you to those who have tried it, and they will tell you that it is just the reverse, that the nearer you came to performing your duty, the greater will be your real enjoyment.

"Know then this truth enough for man to know,  
Virtue alone is happiness below."

But let us look at it in an other light. It is a mistaken idea, but one which is often entertained by the young of the present day and especially by those that are wealthy, that pleasure is the chief object of life. So eagerly do they pursue this phantom, that they render themselves unhappy in the very attainment of it, by making the ordinary and indispensable duties of life burdensome and disgusting. But is not that, to which a person directs all his thoughts and actions, his occupation? I think it would be considered as such. But this kind of employment, a constant longing after diversion, differs from labor in this; it wants that change, that variety which constitutes the "spice of life." Any one thing, no matter how pleasing at first, after numberless repetitions becomes irksome. Hence it is that the idler, who has nothing to do, can have no play. All rest presupposes labor; then how can ease refresh him who is never wearied? It is variety that constitutes enjoyment, and this the devotee of pleasure wants. He belongs to that lot of miserable beings who have "nothing to do but to find out some new way of doing nothing." He presents the pitiful picture of a man who has all the means if rightly used of making both himself and others happy, but by his own selfishness and idleness defeating the very end for which he strives. How for-



cibly does Dr. Johnson present this truth in the beautiful history of Rastelas. That prince, although surrounded with every pleasure that wealth could purchase, was not contented.

“Nought’s had, all’s spent  
Where our desire is got without content.”

Another inducement to labor is, that, it is conducive to health. An invalid, a man with a shattered constitution, though he be surrounded with every luxury cannot enjoy life. With how much better zest does he, who is accustomed to devote certain hours to toil, set down to his simple meal of corn-bread and bacon, than the gouty old epicure does to his table loaded with the fat of the land and the choicest wines of other countries. The one after his day’s labor comes home to spend a pleasant evening with a happy family; the other keeps late hours, gambling and drinking; the one retires to rest, sleeps soundly and rises in the morning refreshed and prepared for his daily avocations; the other is put to bed, has horrid dreams and crawls out the next day about dinner-time with a headache and blood-shot eyes, and in fine, looking very much like a “used up man.”

So far I have spoken only of those who have the means of thus indulging themselves; but what shall I say of that one who although dependent upon others for his daily bread is so devoid of shame that he is contented to live in poverty and indolence? Such a man is wanting in all the nobler feelings of his race, and should be kicked out of society and left to starve, as he is of no account to himself and a nuisance to the community in which he lives.

Again let us look at the evils that arise from having nothing to do. A person who has no fixed occupation, nothing at which he can employ himself often does that of which he bitterly repents; and gives as the excuse for his conduct that he had nothing else to do. So often have I heard the expression that it has become perfectly detestable. I have before now seen a young man indulging in every species of vice; lavishly spending his money for every bauble that he thinks can add one brief moment to his wicked pleasures, and give as a reason for his behavior, that he wants to kill time and has nothing else to do. At the same time I have seen the father of this young man toiling from day to day, laying up every dime he could get hold of and depriving himself of almost the necessities of life in order to keep his son at college. Such a boy had better be at home in the corn field, where he could find something to do.

This is not a fault altogether peculiar to our young men, and I am sorry to say that I have often seen instances of sinful idleness in those fair beings, who would have us think them but little below the angels. I have fre-

quently seen one of these so called individuals set for hours pouring over the contents of some paper-back novel, which is not fit to make a bonfire and perhaps foolishly crying over the fate of some hero as silly as she, and ask her why she thus spends her time, and looking up very innocently she replies, I have nothing else to do. Go into the next room and there you will find her mother who has been working hard to finish her a dress in order that she can go to church on the morrow. What judgment shall I pass upon this set? For fear that my decision would be too severe I will hand them over to their own sex to do with them as they see best. But I would like to suggest to all young men who are looking out for "help-mates", if they expect to find them among this class they are sadly mistaken. Those that never help themselves are not apt to be of much benefit to others; and if the man, who is so unfortunate as to be tied to one of this description, does not come to poverty it is not her fault.

Idleness often leads to a state of dependence, and I know of nothing so well calculated to degrade a man in his own estimation; to deprive him of that self-esteem which every freeman has, and which is so essential, than the consciousness of being indebted to others for that which he cannot repay. We may ask favors and receive them without losing our dignity, or becoming dependent, because we feel that we are able in some way to return them; but whenever we beg a favor as a free gift, we are at once degraded and enslaved. We can never meet our creditors with the same boldness and independence as formerly.

I have before alluded to the many dissipated habits into which idleness is sure to lead us. How many young men have found a drunkard's grave who, had they been brought up to habits of industry instead of seeking after frivolous diversions, would have been the pride of their friends and an honor to their country.

Reader, have you ever done anything for your own good or the good of mankind? If not, it is time that you had set to work. Life at best is but a span, and it may soon be out of your power to do any thing. Would you in your old age look back with pleasure upon your past life as one that had not been entirely useless? Would you leave behind you an example worthy of imitation? Then be up and doing.

But, says one, I believe that everybody should do something; but I never could tell what I am fit for. That you were made for some purpose none can doubt; for we are assured that nothing was made in vain. A person who is willing to work can soon find employment. Never let an opportunity of doing good pass by unheeded. Do that which first presents to you a field of usefulness and stop not to consider whether or not you can do something better, for if you do, the time is past and you have forever lost the golden moment.

This leads us to consider another class of individuals who are always intending to do great things, but do nothing. Such persons delight to dwell upon the imaginative—to build “air castles” which are overthrown by the first passing breeze. They will ever be doomed to disappointments. Man is seldom satisfied with the present; his ambition urges him on to something more, and hope points to the future for the accomplishment of his wishes. This disposition is to some extent to be cultivated, but let us beware lest we indulge too much in fond anticipations. Hope and ambition are constantly deceiving us with their delusive dreams. He who dwells too much on the ideal is destined never to see his expectations realized. The young are especially addicted to “day dreams.” They are naturally of a sanguine disposition, always looking on the bright side, and expecting that their pathway through life will ever be strewn with roses. Some imagine for themselves a brilliant career; they see a whole nation bow before their intellect, and hear their name on every lip. Thus they go on from time to time, forming new plans as every preceding one is destroyed, until death overtakes them, when they find out that their lives have been but a dream; and they die without the consciousness of ever having done one praiseworthy act. Thus we are taught that our desires should be limited to those objects that are rational and attainable.

Reader, I have striven to convince you that you have something to do; and that the wants of mankind and your own happiness demand that you do it. Bury not your talents as did the unprofitable servant of old, but buckling on your armor, go forth upon the arena of life determined to act your part. If you are faithful, fortune will smile upon you and you will then have the consolation of knowing that you have done something.



## MY FIRST CANDY PULLING.

I REMEMBER it well, and many are the now youthful, loving and hopeful hearts that can look back to that important era in a prep's life, some with kindling emotions of delight, and others, I am loth to say it, with anything else than pleasureable recollections; and the writer of this article, alas! must be classed with the latter—in the humiliating catalogue of those who, on that occasion did not come off with any glory to himself. No! not one pleasant *souvenir* has he of that ill-starred night.

Who, among all of us Chapel Hillians, does not remember one or more of those candy pullings, at which he felt so large that he needed his unmentionables insured? Well this chap does, I guess, I am pretty certain.

I had just complected my fifteenth year, and felt a blamed sight larger than I have ever felt since; my father had sent me to the prep-school of a kind old gentleman in the lovely village of J—e: I was in part put under his charge to be cooled down, for then I was so mischievous that all at home wanted me away. If I felt badly on leaving home I soon forgot all about it. In the wild romps of my companions I fear home and its enchantments were lost to memory. I entered one of the advanced classes there in the fall session, that most delightful period for moonlight walks, and boat-rides, &c., on the bosom of the noble stream that roles majestically along the foot of the hill on which stood our Academy. Cold weather had now set in, in good earnest, and the ennui had for more than two weeks had hold of us madcaps.

So in order to dispel the gloom which overhung us, the subject of a candy pulling was mooted. The proposition was too engaging not to have its scores of advocates, and so it was agreed upon that Friday night should be the time of our numerous party; and that all the girls in the Female Academy should have an invitation also. Accordingly tickets were duly distributed and from the pleasing looks bestowed upon us minor gentlemen, we were sure of the attendance of the fair sex. Friday night came, at last, and with thousands of rain and mud knee deep. Bless the ladies! they came despite the rain and mud.

In the meanwhile our landlord and his most noble lady were not idle. This was my first party, in which I was to figure as Mr. ————What-do-you-call-him? This was the first time I was to mix in a crowd without older heads to watch my actions. And it requires no stretch of the imagination to judge the importance I attached to this my first entering into

society as a—man. I knew perfectly well my behavior would be criticized by my fellow-students, and hence my anxiety to acquit myself in the best manner possible. O, it was bewildering to gaze upon the assembled throng of beauty's fairest ones! I confess for once I was a transcendentalist. Our host now announced that the sirup was ready for our fun. So into the dining-hall we all did go. Here we found a large string of tables literally groaning under the weight of plates already served with the needful. And then began the exciting race, who should form the first piece of candy. I saw all my friends working patiently with the knives cooling heated sirup, so that it might be drawn with the hand. A pretty little lassie of fourteen summers suggested to me, and even urged the propriety of me letting her scrape the contents of my plate into my hands, and that by that means I might succeed much better. To this I readily consented, as the proposition came from a lady, and *oh!* the wild yell, agonizing scream and startling leap I gave! Such burning of fingers and hands, no one ever felt. I was a maniac for a few moments. Every thing that came in my way I grasped with the eagerness of a panther. The first gleam of consciousness I had after my mad capers, was that I had fastened both hands fast to somebody's coat-tail. But guess if you can my astonishment and chagrin, when I found out that it was my own blue-spike. Zounds! it sickens me even now to think of my debut when a prep!

## MENTAL ACTIVITY.

BY EDGAR.

How different was the philosophy of the past from that of the present! The priest of nature rather than the votary of science, the ancient merely gazed upon the distant beauty of the stars, or speculated upon the most glaring truths of existence, and his name was handed down to posterity. But now so numerous and so varied are the departments of science, that the eager enthusiast has scarce reached the portals of her temple and heard the faintest peals of her anthem, ere life is gone. And as knowledge thus extends its boundaries, and life contracts its limits, the only remedy is increased activity. The brain, originally depends on the body, but regular exertion, steadily severs this connection and renders the mind dependent on itself alone. This is the true end of greatness in itself. However misfortune may lower, whatever calamities may shatter our bodily frames—calmly resolute—equal to either fortune—we may laugh to scorn the wildest blasts of adversity. But to many men, knowledge is but as an empty shadow unless they can tickle their vanity with the magic incense of its power.

To these activity is necessary both for acquirement and display. Knowledge is power, and the history of all greatness tells us that industry is the key to knowledge. Past grandeur and present power conclusively demonstrate that as activity of the body produces that expansion of muscle and the bloom of health, that grows firm and solid as the sinews of the mountain oak in the blacksmith's brawny arm, and blossoms like the faintest blush of morn upon the maiden's ruddy cheek; so activity of mind engenders that vitality of intellect and cat-like quickness of action that have ever baffled all opposition. But we must press on in our course. There is no place for hesitation on the inclined plane of existence. There is a constant warfare of habits in our constitution. In the dark ages, brutality prevailed, intellect awoke and was triumphant. In every human being the struggle is renewed. If we neglect progressive education, the physical acquires the ascendancy, the mind is enslaved, and whenever a crisis arrives, and every faculty is needed, they are bound down by many years of habit. The timid mice can weave a net whose tiny threads disable the slumbering lion's strength—the soft silken bonds of indolence and pleasure will in their fatal embrace entangle the most powerful genius. The faculties when daily placed in requisition not only strengthen separately as faculties, but daily work more smoothly and harmonious as a whole; and



by their united force are enabled to perform great achievements, while brighter intellects are spending their exertions to conquer and concentrate their powerful but rebellious forces. Like the drilled battalions of a veteran legion, these disciplined functions are invincible; the strongest enemy and the grimmest fortress go down before their steady, resistless valor. Sparkling wit and genial humor are the brilliant shoots of this vigorous plant. These brighter scions spring forth in the day of its prosperity, but when the wild winds blow, and the strong trunk groans and shivers to the heart, then from its writhing agonies spring that electric spark, which from its dazzling vanity only in the darkest danger blinds the eyes of its enemies and cheer the hearts of its friends. Yes! Let him whose steady eye has quelled the maniac's fury, let the helmsman who has faced the grim angel of Death and steered the gallant bark from the howling surge of destruction, let the captive who has turned the savage knife and quenched the fires that parched his breath, let the hero who has stemmed the headlong rout and borne his country's flag along the crimson tide of glory, tell you of presence of mind.

Activity is a laudable curiosity: it is constantly conversing with the sages of antiquity, listens to the honied eloquence or the thundering denunciation of Cicero or Demosthenes, hand in hand with meditation. Stands on the melancholy shore of time, and marks how often national liberty has sprung from the cradle to hasten to the tomb, it is constantly diving into oceanic libraries for the pearls of knowledge. It is constantly culling facts from the intricate fens of humanity and the magnificent realms of nature. Rasselas, the Prince of Abyssinia, when he had wandered from the happy valley and spent his youth in the vain endeavor to grasp the fleeting hope of human happiness, Prince de Leon after his gleaming spear-points had struggled through the tangled everglade, when he had bathed in those limpid lakes fanned by the balmy breezes sighing through the magnolia and orange, but found not in that enchanted clime the magic fountain of youth, these felt like many gallant souls—that life's golden treasure had slipped from their grasp and left them but "the baseless fabric of a dream." But unlike these, what a pleasure will not activity bestow on old age when it reflects the shelves of its own mind, not stained with the mingled wrecks of a mis-spent life, but laden with the shining store its own industry has amassed. Activity is the emblem of life, the ensign of progress. The innate flow of our own feelings indicates its connection with our constitution. How our pulse quickens when we enter the emporiums of trade, where the wealth of nations flows by in golden streams and commerce lifts her bustling song to the happy sky! How the eye leaps to the flash of the pioneer's axe, and how the heart beats to the music of the mountain torrent, modulated in the plash of the factory

wheels! And again, what melancholy feelings crowd our bosom, when entering the homes of departed grandeur we wander with echoing step along her silent streets, and pause 'neath her marble palaces slowly crumbling into ruin! When we see the factory idle and the decaying wheel, clogging the pebbly stream with the dripping moss. But oh! Far more mournful would be our feelings if we could gaze into the jeweled chambers of the mind, and see those faculties granted by omnipotence, to raise structures more beautiful than marble and more lasting than brass—stuped in degrading indolence: if we could see that beautiful germ instead of blushing into flower and fruit 'neath the genial air of activity: now drooping 'neath the tropical breath of pleasure, now bending to the simoon blast of passion! We may embark on the rippling tide of youth, with bright winged fancy as our guide—we may float down the college stream, gazing on the coral shells that deck its mirrored bosom, languishing in the perfumes that steal from its flowery banks, or drinking in the soft melody that floats along its silvery waters; but when we have drifted into the broad ocean of time, the black demon of the storm will breath his transforming breath on the beautiful hues of our enchantress. Stern reality as it flaps its whelming wings in our struggling faces, will laugh at our surprise and mock the fleeting illusion. Let us engrave “activity” on our banners.

“Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for every fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing  
Learn to labor and to wait.”

## TO LIVE IS NOT ALL OF LIFE.

BY PHESOI.

THE world of matter which surrounds us is stamped in every feature with the seal of an Omnipotent God. Whether we examine the hidden treasures of the mineral world—the variegated beauties of the vegetable kingdom, or the many and various forms of animal existence, the same irresistible evidences are everywhere portrayed. From the smallest flower of the vale to the giant oak of the forest from the diminutive animalculæ to the stately monarch of the desert—from the gentle streamlet of the rocks to the unmeasured wastes of the broad Pacific. Throughout the whole extended realm of material nature, there is one grand harmonious scheme or design; of cause and effect.

When the grand complement of animal and vegetable life had been spoken into existence and the frame work of nature seemed complete; when purpose was everywhere adapted to its mission and the complex machinery was ready for its destiny; a directing power was necessary to perfect the circle of being—a vital agent was still wanting under the jurisdiction of which matter might be controlled by a more exalted element and the functions of nature be made to subserve the will of an intellectual superintendent. That vital agent was the climax of creation—it was man. Of all existences animate or inanimate he stood alone as the representative of his Maker—the only creature to whom was given the soul's immortal faculties.

What then, we are led to inquire, is the purpose of man's existence? Why was he distinguished from every thing around him—with a heart which binds him by the strongest ties of sympathy to his fellows, refines and elevates his affections and renders earth a paradise? With a mind which is endless in duration and expansion, boundless in its aspirations and world-wide in its achievements? With a soul\* which unlocking the mysteries of revelation, holds communion with God himself—traverses the infinitudes of the universe and contemplates the Creator in all the majesty of his works? Is it that God might thus better display his Omnipotence? that he might show the extent of his own skill in bringing into existence so wonderful a price of mechanism? Or is it that these immortal attributes should lie uncultivated and dormant while the baser impulses exercise an unbridled despotism? That he whose heaven-erec-

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\*Considered as distinct from *mind* only in the functions herein specified.



ted face bears the signature of the eternal should be the slave of passion—that his soul, obscured by the dark veil of moral evil, should allow no gleam of light to dissipate the gloom of its moral thralldom? Is he not rather prompted by every impulse and principle of his nature to concentrate every energy upon his self-emancipation from mental and moral servitude, upon the happiness the honor and elevation of his race?

The life of man is a constant but glorious struggle. His responsibilities are heavy and constant; his triumphs or even his reverses and defeats are glorious. It is a contest against empty folly and the guilty slavery of brutal passion—a mastery over self and the unworthy promptings of his baser nature. Duty urges him to active unremitting strife—a virtuous ambition beckons him with prophetic finger to the goal of his final victory.

But in viewing the life of man as a stern reality, the considerations which constitute his responsibilities must be examined in the phases and consequences which they severally assume and carry with them. As he steps forth upon the broad arena of life, certain relations and dependencies arise which have their existence in the organization of society. Man is a social being. It is just as natural for him to seek the association of his fellow creatures as the gratification of his physical wants. The same chord which binds him to the domestic fireside—the same bond of sympathy which unites him to his friend, his home or his kindred is modified and extended but not changed in its character, when it comprehends his species. Every holy and virtuous emotion of the heart—every affectionate feeling which is the offspring of that emotion, be the sphere of its agency present or distant, is a characteristic demonstration that the tendencies of humanity are subject to the claims of society.

Man is formed for the society of his fellows. Solitude may sometimes lure from busy care to silent meditation; misfortune and disappointment may drive their victim to the hermit's cell; the mistaken zeal of a religious enthusiasm may shut the devotee in the monastery—yet the same unchangeable truth is stamped upon his nature that the purest of all earthly pleasures are found in the communion and fellowship of those around him.

Nor does his individual happiness alone demand that he should cultivate the social feelings and amenities of life; the constitution of society—the relation he sustains to his fellow-creatures, require that he should bear his part in the work in which all have an interest. That work is the social well-being of mankind. Every man is a constituent of a common brotherhood. In this relation he stands forth as the curse, the benefactor or the simple prototype of his race. His power is measured according to the sphere of his own energies; and this power is exerted for good or ill. He surveys the social fabric in all its varied phases. A mingled mass of sunshine and shadow, of truth and error, of human grandeur and human

frailty is present to his mortal eye. Does he hesitate as to what course he shall pursue? Is he clad in the bright armour of conscious virtue? or has he "locked up in steel" every milder and gentle impulse? And when he has entered the broad field of his labors, to battle with the waves of that current which all have to stem, is there a fountain in his affections from which flow the gushing waters of a feeling heart for the helpless or the unprotected? If not, then his affections are frozen cold by the winds of worldly selfishness. He is but the shadow, the outward shape of man from which has fled true nobility of human nature.

But while we consider the relations of man in a social point of view there are obligations of a higher nature still. I allude to his responsibilities in an intellectual capacity. The mind is the brightest conceivable testimony of Infinite Power. It is the great center on which turns the world of matter and the world of spirit. How important then must be the considerations involved in its mission—how grand the results connected with the investigation of its powers the direction and control of its faculties and the circumstances of its destiny. The intellectual and moral elevation of man is the noblest work of which his nature is capable. What other, I would ask, is entitled to a higher claim? What can be a more exalted labor than the emancipation of his being from intellectual and spiritual darkness—the redemption of his purer nature from the shackles of ignorance and bigotry—the dispersion of the clouds of gloom which obscure the radiant sunlight of knowledge? What mission on earth is fraught with loftier aspirations than that which prompts a man to rise above himself—to unfold the latent energies of his intellect and arouse within his mental being those grand and beautiful conceptions which elevate him to the scale of celestial intelligencies? What scheme of human action that ever man conceived can be more truly magnanimous and praiseworthy than the diffusion and dissemination of mental and moral light throughout the channels of human society—the refinement and elevation of every rank and class and grade of man? What more glorious achievement could engage his faculties than the upward direction of his soul to the source from which it sprung—the consecration of its glorious attributes to the mysterious providences of Him whose "ways are unsearchable and past finding out." Yea more the preparation of this immortal principle for the association of angelic natures, and a participation in the glories of that house "not made with hand eternal in the heavens?"

And is not this the mission of human nature? Who will say that such is not a glorious accountability? Who will say in the face of this that the circle of man's existence is bounded by his own desires? Who will say that—

Life is naught but idle ore  
Lying waste upon the shores of time,

when the voice of a common humanity, the silent but eloquent monitions of conscience, the face of universal nature unite in solemn attestation of the duty and destiny of man?

Go to the records of the storied past; trace upon its mirrored page the treasured names which deck the galaxy of earth's heroic great—names of those who will live in the hearts of men and of nations forever—names of those who have astonished the world by the moral grandeur of their achievements; ask yourself if life is not something more than living? Cast your eyes upon the mingled concourse of humanity which throng the extent of this habitable globe; behold the countless varieties of human suffering, of human waywardness and depravity; see the myriads of earth's denizens fettered by the caprice of despotic insolence, or stagnating in the miasma of ignorance and turpitude; look again and see them prosperous and happy—gathered around the festal board or the fireside home, or working harmoniously for the welfare and glory of the race, and think not that life is a “walking shadow” or a fitful dream.

Turn to the mystic volume of nature. Spread out the map of creation and study the grandeur of her dominion. Consider the multitude of her operations, the vastness of her forces and the changeless stability of her laws. Interrogate the blushing lily in its field of beauty—the pebble beside the babbling brook, or the pearly gem beneath its waters—the dewy fields of living green and the teeming myriads of organic life which people air, earth and sea;—turn then to man—probe if you can the mysterious relationship of his mind to its physical tegument; conceive of him a creature of mortality and yet of immortality—behold him in all the might of “creation's lord” and as a worm which is but the slave of his fellow worm; turn yet again to the orbs of light which deck the firmamental dome; compare our boasted world with the starry concomitants of her trackless course place the immense circumference of our own mighty system beside the boundless infinitudes of creation; think of worlds on worlds that reach beyond the ken of the chiefest archangel in the Court of Heaven: go yet from these to a loftier meditation—a moral universe: comprehend the destiny of all existence, material and immaterial: stand before the Throne and contemplate the majesty of the eternal; and tell me, if with these as subjects for our investigation, flowing like gladdening streams athwart the barren highway of existence inviting us to drink of their purity and their essence,—it is all of life to live.



## THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Farewell alas! I'm forced to say,  
On earth to meet no more;  
But oh! we'll meet another day,  
Upon a happier shore.

'Twas hard to part with thee, my boy,  
Who wast my sole support;  
But what's my Master's will is joy,  
And what he does comfort.

Oh! 'twould have been a precious thing,  
To've had thee by my side,  
When the dread messenger shall bring  
A summons for his bride;

To wipe the clammy drops away,  
To soothe the aching head;  
To cheer the dark and lonely way  
To regions of the dead.

But who had thought—alas! alas!  
That *thou* wert doomed the first  
Across the stormy sea to pass,  
And leave me here to thirst?

Yes, my devotion was too strong  
For thee, my idol boy;  
I knew that I was doing wrong  
To exercise such joy.

Then him to Thee, O! gracious God,  
I willingly resign;  
I'll bow me to thy chastening rod  
And mourn but not repine."

## SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

LETTERS illustrate the civilization and refinement of a people, make known intelligence and worth and serve as a sure index to character. To become acquainted with the traits of a nation, to find out the principles of its administration and to observe the fruits of its laws, we are not to enumerate its triumphs, number the years of its existence and enlogise its heroes; but we must examine the productions of the mind and see the object of our search in the sweetly flowing verse of the poet, in the swelling periods of the orator, in the calm message of the statesman, in the learned dissertation of the philosopher, and in the recording pages of the historian.

A pure, healthy Literature ever entwines itself around the pillars of a state founded on justice and mercy, and brings out in greater relief the beauties it half conceals. Like the chapter of the Corinthian column it imparts grace to the proportions of government and veils their defects. Coming neither at the bidding of the monarch, nor frequenting the courts of tyranny, it submits to no arbitrary commands, owns no master; but delights to dwell with the free. Loving ever to express itself unreservedly and frankly it has withered beneath the shades of palaces and flourished by the temple of Liberty. Surviving the glory of arms, the treasures of commerce and the cunning workmanship of man's skill, it constitutes the richest legacy a nation can bequeath to posterity, and the one most highly appreciated; for the exchequer may become empty, and the hand of vandalism may destroy the works of art; but learning will stand defying the assaults of time and increasing in honors as in age. Egypt despite her present debasement is frequented by the curious traveller, and challenges the admiration of all on account of the antiquity of her philosophy and her priesthood once the teachers of the wise; and not by reason of her early prowess and the former wide extent of her sway. Greece owes not fame to warriors and arms; but has been immortalized by the eloquence and genius of her scholars. Marathon's soil may no longer be trodden by the tourist, and Themistocles may become a mere myth; yet the classic walks of the Academy will still be remembered and the musings of Plato linger in the minds of men.

A kingdom may be powerful in resources, fierce in war and extend its conquests far and wide: yet if not emblazoned with intellectual glory and embellished with schools of learning it will make no advance in civiliza-

tion, its vigor will soon decay and victories turn into overwhelming defeats. Potentates have perceived that Literature must be the keystone which strengthens the arch of empire, and recognized the necessity of its presence and force. A Polycrates softened the asperities of oppression by honoring Pythagoras, the sage, and Anacreon, the lyrist, and a Frederick proud from his robberies and dripping with the blood of slaughtered myriads gathered around him the stars of science to shed lustre upon his throne, though it were as baneful as the scorching rays of Sirius: for infidelity flourished in his presence and the atheist was enriched with his gifts. But, as is well known the author enveloped in the purple and taught to fawn and flatter soon loses his wonted attractiveness, and becomes a cringing parasite! while he who is free from all obligations and dependent on no patron startles the world with the grandeur of his conceptions and the sublimity of his range.

Pampered by the wealth of an autocrat, a Voltaire sent far and wide his emissaries of evil, and polluted mankind with his vile ribaldry: while a Milton resisting the authority of a despot and struggling for freedom of thought issued from his teeming brains messengers of good and stood unveiled in the presence of Deity himself.

Riches may indeed summon for one's pleasure the luscious fruits of the South, the rich texture of the Orient and the minerals of the West, but cannot transplant letters into a rugged soil, and enjoy their sweets. As the tropical plant buds and blossoms in full perfection beneath the glaring sun, and throws out fragrant exhalations on the sultry breezes, so does Literature flourish where it finds a people and customs favorable for its growth. And it has wandered from clime to clime, forsaken the old accustomed haunts, and sought new homes and new disciples. Cradled on the banks of the Nile, nurtured among the orange and citron groves of Hellas, strengthened under the benignant care of the noble-hearted Roman, honored within the ivy-mantled walls of Germany, long entertained as a welcome guest in the halls of Albion's lords, Literature, with its constant companion Empire, has found a resting place on the shores of a western continent. Here it ceases from roving and sheds over the land the bright effulgence of its glory, showering down in rich profusion blessings upon its followers and clothing them in honor. At its command spring up as by magic institutions of learning, and the press ushers into being its unnumbered progenies. Books multiply upon books, discussing every subject, and of all conceivable sizes from the penny tract to the portly tomes of the library. No field of knowledge is neglected and no nook remains unexplored. Propelled by that curiosity which is inherent in our natures we pry into mysteries, prompted by a desire to acquire literary reputation we commit our thoughts to paper and with *rare liberality* present them



to the world. In fiction and in history, in poetry and oratory, we are not a whit behind the European nations, Sidney Smith to the contrary notwithstanding. The American novelist can boast of a Cooper and a Simms, the American historian can point to a Bancroft and a Prescott. The American harp is struck by the master hands of a Longfellow and a Bryant, and the land still rings with the eloquence of a Clay. The scientific American, hurrying along through the heavens and revealing the arcana of nature, contests the palm of victory with the savans of the East, and often astounds them with his indomitable perseverance and unbridled audacity. The Yankee can wield the pen as well as the sword, and gains as many triumphs by the one as by the other. He hangs on the walls trophies won in every department of wisdom, and regarding them as his dearest treasures he transmits them to his posterity as heirlooms of the most precious value. He delights to tell of the success of his country's arms, her commerce wafted by every breeze, and of the fame of her founders; but his bosom swells with a deeper joy, and his eyes sparkle with a nobler pride when he speaks of the ability of her statesmen, and mentions the overpowering reasoning of a Calhoun and the massive thoughts of a Webster. Citing the debates between these mighty intellectual giants, he calls upon history to furnish a parallel from the forum of Rome, the assemblies of Athens and the parliaments of England.

And who can say, what imagination can estimate to what lofty heights American Literature is destined to attain in ages to come, and what shall be the limits of its course. No pillars can mark its boundaries, no walls can circumscribe its territories. It ought to be restricted to no particular section of the country: but like the Constitution should be the property of all and every one should partake of its benefits. It should be one of the golden links binding together in closer bonds the several independent sovereignties of the Republic and along which could pass words of brotherly love and tidings of ever peace. With the church it should buckle on its armor, prepare itself for the conflict, withstand the incipency of hatred and roll back the waves of corruption. Standing on the watch-tower it should sound the alarm trumpet and herald the approaching danger. But alas! it too has been perverted from its good offices, drawn away from its duties and now forms a ready instrument of discord for the use of the agitator. Strong and prominent lines of demarcation are drawn at its will separating the whole into parts, designating the one as the abode of science and learning, and the fountain of all wisdom; stigmatizing the other as destitute of literary culture, devoid of genius and in fine as the abode of barbarians. How often has it been insultingly insinuated for a reproach that the South has no Literature, that her schools are imperfect, that her people are grossly ignorant, that her scholars are

few and of little erudition and their books unread. How many times have we been forced to listen to the miserable cant of the conceited Bostonian boasting of the excellencies of the "Modern Athens," abusing our institutions, scoffing at our intelligence and ridiculing our pretensions. The would be philanthropist, he who would free the universe from misery, and hasten the Millenium before its time, ascribes this barrenness to the holding of human flesh as property and declares that slavery paralyzes the mental powers and renders man unfit for thought. If we had the space we could easily show the fallaciousness of this ranting and its contemptible absurdity. If it were within the scope of our subject we might prove that the slave-holder has ever been noted for sublimity of imagination, richness of fancy, nobleness of feeling and beauty of expression. But the South has a Literature of her own. A Literature exempt from moral taint, pure as the tear that glistens on a maiden's cheek, fascinating as the smile that lingers around the maiden's lips. Partaking of the beauties of the land and the chivalry of the Southerner, it entertains while it teaches, and ennobles as it instructs. No immorality tarnishes its white pages, and no thread of corruption defiling the whole runs through its web. This Literature can adorn the centre table, fill the library, charm the modest and endear itself to the chaste. Here beneath the warm suns and amid the ambrosial forest, love warbles its plaintive song, and weaves it silken chains; and passion pours along its raging billows. The poet contemplating magnificent steamers, pleasing prospects, lovely skies and communing with noble youths and elegant daughters, feels a flood of golden light streaming through his soul, draws inspiration from the varied, enlivening view, fills his mind with expressive imagery and plumes himself for a more majestic flight. All conspire in giving strength to his conception, radiance to his fantasy and luxuriance to his thoughts. Even the breezes floating through the orange groves laden with perfumes brings music to his ears, and the quick, rushing, roaring tornado clothes his pen with sublimity. And a Hayne has not been silent amid these influences, neither has a Welby withheld her hand from the lyre. A Poe, all blazing with genius, has thrown around his weird dreams the scintillations of poesy, and mournfully sighs for Leonore; a Hope pictures the the happy days of yore, and tells of the gay cavaliers forsaking merry England's coast and founding a new State, while a Thompson, leaving the turmoil of business, incites us in musical numbers to patriotism, and bewitches with his sprightly sonnets. These do not excite the baser desires of the heart; but affect the generous principles of man; while many of the vaunted bards of the *favoured* North, clothed in "gilt and blue," conceal beneath the tinsel rottenness and nourish within the seeds of moral degradation. When the finger of scorn is pointed at her Literature, let

the South mention her poets, and as the Gorgon head transformed into huge rocks, the sea monster threatening the fair Andromeda, so will this simple act still the voice of ridicule and cover the slanderer with confusion.

Here the romancer finds worthy themes for his imagination, has a wide field full of allurements spread before him, and beholds impersonations of bravery and virtue. He needs not go and linger amid the decaying temples of the voluptuous east to be impressed by their hoary antiquity, and to be kindled by the myths still hovering around their crumbling arches; nor resort to the empty pageantry of royalty to quaff exhilarating draughts; for he has in his own clime all that tend to move and excite. A Simms enticed by the glory of the past and the legends of war loves to mingle with the hardy men of partisan strife, to group together in striking contrast the fiery Sumpter and the daring, prudent Marion, the bold borderman and the wily savage; and a Cooke paints on his canvass scenes of colonial days, sketches the portraits of the acute Jefferson, the bold defiant Henry, and echoes back the first outburst of liberty's cry. The Southern novelist delights to withdraw from these piping times of peace, to place himself amid the stirring years when the battle shout and the clanking of arms were heard, to tell the deeds of the gallant soldier of independence, the constancy and affection of the heroine of Seventy Six, and thus to inflame our admiration for the illustrious dead. How much better is this Literature than that which engenders hatred, lights the torch of fanaticism, exasperates brother against brother and stirs up civil commotion. How immeasurable superior are the Evans and Harlands of the South who instill virtue and love to the Stowes and Childs of the North who disgrace the nature of woman and sow broadcast the seeds of enmity.

That chapter of history which describes the blasted hopes of Raleigh, the horrors of the famished souls of Roanoke, the energy of Smith, the settling of the Old Dominion and the beautiful episode of Pocahontas, the bloody struggles between the white and the Indian, the extension of civilization over the mountains and the onward march of the pioneer, is as full of interest as any other. These notable facts and the memory of the fathers who laid the foundation stone of our greatness, the rise of that spirit of freedom which overwhelmed a Tryon and expelled a Dunmore, the renown of those patriots who made Guilford's name sparkle with glory and Yorktown become musical to the emancipated, the upward strides of a mighty people to power and happiness are to be perpetuated and enshrined by the Southern Chronicler. He indeed has an honorable part to perform and one of the most delicate character, in ages to come his pages must set forth the excellencies of our institutions, the soundness of our principles and the success of our system: he will have to repel the slan-



der and abuse of foes, shield the names of the departed from vile aspersion and award to each his due meed of praise. His volumes will have to replace those which deny our prowess, blacken our motives, strip us of the glories earned in the dark hours of the Revolution and on the plains of Mexico, and which even cast a reproach upon the fame of our Washington. He will have to show that when the blue lights gleamed ominously from the shores of New England, the fires of patriotism glowed brightly in the heart of the Southerner; and when the flag trailed in dishonor amid the snows of the North shouts of exultation and victory rang from the lips of heroes of Orleans. The Randolphs, Masons, Tylers and Pinckneys demand of him to preserve them from unmerited oblivion and to keep their services and sacrifices fresh in the memory of future generations. Every state can number those of her sons who impelled by filial affection have devoted their time, talents and labor to the preparation of her history; who withstanding the allurements of ease, the laurels and wealth of other professions have toiled to deserve the gratitude of their fellow-citizens, and to be requited by their thanks. And when statues are erected in honor of statesmen and generals, let not the recorder of their deeds be forgotten, and no sculptured urn mark his last resting place. Virginia has her Campbell, Alabama her Pickens, and the old North State her Hawks, the orator and the divine, the scholar and the antiquarian. He dwelling at the metropolis of the nation with the important duties of a large church devolving on him turns with fondness to his native commonwealth, searches the records, studies the annals and presents as a token of esteem an exposition of her colonization with the promise of completing the remaining parts of her exciting story; his volumes have been received with pleasure and admiration, and the forthcoming ones are looked for with deep interest and anxious expectation. The South needs not blush for her historians; but has reason to be proud of their productions; for they are among the choicest gems that glitter in the diadem of her glory.

The journals of Congress, the archives of the departments and the present prosperity of the whole country bear ample testimony to the intellectual superiority of the Southern legislator. The representatives of the South have always maintained the highest position and have shaped in a proportionate degree the destinies of the land. Wherever they have been placed, whether in the diplomatic or home service, whether on the floor or in the committee-room, they have displayed the ability to meet any emergency, to weather every storm and have never quailed beneath the glance of an opponent. The ablest elucidations of the constitution, the profoundest papers issued from the cabinet, the most forcible decisions of the judiciary, have all been the work of Southern genius. In the throes

of the nation's birth she furnished the pen and the tongue as well as the sword of the Revolution; and in every succeeding hour of danger the statesman of the South has seized the helm of State, and his clarion voice has been heard amid the howling of the storm encouraging the weak, cheering the despondent and overwhelming the disaffected. Laying hold of Declaration the messages of her Jeffersons and Monroes and the orations of her Clays and Calhouns the South will never yield her literary fame, and defies the world to produce their equals for solidity of argument, loftiness of eloquence and dignity of expression.

In theology a Breckenridge stands forth in all his massiveness and a Thornwell does honor to himself and to his associates. In philology a Harrison has enriched the student with learned dissertations on the ancient languages and the scholar can obtain masterly treatises on the science of numbers without resorting to the Northern publisher.

But why pursue the subject farther. We trust that the most skeptical is convinced that the South has a Literature of which she may well be proud. The present affords the pleasing indications of still greater proficiency, and that the time may soon come when the walls of her institutions shall be crowded, when the text books used in her Universities shall be the fruit of the wisdom of her own professors, when her periodicals shall be spread far and wide, when she shall rely on her own resources for literary food and furnish from her own abundance a pure stream of mental enjoyment to the other nations is the earnest desire of her true sons.

## HISTORY AS APPLIED TO US AS INDIVIDUALS AND NATIONS.

BY L'ETUDIANT.

TRUTH, it has been justly remarked, is stranger than fiction. The records of the past wear but the appearance, and produce only the effect, of some mighty drama. Heroes, kings and queens, statesmen and courtiers are its willing actors; peace and war, battle-fields, defeats and victories, exiles and courtly palaces, its scenes. Kingdoms and crowns, touched by the decaying hand of time, crumble away nor leave a vestige of their fallen grandeur. Ambition offers the highest honors of a fleeting world to those, who kneel at her shrine; wealth opens her glittering coffers to some intoxicated by fortune's cup; whilst others, perhaps, who have emptied that beaken in the giddy pleasures of life, are forced to abandon the temple of the fickle Goddess. Often, learning tempts the thoughtless throng with the richest fruits of wisdom; and thousands strive to win the glittering prize, in the vain hope that it is more enduring than fortune's smile, or ambition's gift. Yet all is but the delusion of a dream; and, as each fond worshipper kneels before his shrine, and views the coveted prize now nearly in his reach, he vainly strives like fabled Tantalus, to grasp it ere it flees. Still Time—

“—————flows on  
With a resistless, unremitting stream.”

Man, the sport of passion and creature of an hour, heeds not his rapid flight; till Death, with rude and never eluded grasp, hurries him to that—

“Undiscovered country, from whose bourne  
No traveller returns.”

Such are the reflections, which arise from studying the moral of history. The present may furnish much that is at once useful and instructive to calm and thoughtful minds. But the present is not adequate for purposes of instruction to every sudden emergency, or unlooked-for contingency. Experience, severe experience, must train our minds in the stern discipline of her school; and the dear-bought lessons of that school possess, in an eminent degree, the power of guiding uncertain reason, or of suggesting the truths of a correct judgment. Such truths, important as they are, are often heeded too late. Reason, intoxicated with deceptive success, or fatally regardless of impending evil, may insensibly advance



to the border of insanity; judgment, misled by fancied appearances, or slumbering in imagined security, may sleep even when approaching the verge of ruin. But, though oblivious of passing realities for a short time, both reason and judgment will at last awake from their lethargic repose. Yet, then, the spell will be broken too late; and the infuriated demons of despair and destruction will seize the souls, whether of individuals or nations, and hurry them to the abode of eternal oblivion!

Turn now to a period of more absorbing interest than many occurring in the dark ages of the past, pause upon the soil of once chivalrous, but now benighted, Spain. View with me Granada's battlements. There, in all the splendor of oriental magnificence, rise the Alhambra's walls—walls; upon which the fabulous wealth of Golconda's mines had been lavished for ages. And now, glittering in the soft silvery rays of the moon, a hundred turrets gleam with redoubled brightness. A hundred fountains play within the spacious gardens of that palace; whilst its bright halls, illuminated by countless chandeliers, reëcho the merry voices of the festive throng. Now, gently stealing on the bosom of the perfumed breeze, is wafted—

“————— a chanted, mournful strain  
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain.”

Now, softly and sweetly on the midnight air, it dies away in melting cadence; or ever and anon, as some passionate outburst of thrilling power escapes those ivied battlements, Granada's hills reëcho back the sound. “A thousand hearts beat happily”—now some gay cavalier stands enraptured by the witching music of some maiden's voice; or tired, perchance, of gaiety and mirth, they wander together amid the orange bowers, and, there drink deeply the sweeter music of their own souls. But swiftly fly the fleeting hours of the night, and, soon, this festive scene is over. Gradually the countless lights flicker and fail—and the noise of revelry ceases—and, now, naught is heard save the sighing of the breeze, or the play of those silvery fountains!

How enchanting is this vision of happiness—yet how illusive the spell thrown around us! For, now, “a change comes o'er the spirit of our dreams.” The Alhambra's walls have witnessed the last of those princely banquets. Music can never again be invoked to shed its soft strains through those orange bowers, nor thrill the joyous hearts of thousands assembled there. Hark! hear that wail of sorrow? Hear the knell of Granada's departed glory in the rising storms of war? Within those towering battlements a proud and haughty foe pours his fierce warriors. Now, where once in the gay tournament a friendly lance was crossed, gleams, in dire splendor, the ruthless battle-axe. Now, where often the melody of song so sweetly charmed the attentive ear,

“————— the clang of arms,  
The shriek of agony, the groan of death,  
In one wild uproar and continued din,  
Shake the still air.”

The heights are won; the scene is changed; and now, the proud banner of Castile floats from Granada's towers!

Is there no moral to this story. Alas! how sad is its recital—how impressive the stern truths, taught us by the downfall of the Moorish Kingdom! As such truths are applicable to nations, as well as to individuals, it is certainly a matter of vital importance to examine the condition of our beloved country, and apply, in her case, the salutary lessons of the past. Experience, and the testimony of history teach, in unmistakable language, the universality of decay. The body perishes and crumbles, forgotten, into dust. Universal matter must pass into oblivion. The classic hills and vallies of the old world teem with crumbling ruins and decaying battlements, at once, the relics of departed glory, and silent monitors of an end that must await all—nations as well as individuals. In a word, a single battle-field often marks the destruction of an empire, or the fall of a crown; and the desolate ruins of a hundred mighty kingdoms point but too plainly to the inevitable triumph of decay.

Only a few years have elapsed since the Puritan planted his little colony on the soil of Massachusetts. A handful of adventurers, who then landed on our shores, have since grown into a large and populous nation. The oppression of a tyrant soon drove them into rebellion; the Declarations of Independence asserted their natural rights, and the blood of American freemen which moistened the soil at Lexington, kindled a war which ended in the establishment of our nation. Since then our prosperity has been unexampled in the history of the world. Our national wealth and greatness have rapidly increased. The sails of our commerce “have whitened every sea,” and now, the stars and stripes float proudly to the breeze of every country on the globe—a protection to the oppressed, and the terror of the oppressor.

Such a state of national prosperity, nay even of national existence, cannot always be. It must be remembered that, as

“Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,”

so nations, as well as individuals, must pass away. The law of inevitable decay is fixed. How long, then, will our country exist as a nation? The question does not admit of an easy reply, and it can only be answered indefinitely. It is certainly the manifest duty of every American to prolong, as far as possible, the period of his nation's existence. And this is done by obeying its laws, and, in this manner, increasing its prosperity and the harmony of its citizens.

Our history, however, at this period, does not exhibit harmony and obedience to the laws. Already are the United States torn by civil dissensions and commotions. Already are our Constitution and laws set at defiance by our Northern brethren, and we may well tremble for the integrity of the Union. A band of blind, but ruthless, fanatics have, at length, succeeded in impelling over our heads a dark and ominous cloud, pregnant with destruction. Would to God that those devotees of fanaticism had learnt the useful lessons of history! Would to Heaven that that cloud, so dark and lowering—so threatening to national existence—could be averted! But in vain are our prayers. A once glorious, but now unequal, Union becomes at last the bond only of tyranny. Its Constitution, instead of being sacredly observed, is openly violated, and its laws are insultingly set at defiance. To patriots this is alarming, as it destroys the last hope of freedom on earth; to Southerners it is tyrannical, as it destroys their property and imperils their lives. So that, now, Southern lives and Southern *property* and *equality*, as well as national existence, are threatened. Our interest in life, property and equality, is superior to that in national existence. Hence the rallying cries, which electrified three millions of people on the eve of the Revolution, must now electrify us. And, though Webster, in ardent and eloquent language, once hoped that his eyes might *never* behold the star-spangled banner waving over “the dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union,” Southern feeling is now saying in thunder-tones: **A UNION CAN ONLY BE PRESERVED, WHICH GUARANTIES THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE STATES, AND THE EQUAL RIGHTS OF THEIR CITIZENS.**



*Dr. John T. Jones*

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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THE LATE DENISON OLMSTED, LL. D.—Denison Olmsted, one of the earliest advocates of special institutions for the professional training of teachers in the United States, and for nearly fifty years a successful teacher, and promoter of education and science, was born in East Hartford, Connecticut, on the 18th of June, 1791. Having lost his father in very early life, his education devolved, from the first, on his surviving parent, who will long be remembered by those who knew her, for her native strength of mind, her soundness of judgment, and her uncommon piety and benevolence. He was early trained to those habits of order, diligence, and perseverance, for which he has been so much distinguished throughout life. About the age of thirteen, he was placed in a country store with a view to the mercantile profession; but he soon showed so strong a taste for science and literature, as to convince his associates that he was destined to higher employments. Even at this early period he became an earnest student of English literature, and made very considerable advances in the elementary mathematics. Nothing could satisfy such a mind but the highest advantages for education; and, with the reluctant consent of his guardian, he resolved, at the age of sixteen, to prepare himself for admission to Yale College. He accordingly commenced his studies in the year 1807; and, with a view to husbanding his limited means, he undertook the care of a public district school. He thus gained those practical views of teaching, and that acquaintance with the youthful mind in its early development, which have made him eminently qualified to prepare text-books in the simplest rudiments, as well as in the higher departments of science, and to take an active part in promoting the interest of general education in our country.

Mr. Olmsted entered Yale College in 1809, under the presidency of Dr. Dwight, then in the maturity of his powers and the height of his distinguished reputation. He at once took rank among the best scholars of his class—a class distinguished for the eminent men it produced—and graduated with the highest honors of the institution in the autumn of 1813, when he delivered an oration on the “Causes of Intellectual Greatness.” He immediately resumed his favorite employment of teaching; and for two years had the charge of a select school in New London, Connecticut, where he was eminently successful both in discipline and instruction.

In 1815, he was chosen to the tutorship in Yale College—a laborious and responsible office, which he filled, with great acceptance to his pupils and the faculty, for two years, when he accepted the appointment of Professor of Chemistry in the University of North Carolina, remaining at Yale the following year, as a private pupil of Professor Silliman. There, associated with

President Caldwell, Professor Elisha Mitchell, Prof. Ethan A. Andrews, and Professor William Hooper, he had the satisfaction of seeing the university take an elevated rank among the higher seminaries of the country. During his connection with the University of North Carolina, he commenced, under the auspices of the legislature, a geological survey of the state, which was the first attempt of the kind in this country.

In 1825, Professor Olmsted was called to the chair of mathematics and natural philosophy in Yale College, which had been filled with eminent success by his classmate, Professor Fisher, who perished in the *Albion*, on his outward voyage to Europe for scientific improvement, in 1822; and afterward by Professor Dutton. The duties of the two professorships were discharged by him until 1835, when he resigned the chair of mathematics to Professor Anthony D. Stanley, whose genius and attainments in these studies he had helped to foster and mature.

Professor Olmsted is the author of several text-books, originally prepared to meet the wants of his own college classes, but which have taken their place among the standard works of the country. His "*Natural Philosophy*" appeared in 1831, and was followed within a year by the "*School Philosophy*," adapted to academies and high schools; both have had, and still have, a wide circulation—the latter having passed through nearly one hundred editions.

In 1839, he published "*Astronomy*" for college classes, which was followed by a compendium under the title of "*School Astronomy*." In 1842, appeared his "*Rudiments of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy*," adapted to pupils in elementary schools, both public and private. This little work has passed through fifty editions, and has been printed in raised letters for the use of institutions for the blind, having been selected by Dr. Howe for its clear, accurate, comprehensive presentation of the fundamental principles of the sciences of which it treats. His "*Letters on Astronomy*" was prepared as a reading-book for the School Library, commenced under the auspices of the Massachusetts Board of Education. It has been used extensively and as a text-book, especially in female seminaries. Professor Olmsted brings to his preparation of text-books a full and familiar acquaintance with the subjects treated, and a practical knowledge of successful methods of teaching the same.

Professor Olmsted deserves honorable mention in the history of popular education in the United States, for his early and continued advocacy and labors in behalf of improvement in elementary schools. In an oration delivered at the commencement exercises of Yale College, in 1816, on taking his degree of Master of Arts, he took for his subject, "The State of Education in Connecticut." In this address he pointed out "the ignorance and incompetency of school masters" as the primary cause of the low condition of the common schools, and appealed to public and private liberality to establish and support institutions of a higher grade, where a better class of teachers might be trained for the lower schools. To meet a great evil by a special remedy, and at the same time advance the condition of popular education generally, he had already projected the plan of "An Academy for Schoolmasters."

Professor Olmsted was one of the few teachers in our higher seminaries of learning who assisted, from the start, by their presence and coöperation the

efforts of the friends of common schools and popular education. His sympathies were with those who labored for the improvement of the schools of his native State prior to 1826 to his death. In 1838, he delivered a lecture before the American Institute of Instruction on the "School System of Connecticut," in which, after an interval of nearly a quarter of a century, he pointed again to the absence of an institution for the education of teachers as the great defect in the school system of the State. In 1845, before the same association, he drew the ideal of a perfect teacher. Thorough, accurate, and comprehensive knowledge—high religious character, deep enthusiastic love of his work and faith in its results, a strong and clear intellect, a lively imagination, good taste and good manners constitute the indispensable elements of a teacher of the people. He responded cheerfully to the call of the Superintendent of Common Schools to address Teachers' Institutes and Teachers' Associations, and repeatedly lectured in the Hall of the House of Representatives, during the session of the Legislature, when any action was to be had in either branch concerning common schools. He availed himself at all times of the lyceum and the popular lecture, as well as of the daily press, to apply the principles of science to the explanation of the extraordinary phenomena of meteorology and astronomy, as well as to the advancement of domestic comfort and popular improvement generally. In an Essay read before the American Association for the Advancement of Education, at New York, in 1855, he showed, in a felicitous manner, that the whole drift and tendency of science its inventions and institutions is democratic.

His more elaborate scientific papers have appeared in the "American Journal of Science," the "Transactions of the American Association for the Advancement of Science," and the "Smithsonian Contributions." He was also a frequent contributor to the "Christian Spectator," and the "New Englander."

For the above sketch we are indebted to the "American Journal of Education," for 1858.

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**THE MODEL STUDENT.**—The following thoughts were suggested to us by a "Fresh" asking our opinion about his college course and what our idea of a model student was. Whether our opinion is correct or not we leave that for others to decide:

The model student's name is scarcity. Many faithful students, 'tis true, can be found, or at least so called individuals; but our idea of a model student is somewhat above even the faithful one. There are many dangers into which a student is liable to fall, the avoidance of which constitutes the model student. Every man, no matter how noble his purpose or exalted his sphere, is in danger. Not even in the discharge of what we think our duty are we safe. For it was when Bunyan's hero was directly pursuing his journey from the palace Beautiful to the Celestial City that Apollyon met him with curses and arrows of fire. Verily, in his transit through the world man is as a pilgrim in the valley of the shadow of death.



Among men's liabilities those of the student are by no means the least. Notwithstanding its apparent quietude, his is a life of intensity. His faculties are ever awake. He is always travelling one road or another rapidly. If he mistake his way he approaches disaster with fearful velocity. But let us turn to those dangers, which the faithful student is liable to fall into, the avoidance of which is necessary to constitute the model student. In the first place, in his hot pursuit after knowledge and self improvement he is liable to forget all other men, and lose all sympathy with the world, and interest in its affairs. Coming to college fully resolved to do all in his power for self culture he can execute his purpose in no way except by close application. Accordingly he withdraws from all distracting influences, comrades, society, public affairs generally, and devotes his entire energy to his immediate pursuits. The result is obvious. Habitually we are only interested in the things to which we turn our attention. "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." The student who excludes the world and its transactions from his mind and makes his room his sole dwelling place and his books his only companions finds his taste gradually circumscribed. Public spirit is a stranger to him. Public welfare is no concern of his. In the outer world a financial crisis, its causes and workings, although it plunge thousands into distress, does not move him. A political contest, however great the principles at stake, a revolution even, unless it invade his own private sanctum, blows over without exciting either his hopes or his fears. The great ever-throbbing heart of humanity finds no response in his bosom. For all he cares struggle may succeed struggle, justice be crushed out of existence and the oppressed groan on for ever.

This is the picture of the College styled model student. This is an evil that grows out of over devotion to his work. Again in this way a student is liable to disqualify himself for personal influence. Where we have no sympathy, we have no power. But besides, the man with feelings alive and purposes true, may confine himself so closely, even with the intention of gaining strength for influence, as to defeat his own end. His habits become settled, inflexible. His methods of thought differ from those of other men. He distrusts the ways of others. In turn they distrust him and laugh at his conservatism. Don't understand us as decrying hard study nor the scholarship it produces: more of it is needed. We only touch on liabilities. Our ideal scholar is a man who has large and various affinities of soul; whose mental absorption is powerful in every department of knowledge and whose requisitions are changes into vital power, are practical. Study with reference to these, and if you expect to gain them, yours will be the course of the model student.

THE OLD YEAR.—The shrill whistling of the “north wester” around our college buildings reminds us that old Boreas has again been unchained from his frigid cave. And most of all our beautiful Campus, the pride of every Chapel Hillian, has doffed the gay summer robe and donned the more sombre one of winter.

Shall we weep or rejoice over the grave of the old year? Let us rather shed a silent tear in memory of the past. What changes has not a short twelve-month brought about! Reader, think for a moment what has occurred, both in Europe and in America. In the Old World thrones have been overthrown, and the might of the people established. Italy has been regenerated and the proud Roman once more taught to spurn the slaves' chains. The world has looked on in wonder at the rapid strides of human liberty. The grand spectacle has been presented to civilized Europe of the strongest despotism in the world maintaining the right of the people of Italy to elect their own lawful sovereign by their votes. And among these nations the arts and sciences and commerce have made no less astonishing progress. Unexampled prosperity has marked the advancement of these nations.

But, with us, this year is destined to be long remembered. No year since the foundation of our Government has been of such intense interest to the people of America. Our wonder-loving people were first flattered by the visit of the Japanese Embassy. No circumstance within the history of our country was ever hailed with more universal joy. These Asiatics were feasted, lionized and gloried over as no visitors were ever before. Our President and all his officials vied with each other in doing them honor. Our fairest women prodigally bestowed their most ravishing smiles upon them, and even fancied them handsome whom a skilful naturalist might have some conscientious scruples in pronouncing whether they belonged to an intelligent race of monkeys or to the family of man.

These Orientals had scarcely left our shores before the Great Eastern, the wonder of the world, made its appearance in our harbors. This great leviathan furnished an inexhaustible source of conversation. Our dailies and monthlies were almost wholly devoted to giving elaborate descriptions of the monster ship.

We next were saluted with the shouts of welcome which greeted the Prince of Wales on his landing on our soil. We wanted the young gentleman to receive a sufficiency of attention, by way of making him forget our past animosity and show him our present good will to the nation he will some day govern. But the inordinate amount of flunkysm displayed on all occasions by our citizens must have disgusted the Prince if he is a man of good sense. The indecent curiosity of our people even invaded the sanctuary of the Most High. Because a live Prince went to a particular church, thousands sought to worship in the presence of Royalty. What a commentary is this on our plain republican manners and institutions! These shows (for they were nothing else,) have almost been forgotten save perhaps by a few individuals only. But why dwell on these stale topics? rather let us hasten on.

The grand spectacle of the Presidential contest has just ended in the elevation of a sectional chief to the highest office within the gift of the people. A

different result has obtained from that of any preceding one. Formerly, after the smoke of the conflict had cleared away, and it was known who had triumphed, the passions of all parties died out, and general quiet pervaded. But not so now. The great fountains of party feelings have been too thoroughly broken up. We hear the mutterings of all the antagonistic elements in our body politic, calling up recruits to decide the unended and unnatural contest by an appeal to arms. Fortunately for our once happy country, there is yet hope in the future. The tide of Northern fanaticism and Southern rage under a sense of accumulated wrong, may yet subside, and the sentinel upon the watch-tower of Freedom may yet exclaim, "all is well!" Our gallant ship of State freighted with the invaluable Constitution of formerly united and proud America, and the last hopes of the patriot and the lover of freedom throughout the broad earth may yet ride safely through the sea of political troubles that now surround it and threaten to engulf it in the long night of civil anarchy and bloodshed. In this position we stand as the advocates of no party or creed. We simply give utterance to our feelings as loyal sons of a State that has ever been true to the Federal Union and to the constitutional rights of all the States.

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**DEATH OF A GRADUATE.** We have heard with feelings of the deepest sorrow of the death of George L. Wilson, of Newbern, N. C., a late graduate of this University. To one of our number he was a sincere and attached friend; by all of us he was honored and respected. It has been but a few short months since he left us with the glow of health upon his cheek, with a mind well trained and disciplined by a long course of hard study and diligent application, and in every way prepared to act well and nobly his part in the great drama of life. Endowed with a patience that no labor could exhaust, and a mind no difficulty could daunt, his talents would no doubt have entitled him to any distinction to which he might have aspired. But alas! ere his elastic step had begun to falter or his youthful hopes to fade, ere he had fairly entered upon that field of action where his talents promised him such a bright and successful career, the Destroyer came—and all his high aspirations with the hopes of his friends are buried with him in the grave!

George Wilson entered this college in June, 1856, and graduated in June of this year crowned with the highest honors of the University. At the commencement of 1858 he was awarded the prize for having written the best English Composition offered by his class during the Sophomore year. During the Fall Session of the same year he became a member of the Baptist Church, and never from that time to the day of his death was he known to act inconsistently with the profession which he then made. Not unfrequently did he fondly indulge the hope that God would send him forth a missionary to China, so that he might carry the glad tidings of the gospel to the people of that benighted land. During his Senior year he was an Editor of this Maga-



zine, and by the efforts of his prolific pen contributed much to the reputation which it now enjoys. At the time of his death he was pursuing the study of law in his native town.

Sad and mournful is the duty we perform when we are called upon to record the death of a young man, especially one so good and so gifted as was George Wilson; and it is with a melancholy pleasure that we pay this last sad tribute to his memory. While a member of College, he was universally respected and esteemed by his fellow-students; he was kind and courteous to all, respectful and grateful to his instructors; and when he graduated last June, Faculty as well as students regretted his departure. He returned to his native town, alas! to die. We have been unable to learn the particulars of his death; but as he lived a consistent christian, so, doubtless, he died happy in a Savior's love. He leaves many fond friends to deplore his loss, who while they deeply sympathize with his bereaved family in their great affliction, and shed bitter tears of sorrow over his early grave, yet will be comforted with the assurance that his spirit has winged its flight to blissful realms in Heaven.

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For this article we are indebted to the sweet-flowing pen of "Ninon." We will be glad to hear from her again; either as a Poetess or as a writer of prose:

"CASTLE-BUILDING."—It is strange how prone the mind is to wander 'mid the scenes of by-gone days. To me there has always been a peculiar charm in the histories of the olden times, and when imagination pictures, the gallant leader and

"The following host,  
Poured forth by thousands."

ready, aye, ready for the field, with the determination to fight for their Gods, and for their native land written on stern brows, and sterner hearts; and where "liberty or death" was the watch-word of assembled millions who clothed in glory their country's name, and where each brave leader "counted heroes, where he counted men" and knew that in all the bright array there was not one coward heart, who would have it said it trembled for fear. When even timid women buckled on the armor of those dearest to them with their own hands, and with a firm voice bade them go and be true to their country and themselves. There awakens a feeling near akin to regret, that Greek and Roman soldiers are no more, and that Greek and Roman maids and matrons fill no longer their accustomed offices. But most do we feel how fleeting are the things of earth, when we call for the heroes of departed days and they answer us not again, they who intoxicated by the syren whispers of Ambition, marched with rapid strides, to the topmost, though tottering pinnacle of earthly power, built on the crushed hopes, and broken hearts of those who were once their dearest friends. But friend or foe it boots not which, so they added a stepping-stone to the conqueror's greatness. They were but mortal,

and they are gone. But where will another Cæsar, Anthony, or Brutus appear in these days of luxury and effeminacy? And when will more majestic strains awake the slumbering intellect of our "Pigmy race," than those of Virgil, or of Horace? Read but the "Iliad" and with the poet you will acknowledge that—

"Read but Homer, once, and you can read no more  
For all books else appear so mean and poor,  
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read  
And Homer will be all the book you need."

Not that I mean to disparage the authors of later days, but the mysterious veil of romance is wanting, that lends to the Grecian bards such an irresistible charm.

"Castle building" is pleasant always, but when in fancy I roam in the gorgeous temples of Rome or of Carthage, 'neath the soft blue of the Italian sky, and picture the varied scenes that have transpired in the shadows of the now ruined walls, the sacrifices, and feasts,

"The boast of Heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,

methinks it would be sweet to dream always. But the ever-changing current of thought will not be content to run in ages so long past, forms and scenes of later years will rise; the names of Napoleon, and of Washington take the place of those of ancient ability. And Shakespeare, Byron, Milton, Moore and others lay the productions of their great minds by the side of Grecian classics and claim our notice as weaker brothers. Nations rise and fall and rise again. Time writes in frosty letters on all things, "Passing away." In a few short years we know that we too shall be forgotten; our country share the fate of others; our great men live only in their works; nothing be left but the name. 'Tis when such thoughts as these arise I would fain come back to busy life again, and dream no more.

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**RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.**—We have been shown by the agent the Repository of religious books and tracts belonging to the American Tract Society and under the charge of the Young Men's Christian Association. We take great pleasure in announcing that such a repository has been established at the University.

The selection though at present too small for the demand is a very good one. Arrangements have been made for keeping large quantities of the best and standard religious works on hand for the future. These books are sold with no profits but at publishers prices. Call on the agent at No. 21 west end S. B.

VACATION.—Once more the happy time has arrived when the student bidding adieu to these "classic walls," looks forward with increasing rapture to the coming vacation. Our Alma Mater, that has for five long, weary months kept us so strictly beneath her watch, has at length loosened her reins and we are now at liberty to scamper whithersoever our inclinations lead us. Farewell, ye ancient classics; farewell, ye abstruse theories of mathematics, but above all farewell to thee, college bell. No more will thy harsh tongue sound the knell of our murdered slumbers. No more will thy thundering peals call us shivering from our beds. To you, kind friends, who have cared for us in sickness, a fond adieu. Yes, to one and all, farewell, for we are going home.

How the heart swells at the mention of that name! Again we are gathered around the family hearth and listen to the voices of those we love. Again we recall to mind those loved forms as last we saw them when they stood watching our departure, and lingering to get the last glimpse of our retreating figures. Father, we are coming home; your good counsel and advice have not gone entirely unheeded, although we have often been led astray. Mother, fond mother, your boy is coming home. Still do thy last words, as if but of yesterday, whisper in his ear "God bless you, my son—be a good boy!" Again, sweet sister, we would bid you welcome us. Often amid the troubles of a student's life have we missed thy gentle hand and thy kind and sympathizing voice. Friends and relations, once more bid us welcome to your midst.

But to most of our classmates there is still another, the bare mention of whose name causes emotions unutterable to throb within the heart, and as for ourselves we do not deny being in the same category. But now comes the momentous question—how will these fair beings receive us? Will they meet us with that bewitching smile which speaks volumes to the anxious heart, or will they come forward with that cold indifference which seems to say, "I wish you were not here?" All we can do is to wish you success, and may you be as generous to us; and when we return and are gathered again in a jovial band, may we amid the smoke—not of the battle-field, but of the peaceful meershaum—be able to recount our many victories without the sad recollection of a single defeat.

For those who expect to spend their vacation upon the Hill we can predict nothing but a pleasant time. We are too well aware of the accomplishments and beauty of our Chapel Hill belles to fear that any will die of ennui. Once more, a happy vacation to all.

---

We have on our table the following exchanges: The Southern Literary Messenger, the Virginia University Magazine, the Printer, the Williams Quarterly, the North Carolina Journal of Education, the Medical Journal, the Harvard Magazine, the Kenyon Collegian, the Hampden Sydney Magazine, the New York Teacher, the Southern Planter and the Fly Leaf.



Here is the latest of Mrs. Sigourney's productions. We have no doubt that it will meet with the hearty concurrence of all true friends of the Union.

### THE UNION.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Ho! Eagle of our banded States,  
Wilt drop thine olive fair,  
And bid the shafts of war and woe  
Speed bursting through the air?  
And the soaring Eagle answered,  
Waving his peace-branch high,  
"No! Freedom's chieftain gave the trust—  
I'll guard it till I die!"

Ye stars, that shine in sparkling blue  
Upon your banner'd field,  
Shalt be stricken from your place,  
And half in clouds conceal?  
But silent were those glorious orbs,  
With dread amazement fraught;  
Each trembling in its crystal sphere  
At the dark traitor-thought.

Oh, human hearts! to concord train'd,  
By sires who stood of yore,  
As brothers, when around their homes  
The Lion ramp'd in gore;  
Will ye the heritage they won  
With ruthless hand divide?  
Or rend the Gordian knot they drew  
Around ye—when they died?

Then from the Pater Patriæ's tomb,  
Beneath Mount Vernon's shade—  
And from the hero's bed who sleeps  
In Nashville's beauteous glade—  
And from green Quincy's honor'd breast,  
Where sire and son repose—  
"Break not that band," a solemn voice  
In deep accordance rose.

Hark, hark! o'er forest rob'd in snow,  
In sunny, flower-crown'd vales,  
From where the Atlantic's thunder-tone  
The far Pacific hails;  
From mart and dell, where millions dwell,  
By prairie, lake and hill—  
Rolls on, the full, sublime response—  
"We never will!"

**FEAR AND CREDULITY**—Fear upholds tyranny, credulity supports imposture. The Czar of Russia employs the former, the Mormon imposter subsidized the latter. Cowardice and simplicity are their agents—mankind their victims. The history of the world is their history. The thrones of tyrants are the altars they reared, and their subjects, bound by the fetters of superstition, have during sixty centuries rendered an obsequious homage. Fear is cruel, credulity is mean. These influences reigned conjointly in Egypt when the sword of the Turk and the religion of the Koran rendered the land of darkness more desolate than it was under the rod of the Persian or the heel of the Assyrian. Bigotry and slavery rioted together in the palaces of the Ptolemies. Every generous sentiment and every manly emotion died in the hearts of their successors, and the Egyptian accursed of God and man became a “by-word to the nations and a stranger in the land of his fathers.”

Credulity often disturbs the peace of the world; it makes implacable enemies of those who should be confiding friends; it makes treachery, more treacherous, and cruelty more cruel. The Mahomedan slays the christian to merit the approbation of Heaven, and the christian slays the Mahomedan to save his offspring from the burning lake; the Israelite cooled the anger of Heaven with the blood of the Gentile, and a cowardly world pronounced the horrid expiation meritorious.

Men rarely award to others what they deny to themselves. One sentiment governs the fanatic, the bigot, and the slave; they are equally cruel, equally credulous, equally *mean*.

---

**APOLOGY.**—We have to offer an apology to our readers for the absence of our accustomed engraving. We were to have had Prof. Olmsted's, but owing to some mishap it has failed to reach us. We have waited for them as long as possible but as the session is fast drawing to a close and most of the students desire to get their number before leaving we have been compelled much against our will to issue the present number without the engraving. Our next number will contain both our engraving of Prof. Olmsted and that of some other distinguished man; so that, we will make nothing and you shall lose nothing by the present failure.

---

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—Those of our subscribers who have not yet settled their accounts, will please do so at the earliest opportunity, as we are very much in need of funds. We dislike very much to be compelled so often to allude to this, but we can not carry on the Magazine without money—We hope this is sufficient to induce all to attend to this matter.

---

We admire the ladies because of their beauty, respect them because of their virtues, adore them because of their intelligence, and love them because we *can't help it*.

## TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

---

DIALECTIC HALL, NOVEMBER, 1860.

Whereas it has seemed good to an All-wise Providence to remove by the blasting hand of Death, our fellow-member, SANDFORD E. SUTTON, he who but a few months ago was in our midst, it becomes our duty in due deference to the many virtues which he bore as a zealous and active member of our body, wherein to express our deep regret, that he so soon in the morning of life ended that course so nobly begun. Therefore,

Resolved, That the Dialectic Society, while she bows in humble submission to the will of Omnipotence cannot but lament the death of one, whose usefulness, energy, and talent, were so well calculated to reflect honor on our Society.

Resolved, That the Society tender to the bereaved family, her heartfelt sympathies, and mourning in unison, would point them to the Eternal source of never ending happiness.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of the deceased, the La Fayette Courier, Ala., Raleigh Register, and University Magazine, with a request to publish them.

M. F. TAYLOR,  
A. HILL PATTERSON, } Com.  
JAMES B. MITCHELL,

---

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References: Faculty of the University; W. J. Bingham & Sons, Oaks, N. C.; A. Wilson, D. D., Mellville, N. C.

March, 60.

WM. B. LYNCH, Principal.

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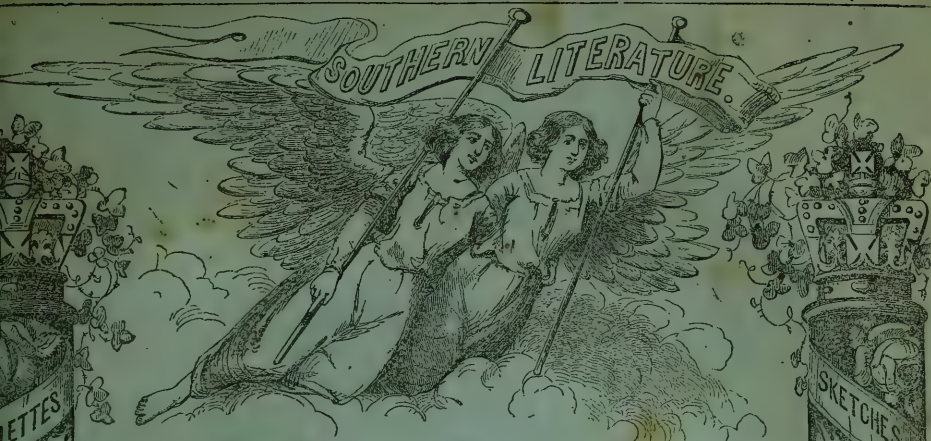
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**Vol. X. FEBRUARY. No. 6.**

# **NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.**

## **EDITORS:**

OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

JOHN T. JONES,  
OLIVER T. PARKS,  
DAVID W. SIMMONS, JR.

OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

THOMAS T. ALLEN,  
ROBERT S. CLARK,  
JOEL P. WALKER.

FOR SALE BY  
**W. L. POMEROY, Raleigh, N. C.**

CHAPEL HILL:  
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1861.



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## Receipts.

We acknowledge the following receipts since first of December: Hon. D. L. Swain, \$2; Ferguson, \$2; John D. Fain, \$2; J. H. Hicks, \$2; Mrs. L. A. Sawyer, \$2; Gov. Charles Manly, \$3; James Sloan, \$2; Norfleet Smith, \$2; R. H. Smith, \$2; W. H. Hardin, \$2; E. J. Hardin, \$2; Lynden Swain, \$2; Yager, \$2; George Taylor, \$2; James Graham, \$2; Dunnell, \$2; Anderson Couch, \$1; Jarvis Luterloh, \$2; Charles Barron, \$2; E. L. Faison, \$2; R. T. Murphy, \$1; T. G. Skinner, \$2; J. H. Saunders, \$2; J. F. Foster, \$2; (by J. G. Ross,) S. D. Goza, \$2; K. Jones, \$2.


## NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

As we receive a good many letters asking the price, &c., of the Magazine, to save time and trouble we publish below all necessary information.

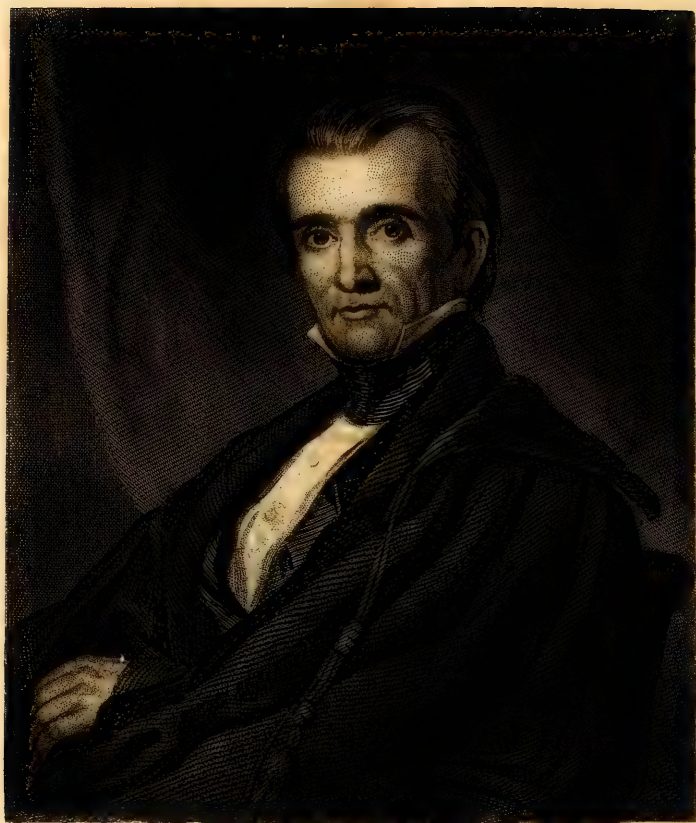
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James H. Falk



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FEBRUARY, 1861.

No. 6.

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## JAMES K. POLK.

NORTH CAROLINA was founded chiefly by Covenanters from Scotland, and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians from the north of Ireland, all of whom left their country for "conscience sake." We cannot, therefore, be surprised that in that state the seeds of independence were early sown; nor do we wonder that its sons claim to be the first who declared their freedom from all obligations to obey the government of Great Britain.

Among the leading men in the Revolution, were the now widely extended family of *Polk*, originally *Pollock*. They are said to have been the first Democratic family of note in the country, and one of them was the prime mover, and a signer of the celebrated "Mecklenburg Declaration" of May 20, 1775. This was the great uncle of the President.

Samuel, the father of JAMES KNOX POLK, was an enterprising farmer. He was throughout life a firm Democrat, and a warm supporter of Mr. Jefferson. Thrown upon his own resources in early life, he became the architect of his own fortune, and in the year 1806, he removed with his family of ten children, from North Carolina to Tennessee, where he was among the pioneers of the fertile valley of the Duck river, now one of the most flourishing and populous portions of the State. He was followed by the Polk family, with the exception of one branch, and they added character to that portion of the great valley of the Mississippi.

JAMES KNOX, who was named after the worthy father of his mother, was the oldest of the ten children of his father. He was born in Mecklenburg County, N. C., November 2, 1795. Removing, as we have seen he did, in very early life to Tennessee, it could be no matter of surprise that his early education was very limited. The opportunities for instruction furnished in an infant settlement were few, besides which he was no

Affable, but dignified; intelligent, but unaffected; frank and sincere, yet never losing sight of the respect due to her position, she has won the regard of all who have approached her. May she long be spared to perpetuate the memory of him whose name she bears.

In August, 1825, being then in his thirtieth year, Mr. POLK was elected to represent his district in Congress, and took his seat in December following. He brought with him the principles to which he adhered through all the mutations of party. He was at that time, with one or two exceptions, the junior member of the body, but so conducted himself as to satisfy his constituents, so that he was returned for fourteen years in succession, from 1825 to 1839, when he voluntarily withdrew from another contest, in which his success was not even questionable, to become a candidate for the office of Governor in his adopted State. The same habits of laborious application which had previously characterized him, were now displayed on the floor of the House, and in the committee-room. He was punctual and prompt in the performance of every duty, and firm and zealous in the advocacy of his opinions. He spoke frequently, but was invariably listened to with respect. He was always courteous in debate; his speeches had nothing declamatory about them, were always to the point, and always clear. So exemplary was he in his attendance on Congress, that it is said, he never missed a division while occupying a seat on the floor of the House, and was not absent from the sittings a single day, except on one occasion, on account of indisposition. Such punctuality in a legislator, is rarely witnessed, and therefore it deserves to be remembered.

The first speech which Mr. POLK made in Congress, was in favor of a proposition so to amend the Constitution as to prevent the choice of President, in any event whatever, from devolving on Congress. This address at once attracted the attention of the country, by the force of its reasoning, the fulness of its research, and the spirit of honest indignation with which it was animated. As one of the friends of General Jackson, he entered warmly into the subject, and his speech was characterized by what was with him an unusual degree of animation, in addressing a deliberate body. Henceforth the way was clear before him. Although among his associates in Congress there were many of the ablest men in the nation, an honorable post among them was cheerfully assigned him, and he became henceforth identified with the most important transactions in the Legislature. During the whole of General Jackson's administration, as long as he retained a seat on the floor, he was one of its leading supporters, and at times, and on certain questions of vast importance, its chief reliance. Throughout the period of his connection with the Legislature, he was on the most important committees, and originated many momentous measures.

In December, 1835, Mr. POLK was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, and was again chosen to that high office in 1837, at the extra session held in the first year of Mr. Van Buren's administration. During the first session in which he presided, more appeals were taken from his decision than had occurred in the whole period since the origin of the government; but he was uniformly sustained by the House, and frequently by the most prominent members of the opposition. He was courteous and affable toward all who approached him, and in his manner, as the presiding officer, dignity and urbanity were admirably blended. Notwithstanding the violence with which he had been assailed, Congress passed at the close of the session, in March, 1837, an unanimous vote of thanks to its presiding officer, from whom it separated with the kindest feelings; and no man now could enjoy its confidence and friendship in a higher degree. His calmness and good temper had allayed the violence of opposition, in a station for which his sagacity, tact for business, and coolness eminently qualified him. In the twenty-fifth Congress, over which he presided as speaker during three sessions, commencing in September, 1837, and ending in March, 1839, parties were more nearly balanced, and the most exciting questions were agitated during the whole period. At the close of the term, Mr. Elmore, of South Carolina, moved the usual vote of thanks. A long and exciting debate arose, when the resolution was adopted. In adjourning the House, Mr. POLK delivered a farewell address of more than ordinary length, and characterized by deep feeling. Thus ceased his connection with the House, for he declined a reelection. He had faithfully discharged his legislative duties fourteen years.

Thus freed from engagements of this kind, he was taken up by the friends of the administration in Tennessee, as a candidate for Governor. After an animated canvass, during which Mr. POLK visited the different counties of that extensive state, and addressed the people on the political topics of the day, the election took place in August, 1839, and resulted in a majority for Mr. POLK, of more than two thousand five hundred votes over General Cannon, and on the 14th of October following, he entered on the discharge of the executive duties. This station, however, he filled but two years. As he was not reelected, he returned with cheerfulness in 1841 to the duties and enjoyments of private life; where, blessed with a competency which enabled him to be liberal in his charities, and to dispense a generous hospitality to his friends, and favored with a wife whose virtues and graces made his home a paradise, little was left for him to desire.

But can a politician stand still? Mr. POLK was not without ambition, and the expectations of his friends were early fixed on the presidential



chair. At the session of the Tennessee Legislature, in 1839, he was nominated by that body for the Vice-presidency, to be placed on the ticket with Mr. Van Buren, and with the expectation that he might succeed that gentleman in the higher office; and he was afterwards nominated in other states for that station, but the design failed.

From the time of the defeat of Mr. Van Buren, in 1840, till within a few weeks of the assembling of the national democratic convention, at Baltimore, in May, 1844, public opinion in the republican party seemed to have been firmly fixed upon him as their candidate for reelection to the station which he had once filled. But in April, 1844, a treaty was concluded by President Tyler, between the United States and the republic of Texas, for the annexation of the latter to the American confederacy. This measure was fruitful of contention, and destroyed the general expectation that Messrs. Van Buren and Clay would be the rival candidates for the presidency. In the midst of this commotion the democratic convention assembled, and after much discussion and many trials of strength in behalf of various parties, the name of Mr. POLK was mentioned, and it operated like magic; harmony was instantly restored, and in the end the vote was unanimous. The honor to Mr. POLK was entirely unexpected, but who could expect him to decline it? On the 28th of November, the result of the election being then known, Mr. POLK visited Nashville, and was honored with a public reception by his democratic friends, together with a number of their opponents in the late contest, who cheerfully united with them in paying due honors to the President elect of the people's choice. A grand procession, and an imposing illumination testified the hilarity and joy of the people.

Mr. POLK left his home in Tennessee, on his way to Washington, the latter end of January, 1845. He was accompanied by Mrs. Polk, and several personal friends. On the 31st of that month he had a long private interview at the Hermitage, with his venerable friend, Andrew Jackson. The leave-taking was affectionate and impressive, for each felt conscious, that, in all probability, it was a farewell forever. It was the son, in the pride of manhood, going forth to fulfill his high destiny, from the threshold of his political father, whose trembling lips, palsied with the touch of age, could scarcely invoke the benediction which his heart would prompt. Before another harvest moon shed its light upon the spot hallowed by so many memories and associations, the "Hero of New Orleans," and the "Defender of the Constitution" slept the sleep which, till the morning of the resurrection, knows no waking.

Various pleasant anecdotes, illustrative alike of the character of Mr. POLK and of the manners of the country, are told of his "progress" to the Capital, far more attractive than the movements of monarchs. When

the steamboat, on which he proceeded up the Ohio river, stopped at Jeffersonville, Indiana, "a plain-looking man came on board," says a passenger on the steamer, "who from the soiled and coarse condition of his dress, seemed just to have left the plough handles or spade, in the field. He pressed forward through the saloon of the boat, to the place where the President was standing in conversation with a circle of gentlemen, through which he thrust himself, making directly for the President, and offered his hand, which was received with cordial good will. Said the farmer, 'how do you do, Colonel? I am glad to see you. I am a strong democrat, and did all I could for you. I am the father of twenty-six children, who are all for *Polk, Dallas, and Texas!*' Colonel POLK responded with a smile, saying, he was happy to make his acquaintance, feeling assured that he deserved well of his country, if for no other reason than because he was the father of so large a republican family."

On March 4, Mr. POLK was duly inaugurated President of the United States. An immense concourse of people assembled at Washington to witness the imposing ceremony, every quarter of the Union being well represented. The morning was wet and lowering; but the spirits of the spectators were proof against the unfavorable influences of the weather. All parties joined in the appropriate observance of the day, and the national standard floated proudly from the flag-staffs of both democrats and whigs.

Mr. POLK entered upon the duties of his administration under somewhat unfavorable auspices. He belonged to a younger race of statesmen than the prominent candidates whose names were originally presented to the Baltimore convention, and it was but natural that he should be fearful of incurring the dislike of some one or more of them, which might tend seriously to embarrass his administration. But his position personally, was all that could be desired. He had no pledges to redeem,—no promises to fulfill; and he was not a candidate for reëlection. He was indifferent, too, as to which of the leading men of his party should be his successor. It was his desire, therefore, to harmonize and conciliate, but, at the same time, to surrender no principle, to maintain his character for independence, and to observe the dignity of his official position. For these reasons, his cabinet was selected from among the most distinguished members of the democratic party, and in it each section of the confederacy was represented.

It will be remembered by our readers, that the treaty for the annexation of Texas, concluded by President Tyler, had been rejected by the Senate of the United States, on June 8, 1844. At the ensuing session of Congress, the subject was again discussed, and joint resolutions providing for the annexation, were adopted on March 1, 1845. The people of

Texas, represented in convention, signified their assent to the terms of the resolution on the 4th of July following, and formed a state constitution, which was forwarded to Washington to be laid before the Congress of the United States by the President. This difficulty was thus settled; as was also the Oregon question, so long an apple of discord between Great Britain and the United States; and the war with Mexico, arising out of the annexation of Texas, soon after ended. All these great events elicited the statesmanlike talents of Mr. POLK and his official advisers, and furnished ground of satisfaction to every lover of his country. Much additional labor had been thrown on the President, but it was all ably and promptly performed.

Other great and grave questions had to be now discussed and acted on, such as the independent treasury system, the tariff of 1846, the course in regard to official appointments, the river and harbor veto, and the territorial bill for Oregon, but our limited space affords no room for discussion, besides which the reader can have no difficulty in obtaining whatever information relative to them he may desire. Congress assembled for the last time during the administration of Mr. POLK, on December 4, 1848. The most important subject then agitating the public mind, was that growing out of the Wilmot Proviso, as to which his opinions had been made known in his annual message. His vetoes, too, had been attacked, in some of the Northern and Western states, with great asperity, and an effort to amend the constitution, so as to deprive the executive of this power was said to be in contemplation. He therefore availed himself in his last annual message to vindicate his course and to express his opinions.

March 5, 1849, the 4th happening on Sunday, General Taylor was duly inaugurated as the successor of Mr. POLK. The latter gentleman took part in the ceremonies, and rode at the side of General Taylor in the carriage which conveyed them to the Capitol. He was also one of the first to congratulate him at the close of his inaugural address, at the same time rejoicing that he was himself relieved from the anxieties of public life. On that afternoon, he and Mrs. Polk took leave of their friends,—many words of mingled regret and endearment being uttered on both sides,—and in the evening commenced their return to their home in Tennessee. Thus ended the most important administration since that of Mr. Madison. As Mr. Jenkins one of Mr. POLK's ablest biographers, has remarked, "The settlement of the Oregon question, the war with Mexico, and the acquisition of California, will cause it to be long remembered. Ages hence, if the God of nations shall continue to smile on our favored land, the dweller on the banks of the Mississippi, as he gazes on the mighty current that laves his feet, and beholds it reaching forth, like a



giant, its hundred arms, and gathering the produce of that noble valley into its bosom, will bless the name of Thomas Jefferson. So, too, the citizen of California or Oregon, when he sees their harbors filled with stately argosies, richly freighted with golden sands, or with silks and spices of the Old World, will offer his tribute, dictated by a grateful heart, to the memory of JAMES K. POLK. At home, his administration was well conducted. Though the war with Mexico was actively prosecuted for nearly two years, the national debt was not largely or oppressively increased, and the pecuniary credit of the government was at all times maintained; more than double the premiums realized in the war of 1812 being procured for stock and treasury notes. Commerce, agriculture, and every art and occupation of industry, flourished during this period, happiness and prosperity dwelt in every habitation. In the management of our foreign relations, ability, skill and prudence were displayed. Our rights were respected; our honor defended; and our national character elevated still higher in the estimation of foreign governments and their people."

If Mr. POLK was gratified with the enthusiastic demonstrations of regard which attended him on his journey to Washington, to enter on the duties of his administration, he was far more sincerely pleased with the kindly greetings that everywhere welcomed him as he returned to his home in Tennessee. The one might have been selfish, for he had then office and patronage to bestow; but the other was the genuine homage of the heart. At Richmond, he was complimented with a public reception by the citizens, and the Legislature of Virginia, then in session; at Charleston, Savanrah, and New Orleans—at every place he passed on his route,—congratulations, prayers, and blessings attended him, like ministering angels, to the home from which he had gone forth in early manhood to carve out his destiny, and to which he now returned with the harvest of fame he had gathered. Perhaps, however, the most gratifying reception he met with on his whole journey, was at Wilmington, N. C., where the people of his native State, came together in crowds to welcome him. Extensive preparations had been made for his reception, and in replying to the orator who addressed him, he said:—"You remark truly, sir, that I still cherish affection for my native State. I receive its welcome as the blessing of an honored parent. North Carolina can boast of glorious reminiscences, and is entitled to rank with, or far above, many who make great pretensions. It was from her—her counties of Mecklenburg, New Hanover, and Bladen, that the news of treason in the colonies first went to the ears of the British monarch, and here was the spirit of independence first aroused."

The exhausted health and strength of Mr. POLK now demanded rest.

He had been eminently devoted to the duties of his great office; friends and enemies acknowledged that his labors had been too great for his comparatively delicate frame to sustain with safety. He had been for a long time subject to frequent attacks of chronic diarrhoea, one of which greatly prostrated him on his journey up the Mississippi. Previously to this period, he had purchased the beautiful house and grounds of his friend and preceptor, Mr. Grundy, situated in the centre of the city of Nashville. Here, surrounded by the convenience which an ample fortune enabled him to procure, in the constant companionship of his wife and books, and in the frequent society of the friends he esteemed, he had determined to pass the remainder of his life in ease and retirement, fulfilling his duty to himself and the world, but not entering again into public life. On arriving at Nashville, after a few days' rest, he took possession of this elegant mansion, and seemed to be rapidly gaining strength; he devoted himself to the improvement of his grounds, and all now seemed to promise long life and enjoyment.

But, alas, how often are the brightest expectations of man doomed to the darkest disappointment! Even those highest in rank and excellence, are compelled to meet the common lot. Some of the friends of Mr. POLK were observing the rapid improvement of his health, and were struck with his erect and healthful bearing; and the active energy of his manner, which gave promise of long life. His flowing gray locks alone made him appear beyond the middle stage of life. About the first of June, being detained within doors by a rainy day, he began to arrange his extensive library, and the fatigue of reaching his books from the floor to the shelves, brought on a slight fever, which the next day assumed the form of his old disease. The best medical aid was obtained, and for some days no alarm was cherished. But, in defiance of the most eminent skill, he continued gradually to sink, so that when the disease left him four days before his death, there did not remain energy enough for healthy reaction, and on the evening of Friday, June 15, 1849, he expired, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

The close of life now rapidly approaching was contemplated by Mr. POLK with all the solemnity which its vast importance demanded; and all his conversations on the subject were worthy of his character. He evinced a very thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, which he said he had read a great deal, and deeply revered as divine truth; in a word, he had been throughout his life theoretically a Christian; and now, more than ever felt the importance of genuine piety. He said that when in office he had several times seriously intended to be baptised; but the cares and perplexities of public life scarcely allowed time for the requisite solemn preparation; and so procrastination had ripened into inaction, till it was

now almost too late to act. About a week before his decease, he received the sacraments of baptism and of the Lord's Supper from the Rev. Mr. McFerrin, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with whom he had long been personally intimate, and then calmly awaited the change which should remove him to another state of existence. About half an hour preceding his death, his venerable mother entered the room, and kneeling by his bedside, in the presence of Major POLK, brother of the ex-president, and the other members of the family, she most solemnly and feelingly commended the departing soul of her son to "the King of kings, and the Lord of lords." Previously to this act, he had taken leave of all he held dear; and could thus say with Lord William Russell, "the bitterness of death is past."

On the day following, the mansion of the lamented ex-president was shrouded in mourning, and the corpse, dressed in a plain suit of black, with a copy of the Constitution of the United States at its feet, lay in one of the drawing rooms, to receive the last look of thousands of friends and neighbors; and the cortege which accompanied his remains to their last resting place, was composed of almost the entire population of the city and adjacent country. The plain silver plate on his coffin, contained merely these words:

"J. K. POLK,  
*Born November 2, 1795,*  
*Died June 15, 1849."*

At Washington, and in every part of the Union, due honors were paid to his memory.

In person, President POLK was of middle stature, with a full angular brow, and a quick penetrating eye. The expression of his countenance was grave, but its serious cast was often relieved by a peculiarly pleasant smile. His private life, which had ever been upright and pure, secured to him the esteem of all who had the advantage of his acquaintance.

The Hon. Mr. Chase, in his "*History of the Polk Administration*," says very truly, "No one who ever knew Mr. POLK ever considered him a brilliant genius. His mind possessed solidity rather than imagination. His perception was intuitive, and his memory retentive to an extraordinary degree, while his judgment rarely led him to error. His manners were remarkably affable, and always made an impression upon those who knew him. Among his intimate friends, he indulged his wit and humor with perfect freedom, and they always found him a pleasant and instructive companion." The prominent trait of his character was extraordinary energy. In college, at the bar, in his political canvasses, and in the discharge of his executive duties, he was alike distinguished for his untiring



industry and indomitable will. This frequently induced him to devote his attention too much to minute details, and had the effect of impairing his constitution. He invariably succeeded in inspiring his friends with his own enthusiasm; no obstacle could deter him from the energetic discharge of his duty. Subsisting upon the plainest food, and perfectly temperate in his habits, he accustomed himself to a rigid system of diet, which alone could have sustained him in his political conflicts. As Mr. Chase has remarked, "Posterity will pronounce his eulogium!"

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## LIFE AND LETTERS OF CORNELIUS HARNETT.

COMPILED BY HON. DAVID L. SWAIN.

THE General Assembly of this State at the session of 1854-'5 established the COUNTY OF HARNETT. The annual address before the two Literary Societies of the University, the following commencement, June 1854, was delivered by George Davis, Esq., of Wilmington. The address was, in substance, a sketch "of the early times and men of the lower Cape Fear," and prominent among the subjects of deserved and well-wrought eulogy was the patriot to whose memory the General Assembly had so recently rendered a tardy tribute.

"To all the men of whom I have spoken, history has done some justice, more or less partial. But there was yet another who shone like a star in the early troubles of the State, of pure and exalted character, of unsurpassed influence with his countrymen, and the value of whose services was only equalled by the extent of his sufferings and sacrifices in the cause of liberty. And yet, so little is he known, that I doubt not, gentlemen, many of you have not even so much as heard his name. I speak of Cornelius Harnett, the pride of the Cape Fear—"the Samuel Adams of North Carolina."\* To the shame of the State, his birth-place has not heretofore been even conjectured; and meagre as are the accounts of his early history, they are full of errors. He is always spoken of as the first and only one of his family in North Carolina, and is said to have emigrated from England to the Cape Fear; and one historian† makes him

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\* Journal of Josiah Quincy.      † Wheeler, 2—282.

to have been one of Governor Burrington's Council in 1730. This is all wrong. In 1730 he was only seven years old. His father, of the same name, was among the earliest emigrants to the Cape Fear, and was for many years one of its leading inhabitants; and he did not go there from England, but from the county of Albemarle. I think it nearly certain that he himself was born in the Precinct of Chowan, and most probably in the town of Edenton. In the Register's Office of New Hanover county\* there is the record of a bond from Colonel Maurice Moore, of New Hanover Precinct, to Cornelius Harnett, "of the same place," dated 30th June, 1726, and conditioned to make him a title to two lots in the new town of Brunswick, upon his building good habitable houses thereon within eight months. This fixes the period of the father's emigration to the Cape Fear. But where had been his previous residence? There is another public record which gives us the information. At the General Court sitting in Edenton, the 29th of March, 1726, "George Burrington was indicted for that about the 2nd of December, 1725, with Cornelius Harnett of Chowan, and others, he assaulted the house of Sir Richard Everard, &c."† Now, from his abetting Burrington even with force, in his quarrel with Sir Richard Everard, and from his afterwards being appointed one of his first councillors when he became a second time Governor in 1730, we may fairly infer that Cornelius Harnett the elder was the intimate friend and associate of Gov. Burrington, and a man of distinction in the colony as early as 1725. And to have attained that position, he must have been resident there previously several years at least. If these inferences are correct, his son, the subject of this sketch, was a native born North Carolinian; for we know that he was born in 1723. From 1765 to 1780, there was scarcely a movement in the patriot cause in which Cornelius Harnett did not bear a conspicuous part. And a bare enumeration of the appointments which he filled, and of the men with whom he was associated, would be sufficient to show the influence he exercised, and the estimation in which he was held."

To this sketch beyond a few explanatory notes we propose to add nothing of our own. It affords us great pleasure, nevertheless, to have it in our power to render a more valuable service to our readers by the publication of the following "Notes relative to Cornelius Harnett," written by the late Archibald McLaine Hooper, many years ago. Mr. Hooper was a small boy at the time of Mr. Harnett's death, but probably old enough to retain his remembrance, and was familiar with the circle in which he moved. Mr. Hooper's grandfather, Mr. McLaine, and his uncle, William Hooper, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were among Mr. Harnett's most intimate friends, and the notes may be regard-

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\* Book A., page 71.    † Williamson, 2—229.

ed as presenting the opinions of these eminent men as well as those of the writer :

"Cornelius Harnett held a conspicuous station among those intrepid patriots, who roused the people of North-Carolina, into resistance of British aggression ; who conducted them, through the dangers and perils of the revolution ; and who assisted in establishing a government for the preservation of those liberties, for which they contended.

"In 1774 he was one of that band of patriots composed of Henderson, Burke, Ashe, Johnston, Harvey, Nash, Iredell, Moore and others, who resisted the demand of the British Government for establishing a Court system favoring the inhabitants of the mother country, to the exclusion of creditors, on this side of the Atlantic.

"The first motions of disaffection on Cape Fear, were prompted by him. When the conjuncture favourable to his projects arrived, he kept concealed behind the curtain, while the puppets of the drama, were stirred by his wires into acts of turbulence and disloyalty. Afterwards, when a meeting was convened at Wilmington, he was bold in the avowal of his sentiments and in the expression of his opinions.

"In 1776, he was a member of the Convention at Halifax, which framed the Bill of Rights and formed the Constitution of the State. In 1777, 1778 and 1779, he served as a delegate, in the Continental Congress.

"In the year 1781, a British force occupied the town of Wilmington. And the first incursion from the garrison into the country, was planned by the commandant, with a view of taking Mr. Harnett prisoner, and also of obtaining possession of a considerable sum of money confided to him, for the purchase of munitions and clothing, for the Continental Troops. Mr. Harnett, was however, on the alert. As soon as he received intelligence that the enemy had entered the river, he adopted precautions for the preservation of the money ; and managed with so much forecast and address, as to direct it safely to its precise destination. He then lost no time, in making efforts to escape from the danger to which his person was exposed, from the proximity of the enemy. He left his plantation on Topsail sound, with the intention of seeking a refuge at the head of New-River, in Onslow County. On his way, he was seized with a paroxysm of the gout, which forced him to stop at Colonel Spicers,' about thirty-two miles from Wilmington. Here he was confined to his bed for four days.

"The detachment sent to take him, hearing that a body of cavalry at Moore's Hill, in Duplin county, and another body on Trent were in motion ; and apprehensive of being attacked and overpowered, returned to Wilmington and obtained a reinforcement, with which, assisted by treach-



ery, it recommenced the pursuit. It reached Col. Spicer's plantation about daybreak. When the alarm was given, Mr. Harnett, under the impulse of the moment, sprung from his bed with an activity which surprised those who were in the room with him, and who considered him too much debilitated for any exertion. On a little reflection, however, the impossibility of effecting his escape became obvious to him. He submitted to his adverse condition; and on an occasion attended by circumstances calculated to shake the nerve of the most resolute, we have reason to believe, he displayed a firmness and a dignity, consistent with the tenor of his life. The importance of the prisoner (himself and Gen. Howe being the only exceptions in the proclamation of amnesty published by the British,) probably prevented the detachment from murdering him. They treated him roughly; and the treatment he received from Craig, the commandant, was little better. He was confined to the block-house for three days, during which time, the attention and deference paid to him by all the respectable loyalists, induced Craig to adopt a mild usage. He was paroled; and took lodgings, which rendered his situation comfortable. He did not, however, long enjoy this indulgence.

"Aware that his disease must terminate fatally, he declined the advice of his physicians, but received thankfully their kind and friendly attentions. In the last stage of pain and suffering, he had, as might be expected, his moments of impatience and asperity. The placidity of his temper never, however, deserted him long; and he enjoyed a serenity of mind, to the last hour of his existence. Some of his friends endeavored to present to his mind the consolations of revealed religion, and to enforce on it the necessity of repentance; but he had so intrenched himself in the positions of infidelity that their approaches were too easily resisted at that awful period. He died in the tenets in which he had lived, and dictated a short time before his expiration the simple epitaph which appears over his grave. A valetudinarian for the last three years of his life, his death was probably not accelerated by the hardships or the privations incident to his captivity.

"His stature was about five feet nine inches. In his person he was rather slender than stout. His hair was of a light brown, and his eyes hazel. The contour of his face was not striking nor were his features, which were small, remarkable for symmetry; but his countenance, was pleasing; and his figure, though not commanding, was neither inelegant nor ungraceful.

"In his private transactions he was guided by a spirit of probity, honor and liberality; and in his political career he was animated by an ardent and enlightened and disinterested zeal for liberty, in whose cause he exposed his life and endangered his fortune. He had no tinge of the vis-

ionary or of the fanatic in the complexion of his politics. "He read the volume of human nature and understood it." He studied closely that complicated machine, man, and he managed it to the greatest advantage for the cause of liberty, and for the good of his country. That he sometimes adopted artifice, when it seemed necessary to the attainment of his purpose, may be admitted with little imputation on his morals and without disparagement to his understanding. His general course of action in public life, was marked by boldness and decision.

"He practised all the duties of a kind and charitable and elegant hospitality; and yet with all this liberality he was an exact and a minute economist.

"Easy in his manners, affable, courteous, with a fine taste for letters and a genius for music, he was always an interesting, sometimes a fascinating companion.

"He had read extensively, for one engaged so much in the bustle of the world, and he had read with a critical eye and an inquisitive mind. Yet in the perusal of his familiar letters we are disappointed, and we ask ourselves why it is that we do not perceive any indications of that elegance or of that refinement with which his character was imbued.

"In conversation, he was never voluble. The tongue, an unruly member in most men, was in him nicely regulated by a sound and discriminating judgment. He paid, nevertheless, his full quota into the common stock, for what was wanting in continuity or fullness of expression, was supplied by the glance of his eye, the movement of his hand and the impressiveness of his pause. Occasionally too he imparted animation to discourse, by a characteristic smile of such peculiar sweetness and benignity, as enlivened every mind and cheered every bosom, within the sphere of its radiance.

"Although affable in address he was reserved in opinion. He could be wary and circumspect or decided and daring as exigency dictated or as emergency required. At one moment abandoned to the gratifications of sense, in the next he could recover his self-possession and resume his dignity. Addicted to pleasure, he was always ready to devote himself to business, and always prompt in execution. An inflexible republican, he was beloved and honored by the adherents of the monarchy, amid the fury of a civil war. A deist in principle and a libertine in practice, he was caressed by the moralist and courted by the votary of christianity.

"Such was Cornelius Harnett. Once the favorite of Cape Fear and the idol of the town of Wilmington; his applauses filled the ear, as his character filled the eye of the public. Now forgotten, his name awakens none of those associations which keep alive the recollections of a brilliant life.

"His grave is to be seen in the North-Eastern corner of the grave-yard

of St. James' Church, in Wilmington, with a head-stone on which is the following inscription,

"CORNELIUS HARNETT,  
*Died April 20, 1781,*  
*Aged 58 years.*

"Slave to no sect, he took no private road,  
But look'd through nature, up to nature's God."

We congratulate the reader on our ability to exhibit at this late day still better means for forming an accurate opinion of the true character of Harnett than is afforded by the details derived from the very respectable sources to which we have referred. We allude to a series of letters written at successive intervals during the entire period of his service in the Continental Congress. We are not certain that every one will concur in the opinion of Mr. Hooper that "the familiar correspondence" of Harnett shows "no indications of that elegance or that refinement with which his character was imbued." We are very confident, however, that no true North Carolinian will read these public letters without increased respect and affection for the State, and without very high admiration of the courage which sustained the writer in the darkest days of the revolution, and the lofty and disinterested patriotism exhibited throughout the whole course of his legislative career.

Of the thirty-six letters of Mr. Harnett to which we have access 11 were written to his colleague Mr. Burke (Governor in 1781-'2) and the remainder to his friend William Wilkerson, Esq., of Wilmington. The earliest of the collection is dated 16 July, 1777 and the latest 25 April, 1780; the former of these was written at Baltimore on his way to take his seat for the first time in the Continental Congress, at Philadelphia, and the latter at Wilmington shortly after the close of his last term of service. The series reflects much light upon the condition of the country, and the proceedings of the Continental Congress, during the eventful years 1777, 1778, 1779 and the early months of 1780.

The letters to Mr. Wilkerson have all, with the exception of the first, the date marked upon them, at which they came to his hands. We have taken pains to arrange the following table of dates in order to exhibit the speed with which letters were transmitted by private conveyance, by mail or by express, from the national capital during the session of 1777 to the most important commercial town in North Carolina.

Four letters were written from Philadelphia, the first dated 20th July, was transmitted by mail in 65 days; the second 11th August, in 25 days; the third 26th August, in 24 days; the fourth 13th September in 62 days. A letter from Lancaster, dated 25th September, was received 29th October—34 days.



At the time the Congress removed to York no mail route extended that far into the interior and the printing press did not of course precede the mail. A post office was established very soon, and a newspaper no great while thereafter. We regret that the copies of this paper transmitted with the letters have not been preserved. Whether owing to disaffection on the part of the government officials or not, Mr. Harnett seems to have had very little confidence in the fidelity of those concerned in the transmission of the mails.

Twenty letters written from York during the time that town was the temporary seat of national government, bore the dates and arrived in the spaces of time indicated below: 4th October, 1777, 31 days; 10th October, 35 days; 20th October, 33 days; 23d October, 16 days; 2d November, 19 days; 13th November, 54 days; 19th November, 29 days; 20th November, 27 days; 8th December, 17 days; 12th December, 26 days; 16th December, 21 days; 28th December, 49 days; 6th January, 1778, 30 days; 3d February, 43 days; 10th February, 36 days; 3d March, 37 days; 7th March, 24 days; 18th March, 46 days, and 28th March in 37 days.

#### LETTERS FROM CORNELIUS HARNETT TO THE HON. THOMAS BURKE.

##### I.

YORK PENNSYLVANIA, Nov. 13, 1777.

*Dear Sir:*—The child Congress has been big with these two years past is at last brought forth (confederation.) I fear it will by several Legislatures be thought a little deformed; you will think it a monster. I wish however some kind of confederation may take place. Many carry their ideas of this matter so far as to believe our affairs must be ruined without it; be this as it may it will in a few days be sent to the Legislatures of the several States. Nothing more has been done worth your notice. Our time has been chiefly employed in army matters and God knows we have had perplexity enough.

Gen. Washington's headquarters are at White Marsh, a few miles from Germantown and the pickets of each army are very near together. We are informed of a large reinforcement detached from Gen. Gates' army, on their way to join the main army, and everybody hopes a good account will still be given of Sir William. You left us, dissatisfied, but when you hear that we still have the command of the river—Burgoyne's whole army surrendered—the noble defence made at Red Bank, Fort Mifflin, &c., you will I hope entertain an opinion that our armies must conquer where ever they appear notwithstanding the few checks (perhaps necessary ones) they have lately met with—we have an account of 30 transports

sailing from New York, supposed to bring a reinforcement of troops to Gen. Howe. They are not as yet arrived in the Delaware.

As soon as our main army receives the reinforcement expected, I shall *expect* to hear of a vigorous attack on the enemy, but I am no General.

At the battle of Germantown I am informed Col. Martin has again been so unfortunate as to meet with censure. He has been tried by a court martial and acquitted as I hear. Since the death of our worthy and brave Nash, I have received a letter from Col. Sumner showing the necessity of having a brigadier appointed. What can your delegates do in this case? For God's sake endeavor to get our Assembly to nominate the gentleman they would choose. I am told by several officers, that, should Col. Martin be appointed, many resignations, would take place as several of the Colonels &c., are much dissatisfied with his conduct. Col. Sumner is I believe next in rank, a worthy man. Our brigade will as soon as Col. Shepherd arrives at camp be a very respectable one consisting of 2000 rank and file. I wish to see some one or more of my countrymen at the head of them, and hope they may be esteemed in camp, and out of it, as our worthy deceased friend was. The sooner one or more General officers is appointed the better—indeed we have a right to the appointment of a Major General for our State should it be thought necessary. Pray let me have your opinion freely and *dispassionately* on the articles of confederation. The mode of settling the quota of each State towards defraying the general expense has taken up much time. Some States were for the valuation of all the property in each State; others for fixing it by the number of inhabitants; others, on the value of land. This last seems to come as near the mark as any, except a valuation of all property; however, the value of land has taken place, much against the desire of the delegates from the eastern States.

As I expect you will be directed to return immediately after the rising of our assembly, I hope you will take care to be properly instructed in every measure they may wish to accomplish. You ought to be here—no State should have a less number of delegates than three present in Congress, and I hope our State will attend constantly to that rule.

I have a great inclination to return home and wish to be in future excused from this kind of service. Between you and me, we shall be ruined in it, and I wish to make way for some gentleman who values his honor *in this way*, at a much higher rate than I do. I have not time to say one word more than to desire you'll make my compliments to all my friends in Assembly. I wrote Messrs. Hooper and MacLaine a few days ago and shall write them again very soon. No post or press as yet established here, and when I meet with an opportunity to write my friends I am obliged to do it in such hurry that I hardly know what I write.

Believe me to be with unfeigned esteem, dear sir, your affectionate and obedient servant,

CORNELIUS HARNETT.

II.

YORK, PENNSYLVANIA, Nov. 20, 1777.

*Dear Sir:* Our affairs at head-quarters seem to remain much as they were when you left us. The river has been as well defended as could possibly be expected, but our brave Col. Smith was a few days ago obliged to leave Fort Mifflin in ruins to the enemy. Bob Morris still thinks, the enemy's ships will not be able to get to Philadelphia this winter; others are very doubtful. For my part I anxiously look for the time of the river being frozen over; this seldom happens before Christmas. We cannot find the reinforcement from New York, yet arrived, but Gen. Howe hourly expects it, some say 3,000 some 5,000. Gen. Washington's strong reinforcement from Gen. Gates' army will be at head-quarters to-morrow. If you were here you would think a general attack should be made on the city immediately. Others imagine that Gen. Howe may, in the course of this winter, be starved out, but I think we have no right to expect two British armies in one year to surrender. In my next, however I will if I can, send you news. The expectation of the people is great, they believe as soon as Gates' victorious troops arrive at head-quarters, Gen. Howe's army will be ruined. I am also of this opinion.

Col. Martin has been tried by a court martial or court of enquiry, I don't know which, on his behavior at Germantown, and acquitted. Our brigade (the high officers of it) are exceedingly anxious to have a general officer appointed. I wish it were done. You know the delegates concluded to take the opinion of the general assembly; I wish this could be speedily done. You know better than I do how our Colonels stand as to rank, Martin, Sumner, Polk, I believe. As far as I can find from the officers, I have conversed with, they wish for Sumner and Clarke. This might cause several resignations. We have too many officers for the number of men. You know Congress catch at resignations, with great eagerness. A new board of war is appointed. Gen. Mifflin, Mr. Hamilton and another gentleman I think the Adjutant-General of the army Gen. Mifflin resigns his office of Quarter Master General, but holds his rank of Major General without pay.

Your favorite *confederation* is at last finished, it only waits to be printed and sent on by the President to the Legislatures of the several States, for their approbation with a pressing letter from Congress on that subject, which you will soon see. Our finances are in such a situation that unless



the States agree immediately to tax as high as the people can possibly bear, the credit of our money must be ruined. Another very large emission must take place—there is no preventing it. The treasury board see the fatal consequences of this measure. But they also perceive when we have no money, we shall have no army. The loan offices are already drained to the utmost farthing. The prospect before us is truly distressing. We must however continue further emissions. I tremble at the consequences. A defeat of Gen. Howe's army must, I think, be attempted; should we succeed, we shall be on our legs again. I wish the whole force of America could be collected to effect this grand purpose.

Our worthy and agreeable friend Mrs. Trist, is well; I shall soon send my carriage for her and Mrs. Ross, they intend a visit to Mrs. Ross' relation in this town.

For God's sake get the Assembly to recommend General officers for our brigade. As soon as Col. Shepherd joins them they will consist of at least 2000 rank and file. They are exceedingly uneasy. They are at present commanded by the brave McDougal, yet they imagine they appear contemptible in the eyes of the army not having one General officer from our State. They insist they have according to the proportion of men, a right to a Major General and two Brigadiers. For God's sake endeavor to get some gentleman appointed in my stead. I cannot stay here any longer with any pleasure. I am, &c.

### III.

YORK, PENNSYLVANIA, 8 December, 1777.

*Dear Sir* :—I have not received one line from you since I had the pleasure of seeing you here. As much as I dislike letter-writing, this is the fourth of mine, in one of which I enclosed one from Mrs. Trist. She is now at Lancaster and “begs (in her letter to me of the 2d,) to know what has become of our friend Burke?” She and Mrs. Ross were to have come to this town on a visit to Mrs. Swoops and my carriage was to have been sent for them, but the capricious vixens have put it off to a future day. Mrs. Trist desires when I write to you that I will “tender you her best services.”

Enclosed is a hand bill printed by order of Congress, the particulars of which you have perhaps seen. As to our army it is still near Philadelphia, and we hourly expect very interesting news, as Gen. Howe on the 6th instant, with his whole force, was in sight of our lines, and a general action hourly expected. The flower and force of the contending parties are now ready to engage. The enemy have drawn a strong reinforcement from New York, and Gen. Washington a much stronger from Gen. Gates'

victorious Northern army. I fear, however, we shall suffer ourselves to be attacked instead of attacking. This conduct, I believe, has often proved disadvantageous. A committee of Congress now at head-quarters informs us that our soldiers are exceedingly anxious to come to a general engagement, and are in high spirits. Who knows but this battle may put a glorious end to the land war in America?

The Virginians, in Assembly, have set a glorious example to the Southern States, and indeed to every State in the Union, by not only ordering a reinforcement of 5,000 militia to join Gen. Washington immediately, but also to fill up their continental battalions with great dispatch. The recruiting service ought to be attended to in our State in case of accidents, as nothing is to be expected from Pennsylvania. Should our army be defeated our utmost exertions will be requisite.

The several resolutions of Congress sent to the Governors of the States will require particular attention. That of taxation is essential above all; the credit of our continental currency depends upon it. The opening the courts of law for the recovery of debts surely ought to be attended to. The calling in your paper currency, especially that issued under the authority of the British Government, (as a distinction is made by the Tories and sordid Whigs already of at least 100 per cent., which in its consequences must ruin our public credit,) ought to command the attention of our Legislature.

Col. Martin has been tried and acquitted, and has since resigned. Mr. Penn and myself have desired the Governor to apply to the General Assembly to recommend some one or more of our Colonels as Brigadiers. Our troops are uneasy at not having a general officer of our State to command them. You know we have a right to more than one general officer should the Assembly think it expedient. I wish you and the rest of my friends would push this matter. Our officers are exceedingly anxious about it. Col. Sumner writes me it is absolutely necessary.

We are daily entertained by members of Congress with paragraphs of letters, giving an account of the surprising exertions of their constituents. I beg that you will inform me what has been done by our General Assembly in this way. We have often been before them—I hope we shall never be behind them.

Be pleased to tell Messrs. Hooper and Maclaine I shall write them by the next opportunity, and hope to have it in my power to inform them of Gen. Howe's defeat.

I wish to hear from you, and beg you will be very particular in regard to what is going forward in a political way. I am, &c.

## I V.

YORK, PENNSYLVANIA, December 12, 1777.

*Dear Sir*:—This day I received your favor of the 6th last month, and am glad to hear of your safe return to your family, and have also the pleasing expectation of seeing you soon again in Congress. I wish it was in my power to give you such intelligence as I know you wish for. Our army remained almost inactive at White Marsh since the affair at Germantown, until the 6th instant, when the enemy marched with almost their whole force in the night, and appeared towards noon in sight of our army, took post on Chesnut Hill, and other strongholds in that neighborhood. A general battle was daily expected, but neither of the Generals seemed inclined to quit their advantageous posts. In the mean time some small skirmishing ensued. Our militia, with Gen. Irwin\* at their head, attacken one of the enemy's advanced parties and a smart firing followed, which lasted about fifteen minutes. They then retired to our main body, with the loss of two captains and ten or twelve men killed and wounded, among the latter was Gen. Irwin who was taken prisoner, being advanced too far before his men; the enemy's loss not known. The enemy for several days kept up a show of attacking our lines but on the 10th filed off in three columns and returned within their redoubts. Col. Morgan, with his riflemen, had a very smart action with a party of the enemy, in which he lost more men than he has lost the whole campaign, 26 in number. The enemy must have suffered exceedingly from the fire of those excellent marksmen. Gen. Washington was informed by some deserters that their loss in killed and wounded was 500, but this amount he thinks exaggerated. I fear it was. Gen. Howe's intention in this manœuvre was to have attacked our army, expecting to find them off their guard; in this he was disappointed, and then by keeping up a show in front with his light troops, he marched off his artillery and heavy armed troops towards the city; soon after those in front filed off on the right and left, and by a precipitate march out-generaled us, as usual. A large body of our light infantry were ordered to pursue but could not come up with them until they had got within the lines. Thus ended this affair. They have since sent a large body over the Schuylkill to forage. The militia under Gen. Potter were surprised, but maintained a smart action with them for a short time, took several of them prisoners but lost an equal number at least of his men taken by the enemy. This account comes not from authority but is believed. We have as yet no newspaper published in this town, otherwise I should send you some of them. Since the confedera-

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\* Wheeler, 2—142.



tion has been finished several recommendations to the Legislatures of the States have been sent by expresses. I need not mention them—they will speak for themselves. I beg you will inform me of the temper you find our Assembly in. Are they inclined to pursue spirited measures? For God's sake fill up your battallions, lay taxes, put a stop to the sordid and avaricious spirit which has infected all ranks and conditions of men, regulate the prices of all commodities, at least such as are immediately useful to our army. The United States will not much longer be able to procure them at the very exorbitant prices they are now held at.

We have already received an account from Connecticut that their State is much dissatisfied with the mode in the confederation of fixing the quota of each State by the value of lands. Numbers of inhabitants, including slaves, is their favorite plan. A valuation of all property throughout the continent was allowed to be the most equitable mode for fixing the quota, but this was said to be impracticable.

All our foreign intelligence indicates that Europe will soon be in a flame—let us not depend upon this. If we have virtue we certainly have *power* to work out our own salvation, I hope *without* fear or trembling.

I wish I could inform you of a victory obtained over Gen. Howe. I fancy we must wait until stern winter builds a bridge over the Schuylkill. Small parties of our army have been successful, however in taking several of the enemy prisoners. Ninety-five arrived in this town the night before the last and three officers of low rank; they go on to Virginia to-morrow.

As to the prospect you wish for, of accommodating Mrs. Burke here, I beg you will not think of it; be assured it is impossible. You will hardly be able to get a bed to sleep in. I should be sorry to see my country woman in distress, which be assured must be the case if you bring her here. No, my friend, let her remain at your peaceful mansion in expectation of better times. Be assured that my expenses since I arrived in this town a very little more than two months, have been upwards of £200 currency, and I never lived in so wretched a manner in my life. I shall be under the necessity of procuring an advance from the treasury of at least \$1,000 over and above my allowance from the State which is very handsome. I shall be content if this will bring me home with a single dollar in my pocket. Mention not this—if you do, I am sure you will not be believed, but it is as true as the gospel. God only knows what this country will come to at last.

I am so harrassed by attending Congress, the treasury board, the commercial committee, &c., that I can hardly find time to write to my friends. Tell Messrs. Hooper and Maclaine I shall write them by next post. It is 11 o'clock at night, I have not time to copy or correct. I am, &c.

## V.

PHILADELPHIA, 27th August, 1770.

*Dear Sir:*—Upon my arrival here, I met with the enclosed letter. Congress seems to go on in the old way, sometimes disputing upon trifles, and neglecting the greater matters of the law.

The expedition against Rhode Island seems to be in train for success. Your friend Gen. Sullivan having landed without opposition with between 3 and 4000 Regulars, and a body of militia from the New England States, and the French squadron under the Count D'Estaing having made an attack upon the enemy's fortification and had in a very short time silenced two of their batteries; but were surprised at the appearance of a British fleet off the harbor, which obliged the French Admiral to put to sea the next morning in order to engage the enemy. This, Lord Howe endeavored to avoid by flight, and the French fleet were seen in pursuit of him at 11. o'clock—no certain intelligence has been since received of the event of the manœuvre. Gen. Sullivan however marched up near the enemy, who had evacuated all their outposts and retired within their lines near the town. Our General had under cover of a fog, erected a battery within 250 yards of the enemys works, and intended to begin a cannonade as soon as the fog cleared away. Indeed the General seems to promise himself success at all events, and is by his letter to Congress, in high spirits. He has heretofore been unlucky; who knows but Fortune, who is a fickle jade, may favor him at last. I hope she will.

Enclosed are the last papers, to them I refer you for what little news stirring.

When the assembly meets I beg you will endeavor to get their amount of expenditures for continental services sent—in which ought to be included, the expense of the armament to quell the insurrection, the expedition against the Indians, the militia sent to Virginia and those raised on several other occasions.\* I am firmly of opinion these matters ought to

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\* Harnett's prudent forecast in relation to these claims against the Confederation, though it did not produce the effect intended, was more than justified by subsequent results. The subjoined extract of a letter from the late Gov. Tazewell, of Virginia, than whom no man of his day was more to be relied upon in investigations of this character, give convincing proof of the loss sustained by North Carolina from a want of proper attention to these accounts. The letter is dated Norfolk, Sept. 1, 1834, and addressed to a friend in this State. Those disposed to pursue the inquiry further, will find the subject examined with some minuteness in the opening Message of the Governor of this State to the General Assembly in 1834:

"You were rightly informed that I was engaged some years ago in investigating the mode in which the accounts between the several states and the

be made a continental charge, as you know such charges are made, and allowed to the other States daily. I hope you, Mr. Hooper, MacLaine, &c., will exert yourselves on this occasion. Col. Hogan is arrived with near 600 men, and as soon as they are furnished with money &c., will proceed immediately to White Plains, where Gen. Washington with the main army is encamped, ready to act as circumstances may require—Gen. Lee's trial is ended and the sentence of the court martial is in these words—"The court do "sentence Major. General Lee to be suspended from any command in the army of the United States of North America for the term of twelve months"—signed—Sterling, Major General and President. The whole proceedings of the court martial are now before Congress, but nothing, as yet done in it. They are only ordered to be printed. Our friends are all well and send their compliments to you—be pleased to present mine to Mrs. Burke. I am, &c.

## VI.

PHILADELPHIA, 19th September, 1778.

*Dear Sir:*—Your agreeable favor of the 22d August only came to my hands last night. Believe me when I assure you that I have heart-felt satisfaction in finding our General Assembly have shown a proper resentment at the unprecedented treatment you met with at Yorktown. They could not have given you a more convincing proof of their approbation of your conduct in Congress than by appointing you again in the very face of their ridiculous resolves, to represent them in that body.

I have consulted my associates in regard to the time of returning home. Mr. Penn seems content to remain, and Mr. Williams and myself have concluded to stay until the 1st December, and to return immediately on your and Mr. Hill's arrival. The appointment of Mr. Hill with yourself has given me great pleasure.

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United States were settled, at the close of the Revolutionary war. These investigations were then prosecuted to a point at which they were necessarily arrested, by the discovery of the fact, that all the documents connected with this settlement were purposely destroyed, very soon after the settlement itself was completed; and this to prevent any discovery of the principles upon which the adjustment was made. At least such is my present recollection of the cause of my stopping my examination *re infecta*.

My researches at that time, left a very lively impression upon my mind, (which is still retained) that great injustice was done in this settlement to all the Southern States, South Carolina excepted. This State had much more than justice done to it. But I cannot now give you the detail of the facts from which this impression was derived, for so soon as I discovered that the papers had been purposely destroyed, with the avowed intent of rendering it impossible ever to ascertain how and why the settlement was made, and that Congress had steadily refused afterwards to look further in the matter, I destroyed all my memoranda, believing that they never could be of use thereafter."



Our Assembly have been wise in determining that three of their delegates shall always be present in Congress. I only wish they had appointed six which would have made it more convenient for the gentlemen to attend. I send newspapers. As to the business of Congress, it goes on in the old way, doing more in three hours at one time than they do at another in three days.

Nothing interesting has happened at head-quarters. The preparations making at New York seem to indicate the enemy's intention of removing from that city. Perhaps it may only be a feint.

You will be pleased to present my respectful compliments to Mrs. Burke, and be assured that I am, &c.

## VII.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 3, 1778.

*Dear Sir:*—This is the fifth letter I have written to you since I received your favor, acquainting me that Mr. Hill and yourself were added to the delegation from our State. I am in anxious expectation of seeing you both here by the first of next month. As for our friend Hill, I have my fears that he will not proceed, but let me beg of you to come and relieve me. I assure you, without any compliment, your presence in congress is, I think, very necessary, but more of this when we meet. As for news I refer you to the enclosed papers—we are not as yet certain, whether the enemy intend the entire evacuation of New York, or not. Indeed I can not even venture to give my own opinion.

For God's sake come in time for me to return home. You know I am older than you are and can not stand travelling after Christmas. I desire you will make it a point with Whitmill Hill to accompany you. I shall have a pleasure in leaving him here to represent us. Spain has not yet declared war that we know of, but we hourly expect the event. I am, &c.

## VIII.

HALIFAX, 26 January, 1779.

*Dear Sir:*—I arrived here on Thursday last, after one of the most terrible journeys, that ever a man 55 years old undertook. I rode through frost and snow in some places 3 feet deep. Our Assembly seem to be inclined to do good, and we shall soon (I hope) get a state of our accounts sent on to Congress. I take the liberty to enclose to you a letter just now received from Mr. Starkey of Onslow county. You are a much better judge of the law than I am, and it is my sincere wish that justice may be done in the case to the parties. I wish you to render Mr.

Starkey service as far as it consists with law and justice. Your friends are all well. Remember me kindly to Messrs. Penn and Hill. Georgia is invaded. Whether the enemy intend to keep possession of Savannah or not, is at present uncertain. General Lincoln is near the enemy. Some of the North Carolina militia are with him and the others marching forward. I have nothing more of consequence to communicate. I am &c.

## IX.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 9, 1779.

*Dear Sir:*—I had the pleasure of receiving three letters from you while you were on the road, which I answered some time ago. I am happy to find by yours of the 16th September, you are in your own house and sincerely wish you every domestic happiness you can possibly desire. Had Col. Rochester called upon me according to his promise you would certainly have heard from me by him. Long before I received yours I had congratulated Miss Vining on the brilliant and successful attempt of Maj. Lee on Paulus' Hook. Her mamma and herself present their affectionate compliments to you. The young lady promises to write by this express; I fear she will be worse than her word.

Spain's declaration against Britain may, as you conjecture, prolong the war. Mr. Jay is appointed minister plenipotentiary to the Court of Madrid, and Mr. Carmichael his secretary. John Adams is appointed minister plenipotentiary to negotiate a peace—Mr. Dana his secretary, and Col. Laurens, son of old Mrs. Laurens, secretary to Dr. Franklin. Fifteen millions per month is called for from the several States. Query—will it be paid? I believe not. The consequences you must know will be distressing indeed. The quota of our State is out of proportion, but this could not be avoided.

We hourly expect good news from Georgia. Surely the force the Count has with him must soon settle matters in that quarter, should no unforeseen accident intervene. He is soon expected here, which will render this a very active, and I hope successful, campaign. The North Carolina troops were ordered to the Southward, but this order has been countermanded by Gen. Washington on his hearing of the arrival of Count L'Estain. Many are so sanguine in their expectations as to believe we shall be in possession of New York and Rhode Island this fall. God send it may so happen. Sullivan has been very successful in the Indian country, having destroyed all their settlements. It is hoped this may prevent the depredations of these savages for some time. The press stops at 200,000,000 which I believe will be expended in December. Out of the 60,000,000 which was heretofore called for from the States, only 3,-

000,000 have been received. How the war can be carried on after that period (December) I know not. I do not expect the treasury can possibly be supplied by the States 15,000,000 per month; North Carolina I am confident cannot supply her quota monthly. I dread the consequences, but as you say "we must take events as they happen."

For God's sake come on to relieve me in November, but at farthest the beginning of December, and make that domestic creature Whitmill Hill come with you. In fact I cannot live here. The prices of every necessary have advanced 100 per cent. since we parted. I shall return indebted to my country at least 6,000 dollars, and you may well know how we lived. Do not mention this complaint to any person. I am content to sit down with the loss, and much more, if my country requires it. I only mention it to you to guard you against difficulties which you must encounter on your return, unless the General Assembly make suitable provision for your expenses, at least. I know they will be liberal, they always have been in their allowance to their servants.

Could not Hooper, Nash, Johnston, or some such, be sent with you? Believe me they will be much wanted. I acknowledge it is cruel in me to wish you to return; you have already suffered more in your private concerns than any man who has been in the delegation for some time past. But you have this consolation—that should you fail of receiving your reward in this world, you will no doubt be singing hallelujahs in the next, to all eternity; though I acknowledge your voice is not very well calculated for that business.

Your scythes shall be purchased and sent as soon as any person applies for them.

Remember me to all your friends, I hope they are mine. Send some body or other to relieve me, and let me, for God's sake, take leave of this laborious, disagreeable and perhaps unthankful office forever.

Adieu my friend, and may you be happy. You will believe me when I assure you that your happiness will be a very great addition to my own. I know you hate professions—so do I.

Mr. Jay draughted the circular letter. Hooper and yourself know his manner. I am, &c.

## X.

POPLAR GROVE, (near Wilmington,) Feb. 22, 1780.

*Dear Sir:*—After one of the most fatiguing and disagreeable journeys, that ever old fellow undertook, I at last arrived at my little hovel, and had the happiness to find my family in good health. I have waited some time for some interesting intelligence to communicate to you from the



South to no purpose; we cannot yet find that the enemy has landed in any considerable number. We are informed by a prize taken, that the fleet suffered very considerably by very bad weather, and it is supposed many of them bore away for the West Indies. The North Carolina troops under the command of Gen. Hogan passed the river at Wilmington three days ago, and it is hoped they will be at Charlestown in a few days. The Virginia troops have gone the upper road and will be there soon after our troops. The General Assembly were called together by the Governor—but made no house. After a number of members had waited ten or twelve days, they returned home. I am sorry to observe my countrymen do not pay that attention to public business which their constituents have a right to expect from them. No taxes laid, although the States in general have shown them so laudable an example. We are informed Gov. Martin intends to pay us a visit; he is not yet arrived in Cape Fear river. I hope he will first take a trip to the West Indies to see his friends in Antigua.

As I passed through Halifax I had the pleasure of hearing that Miss Eaton\* was very well. I do not write to Gen. Jones as it is expected you will show him this scrawl. I hope to hear from you very soon, pray send me some papers. Mrs. Harnett joins me in most respectful compliments to Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Vining and Miss Vining, also Miss Hart, and remember me kindly to Mrs. Jones and her nieces. You will be pleased to tell Miss Vining I hope to be informed by the next post that she is married to a man deserving of so sweet tempered and so accomplished a young lady. I shall always, remember (with great pleasure) the happy hours spent in the company of Mrs. Vining and her daughter. I must beg you to make my compliments to all my acquaintances in Congress, your secretary, Mr. R. Morris, Mr. Peters and their ladies. I am &c.

## XI.

WILMINGTON, April 25, 1780.

*Dear Sir:*—I take this opportunity, by Mr. Bee, a Delegate from South Carolina, to drop a line to you, though I have not been so happy as to receive one from you since I left Philadelphia. Mrs. Bee and Miss Smith will be happy in Mrs. Burke's acquaintance. This is the third letter I have written to you since I saw you. I should have troubled you much oftener had I been furnished with any intelligence worth your notice. I refer you to Mr. Bee for Southern news. I have my fears that Charlestown will fall.

I beg you will present mine and Mrs. Harnett's very respectful compli-

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\* A famous Roanoke belle, to whom we may have occasion to refer hereafter.

ments to Mrs. Burke, Mrs. and Miss Vining,\* Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Peters and every other of my acquaintances. Let me hear from you for God's sake. A. Nash is our Governor. My compliments to Mr. Jones. I wish to know whether he is tired of the great city? I am &c.

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\*We may take occasion hereafter, in the preparation of similar memoirs of Messrs. Burke and Whitmill Hill, colleagues of Mr. Harnett, to append notices of some of the most conspicuous characters, male and female, introduced in their correspondence. For the present we content ourselves with the following account of Miss Vining, the object of Mr. Burke's enthusiastic admiration, and to whom various effusions in prose and verse were dedicated by him. We copy from Griswold's "Republican Court," p. 21:

"Miss Vining in 1783 was twenty-five years of age. Miss Montgomery, in her 'Reminiscences of Wilmington,' says her rare beauty and graceful form commanded admiration, and her intellectual endowments—a mind stored with historical knowledge and sparkling effusions of wit—entertained the literati and amused the gay. The singular fluency and elegance with which she spoke the French language, with her vivacity, grace and amiability, had made her a general favorite with the French officers, who praised her in their home correspondence to such a degree, that her name became familiar in Paris, and the Queen, Marie Antoinette, spoke of her with enthusiasm to Mr. Jefferson, expressing a wish that she might some time see her at the Tuilleries. The intimate friendships she formed during the revolution were preserved after the peace by a large correspondence with distinguished men. La Fayette appears to have been very much attached to her, and she wrote to him frequently until she died. Foreigners of rank rarely visited Wilmington after Miss Vining's retirement from the society of Philadelphia, without soliciting an introduction to her. Among her guests were the Duke de Liancourt, the Duke of Orleans, (Louis Philippe,) and many others; and it is related that General Miranda, passing through the town in a mail coach, at night, left his card for her at the post-office. The death of her brother, a man of eminent abilities, who was chosen at an early age a member of Congress from Delaware, was followed by a series of misfortunes, and retiring from the gay world, in the maturity of her charms, she passed the closing years of her life in poverty and seclusion."

For interesting references to Mrs. Robert Morris, the reader may turn to page 162 of the "Republican Court."

## THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

WERE the aged sister of the muses called upon to designate any particular event that has transpired within the nineteenth century that shows the singular revolution of human mind and human government, it must be confessed that the mere enunciation of the fact of the visit of the Prince of Wales to the tomb of Washington, is the sublimest and most truthful exponent of human feeling and sympathy. Royalty paying its tribute at the tomb of Freedom's great vindicator? Shade of George the Third! that one of thy race should stand at the last resting place of him who vanquished the armies of thy realm, whilst a price was set upon his head as a rebel and a traitor to the divine right of kings! It beggars belief. Yet that it is true that the youthful scion of *legitimist rule*, as the representative of the proudest dynasty in Europe has at last paid the tribute to spotless integrity and republican simplicity that the world has long since awarded to the father of his country, stands forth in bold relief as one of the crowning events in history that point to the future as destined to fulfill the dream of the so called visionary republican.

Thus it has ever been, that pure patriotism meets its reward sometime or other. A great mind has said, that he bequeathed his name and fame to future generations to vindicate from the foul aspersions of contemporaries. And his trust has not been left unexecuted. But in the case of Washington contemporaneous history applauded his conduct, and marred not the fair symmetry of the colossal fabric of his renown with the leprous spots of slander and detraction.

The actions of a noble mind like his may be clouded by adversity, but cannot be wholly concealed; for true merit shines forth resplendently by a light of its own, and glimmering through the rents and crannies of prejudice and misconception of its own great aims, is perceived, respected and honored by the good, generous and great.

All nations are judged by the standard of a few great, representative names. The smallest little island, a mere dimple on ocean's cheek, becomes immortal by having produced one single great mind, or by being the scene of one single noble action. Ask a Frenchman in what consists the glory of his beautiful France? He would point you to the trophies of the battle-fields where her eagles triumphed over opposing hosts and to the mausoleums of her mighty emperors for his answer. The Russian



the Austrian and Prussian, would do the same. The Englishman would point you to the names of Nelson and Wellington for an answer. But an American would rather point you to his great country and her laws for which Washington even held his life a paltry sacrifice.

Truly then may the youthful hope of royalty go to the tomb of the unselfish patriot to gaze with uncovered head upon all that remains of the greatest and best man of his or any age.

The silent awe of the spectators, the reverential gaze of youth and age upon the narrow urn that contains the ashes of him whose name and fame the world is not large enough to hold, could but solemnly impress him with the truth, that it is more noble, and a more blessed thing to be mankind's friend and benefactor than to be a tyrant—mankind's enemy—than to be adored by reverential mockery and the twaddling of the sycophant. Let him but remember that lesson, and England will not mourn over the loss of another empire.

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## A NEW STUDY FOR COLLEGE.

[The following speech, delivered at our last Senior Speaking, by a member of the Graduating Class, we consider too good a specimen of the *funny order* to be lost.—Eds.]

MR. PRESIDENT: A meeting of the Senior Class was held some weeks ago to determine when their best looking man should come upon the stage. After a very spirited discussion in which the claims of many formidable rivals were warmly urged, it was unanimously agreed that he should appear before you on this occasion. Being that fortunate individual, I thought it would look somewhat odd for a likely man to get up here with an ugly subject. I learn however, that I have been unfavorably prejudged by some of the members of the "lower classes" who, in glancing at my subject upon the programme, have feared that they would become further burdened by an additional oppressive study. If there be any such present, and I do not succeed in disabusing their minds of this serious apprehension, if they will come to me when I get through and ask me to withdraw my proposition, I will readily yield to their request.

All the branches of science which are now pursued in our schools and

colleges were once as indigestible as hard boiled eggs; and it was as difficult to assign them fixed and definite limits as it would be for a to-mite Freshman now-a-days to inscribe a regular polygon within the hoops of a young girl of sixteen. He, that from apparent disorder and confusion, collates a sufficient number of facts and reduces them to a distinct chain of knowledge, is said to be the father of that particular science. I hope you will not consider myself as aspiring to such honorable distinction when I suggest that many a young man whose heart has been wounded by the arrows of Cupid; that many a woful ballad which Billy has made to Sallie, and the terrible rebukes which she has sent in return; and that the deep laid schemes and the success and failures of many a candidate for matrimony—all seem to me sufficient to induce any scientific man to hazard the undertaking of reducing to a distinct science this important business of *courtship*. I propose to make a few remarks on that subject; and a very important one it is, when you consider that most of you expect shortly to engage in that business. Even the little Freshman anticipates with joyful expectation the day when he shall lay aside his cumbrous lexicon and mystical Kühner to offer his vows at the shrine of that dear little lassie now so vividly pictured in his imagination.

The subject would naturally lead us to consider the nature and character of woman. But since many of my opinions have been forestalled by some of the honorable gentlemen who have gone before me, I shall not enter into a minute detail of her character. I shall attempt no eulogium upon the fair name which she seems to bear; nor do I propose to explore her intellectual acumen. She seems however to be a necessary part and parcel of creation, a chattel which has been in active demand for a "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Her very person is enough for man to study—that wonderful combination of limbs and body; that symmetrical proportion which characterizes the whole system; that powerful attraction, compared with which cohesive, magnetic, capillary, gravitating, and electrical are utterly powerless. For I find that there is an important difference observable in this kind of attraction and that of physics in general; in that, whereas in other bodies the attraction is directly as the *quantity* of matter and inversely as the squares of the distances; in this it is as the *quality* of matter, and distance has very little effect: so that the supposition of some, that the next addition to her already extensive dimensions would have a tendency to unite us all in one harmonious whole, is a little problematical.

Astronomically viewed, woman presents to the unpractised eye the strangest phenomena known to telescopic science. Various positions and offices have been assigned her by different astronomers. She has been seen whirling through space encircled by the Hoops of Saturn; while

others assert that she has enchained the attention of the Bulls-Eye, which at once explains the cause of his aberration. So far as the data furnished by my own observation will allow me to judge, I must class her among the cosmetic order of bodies. She moves in an exceedingly elliptical orbit, now being the focus around which she plays; and the nearer she approaches her *circum hominem* the more expansive and luminous she becomes, when the scientific world adjust their telescopes to see if they can decipher her wonderful constitution. Old observers tell us she has a *nucleus* too, and as to her having a *coma*, I can testify that I have a lock plucked from the golden ringlets of one of the fairest visitors of our system.

Is it not strange then that this almost incomprehensible being has never received that attention from the learned which her curiosity demands? and when you consider the important nature of the subject and the time necessary for us to insinuate ourselves into the whims and caprices of that fastidious creature, I think you will all agree with me that she ought to be honored with a line in our college curriculum. We stay here four years for the purpose of learning the principles of our intercourse with *man*, but not one lesson are we taught to guide us in our collision with *woman*. Who in this assembly ever had any instruction in this species of diplomacy but what he picked up himself? Who of you, that has had the honor of renewing to your beloved one the "assurance of your highest consideration" has not had some doubt as to the best manner of regulating a treaty of alliance?

I do not know how I can more forcibly urge the claims of my proposition than by relating a circumstance in which your humble speaker acted not an unimportant part.

Not many summers ago, feeling that I had arrived at man's estate and seeing others marrying around me, I concluded I would try and get myself an help meet. So I fixed up as well as I could and I mounted old Charly, and here I went like old Napoleon "with a mind bold, independent and decisive, and wrapt in the solitude of an *original spike*."

But how did my heart throb when I first struck the large opening away at the farther side of which in a shady grove stood the mansion at which I expected to find the object of my anxiety and the cause of my perplexity. It was a fine evening in June, all nature wore a pleasing countenance; the distant mountains seemed to kiss the heavens, the valley of the neighboring stream afforded a beautiful landscape which was gradually lost in the eastern horizon, the birds were twittering upon the branches, the cattle were grazing upon the plains, and the kids were sporting upon the hill-side. You that have read the legend of the



Sleepy Hollow can well imagine how I felt when I rode up and beheld for the first time the lovely Julianna.

"She was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight  
I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a *woman* too"  
"Her hair was like the links of gold  
Her teeth were like ivory  
Her cheeks like lilies dipped in wine,  
The dearest lass—a las (s)! for me."

The evening passed off in pleasant conversation. Night come, and bed-time. When I had retired the sweet notes of the fair one fell melodiously upon my ear as I sank into soft repose; and, my hearers, if ever sweet visions passed through a boy's head, I had some of them that night. I was in a perfect paradise, a sea of glory—indescribable. I fancied that I had passed through that introduction which is always necessary to extort an affirmative answer to "Sallie will you have me." I dreamed we were conducted to the hymeneal altar; we separated from the "old folks," established ourselves with stock of all kinds—farming utensils, and everything necessary to constitute an outfit for a life's voyage. I could see my cows browsing about the hedges; No-Boned hogs were soon replaced by the heavy Berkshire; my sheep improved from South-Downs to well formed Merinos, and my kids increased, "some thirty, some sixty, and some even an hundred fold." My wife's hens laid two eggs in a day; you might hear her turkeys gobble fifty miles and

"My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife, she carressed me in love's sweet embrace"

But hark! the loud clarion of old chanticleer announced the goddess Aurora, as the rays from her soft countenance, beaming through my curtain, dispelled the darkness which had enshrouded my dreamy vision. Imagine my vexation when I found all my vision was but a dream. I then came to the conclusion, that

"This world is all a fleeting show  
For man's illusion given."

I determined, however, to further prosecute my claims by informing the old man of the mutual affection existing between his daughter and myself; but no sooner had I named the object of my mission than he became indignant! and his brow assumed a lowering aspect as he reached after a cow-hide exclaiming—

"Back to thy rustic haunt  
Little devil, and to thy speed add wings,  
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
Thy lingering, an with one stroke of this dart  
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

Thus ended, and such was the issue of my first adventure in courtship. For the want of that instruction which is necessary to succeed in almost every other branch of business, I met with a signal failure.

Who knows but, if I had been properly educated, I might this day be enjoying, with my lovely Julianna, the distinguished honor of having exhibited at "Barnum's Baby Show" a chubby little fellow which would have taken the first premium. As it is, I expect to live in perpetual celibacy; and Julianna, instead of enjoying the blessing of a matrimonial life, is now like you, young ladies,

"Wasting their sweetness on the desert air."

Mr. President—I am now going to leave you. This is the last opportunity that I shall have of presenting the claims of a fondly cherished object of my heart. If, indeed, sir, they shall meet with a favorable consideration at the hands of your honorable body, allow me to suggest that I have a work in view entitled *THE NATURE AND FUNCTIONS OF WOMAN*, which I think will prove a valuable text-book, if adopted. If you will receive it as such I will promise you never again to disturb your stoical insensibility by this well merited claim upon your attention. When I shall have completed that work I expect to withdraw from the literary world to enjoy the comforts of a retired life. But lest this expression might be construed by my fair hearers as an intimation of a willingness on my part to form a copartnership with some of them to "nourish and cheerish each other so long as we both shall live," I will state that I was so mortified at my unsuccessful efforts, an account of which I have just given you, that I determined never to make another speech to a young lady on that subject.

So I hope I need say no more to you, young ladies, to apprise you of the propriety of not making any requests of me with regard to that matter, if you would escape the mortification of receiving a negative answer.

I cannot close these remarks without appealing to the fair daughters of North Carolina to aid me in removing the cold indifference of the Faculty of this University to our proposition.

"Ye nymphs propitious to the rural SWAINS,"

I earnestly entreat you to lend me a helping hand; I shall expect you to

"Join in the work, and to my labors bring  
Your needy succor; for your gifts I sing."

You must certainly feel interested in this work. I think I can imagine the anxious solicitude which a young lady feels in the spring-time of leap year when setting her cap for a beau. Let me exhort you to be up and doing; to be active and diligent, lest the "harvest be past, the summer ended, and you are not saved." And

" Since every boy alive can tell  
 That I sincerely wish you well,  
 I may without offence, pretend  
 To take the freedom of a friend;  
 To leave you thus might seem unkind  
 But see! the Juniors, just behind—  
 Shall I kind Miss, of tender age  
 In this important care engage  
 Older and abler passed you by  
 How strong were those, how weak am I,  
 Should I presume to bear you hence  
 The Sophomore might take offence.  
 Excuse me then, you know my heart  
 But dearest, friends alas! must part  
 How shall we all lament. Adieu,  
 For see! the Fresh are just in view!"

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## THE CONSUMPTIVE.

BY NINA.

Yes, I am dying. Few believe  
 That to the grave I am so near,  
 For none have ever heard me grieve,  
 Or seen me shed a single tear.  
 Upon my cheek there lingers still  
 A flush like health's own brilliant light,  
 And sparkling are the eyes that will  
 Close ere the summer in death's night.  
 None know how oft the midnight chime  
 Hath rung upon my wakeful ear,  
 Nor how fierce pain hath many a time  
 Brought to my eye the burning tear;  
 No, none can know this; and they deem  
 That life to me looks fair and bright;  
 They think I revel in the beam  
 Of Youth and Hope's enchanting light.  
 They think not all of joy or mirth  
 By me through fancy's glass is seen.  
 They little know how dark this earth  
 And I yet only just nineteen.

Oh! it is sad, 'tis very sad,  
 To feel when comes another May,  
 That all things will be bright and glad  
 And I lie cold beneath the clay.  
 So young! so very young! and yet  
 To die ere comes another year.  
 And will the friends I love forget  
 That once with them I mingled here?



Will they but lightly speak my name?  
 But seldom give a thought to me?  
 And will the hours pass on the same  
 In mirth and song in dance and glee?  
 Oh! I have crushed each bitter tear  
 That trembled in my death dim eye,  
 When e'er arose the chilling fear  
 That with the summer I must die.  
 I bade my heart subdue its throbs,  
 Tamed it to wear a calm repose,  
 Although I knew that soon the clods  
 Would o'er its bounding pulses close;  
 And on my lips hath dwelt the smile,  
 And in my eye no tear was seen;  
 My life was fading all the while  
 And I yet only just nineteen.



## WORDS OVER A GRAVE.

Did she suffer long? O yes; and 'tis best  
 To wipe our tears when such weary ones rest;  
 Fond hearts watched o'er her for many a day  
 Lest life's torn petals should fall to their clay,  
 But *they* fell to their clay.

Did she sorrow to live? when her husband was near  
 There lay 'neath her eyelids an unshed tear;\*  
 But it trickled not till her boy drew nigh  
 And asked his pale mother never to die!  
 Never to die.

Did mind flit from her, with death afar?  
 And left it the gate of the grave ajar?  
 While tenantless life, outlined as before  
 Was the shadow of mind through that open door?  
 Through that open door?

No, praise to Jehovah! for mercy thus shown  
 The light and the shadow alike had flown,  
 Yet she trimmed her faith ere she went away,  
 God grant there was oil in the lamp that day,  
 In the lamp that day!

The funeral train, like a gulf-stream wound,  
 Through the ocean of life that was heaving around,  
 In silence it moved, as the wreck they bore,  
 Where the grave stones pebble the church yard shore,  
 The church yard shore.

\*The Chinese word for eye-lid is eminently beautiful, signifying the cradle of tears.

We lingered long by that cold grave side  
While back to the world swept the funeral tide  
Far from the death beach it ebbed away  
Nor missed from its bosom a drop of spray,  
A drop of spray.

And must dust absorb it? oh no if she shone  
Among Christ's jewels—a precious stone;  
When judgment shall open the grave's rough shell  
She may be a pearl, but we cannot tell,  
We cannot tell.

NINA.

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## THE CHRIST OF HISTORY.

CHRISTIANITY has never lacked defenders. In all ages a few noble men have battled in its behalf, devoted themselves to its service, have stood on the ramparts and breasted the advancing tide of the Infidel host. Amid the splendor and pomp of royalty before grim warriors and keen staesmen, a Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, and even in Athens, standing in the midst of Mars' hill, surrounded with the genius and refinement of the capital of Greece, addressing philosophers and scholars, learned in the lore of the past, lifting his voice where a Socrates had taught and a Plato had discoursed concerning the soul and its future, the man of Tarsus boldly attacked the gods whose images stood around about him, vindicated the claims of the "Unknown God" declared a new dispensation and made known to the wondering listeners the resurrection of the dead. A Luther quailed not before the haughty glance of a Charles, heeded not the thunders of the man of sin, cared not for the threatenings of monarchs and laughed to scorn the puny efforts of scowled monks and avaricious priests. At the diet of Worms before Emperors, electors, dukes, princes, bishops, and ambassadors, he maintained his cause against all comers, extorted praise from his crowned enemies and overwhelmed his opponents with defeat most overwhelming. Prompted by that fearlessness inherent in his nature and sustained by faith in his master, he threw into the flames the bulls of excommunication fulminated against him by the Court of Rome, branded the Pope as Antichrist, defied him to do his worst, revealed the pollution and iniquity of

the Papal hierarchy, shook the Catholic order to its very foundation, delivered Europe from the most galling tyranny, unclasped the lids of the Bible, and unsealed the fountain of living waters. Talk not of the empires an Alexander crushed, mention not the dynasty a Caesar founded, neither number the victories of a Napoleon: for all these appear as nothing in comparison with the great revolution accomplished by the "Augustinian Friar" who by the force of his intellect and his indomitable energy laid the corner stone of a faith received by the most enlightened nations of the earth. Seas have been crossed, mountains scaled, deserts traversed, the pangs of hunger and thirst endured, the colds of the winter and the heats of the summer patiently borne and the dangers incident to life firmly dared and met in the diffusion of the Gospel and in the establishment of its rights. Heroes far surpassing those registered on the bloody roll of war are found enlisted under the banner of the Church. Heroes who have won immortality and earned celestial laurels not by scattering abroad ruin and desolation, not by strewing the globe with slaughtered myriads and filling the ears of the world with the groans of the dying and the wailing of the living, not by applying the torch of conflagration to populous cities and making thousands suffer the horrors of famine; but who on the contrary went forth with truth in one hand and peace in the other, changing the cry of lamentation into songs of rejoicing, giving to the hungry the bread of life and to the weary rest from his burden. They toiled in the crowded thoroughfares of the city in the quiet retreats of the country; they bade a long farewell to friends, homes and comforts and labored among the benighted heathen, exposed themselves to the rage and cruelty of rude barbarians, wasted away and found graves in a strange soil. Though no magnificent mausoleum, no sculptured pile, no lofty column mark their last resting places, yet they live in the hearts of the righteous and their good deeds will never be forgotten. And when the last trumpet shall sound and startle the universe with its blast they will come from the sultry plains of India, from the flowery fields of China, from the frozen coast of Greenland, from the isles of the seas, and the mighty ocean will increase the holy throng. All people will be gathered together to behold their triumph and to witness their rewards far greater than any ever granted to a haughty Roman Consul returning from his conquest with kings bound to his chariot. And among that number will be found the self-denying Judson, who as one of the pioneers of the missionary cause stands preëminent among his companions; the lovely Martyn who noted for the sweetness of his disposition and the refinement of his intellect sunk beneath the rays of an eastern sun; the persevering Cary who as he wandered from town to town selling the work of his own hands taught himself wisdom and went forth to reveal the light to the



blind pagan, and a host of others, the records of whose deeds are written in the Book of Remembrance, and the result of whose labors will reach throughout all eternity. Who can estimate the trials of these men and what mind can form any adequate conception of their sorrows; who can relate their inward conflicts, their struggles with want and disease, their disappointments and despairs their agonies and griefs amid the spiritual darkness surrounding them, no friend near to cheer them with comforting words, no sister to sympathize in their affliction, no mother to ease their dying pillows? These are the true heroes of life: though the historian is ignorant of their names and works; he prefers to redden his pages with the blood of murder and to perpetuate the chicanery of low legislation.

But while we cheerfully award to these their due meed of praise and would scatter on their tombs our oblations of love, let us not be forgetful of another class of the defenders of Christianity, who have striven in a different sphere of action, worn a different armor and have encountered a different opposition. Men who though never exposed to the rage of the heathen or to the plagues of foreign climes have exerted all the energies of their minds and all the firmness of their souls in overthrowing the reasoning of the unbeliever, in satisfying the doubts of the skeptic, in blunting the edge of the scorner's sarcasm and in putting to shame the ribaldry of the scoffer. They have influenced the intellect, poured into many a dark soul the beams of enlightenment, relieved many an inquiring mind from its state of uncertainty and anchored it fast to the everlasting rock of Faith. It has been the aim of their labors to establish the existence of one God, the divinity of Christ, and the inspiration and authenticity of the Word. And in the accomplishment of these ends the whole universe has been put under requisition, the Heavens have been scanned by eager eyes and the planets have borne their testimony, the mighty deep has spoken out in thunder tones and scattered on its shores innumerable silent witnesses, the leaves of the rocks have been studied and their mysterious hieroglyphics unravelled, earth, air and the sea have all raised their voices and joined in the mighty chorus "the Lord Jehovah reigneth." History has been ransacked, language pondered over in its minutest details, customs of antiquity closely pryed into countries explored and the features of their scenery carefully noticed and the dreary homes of the dead have not remained unprofaned by the hand of search.

And well have they been repaid for their exertions; for the enemy has been fronted and vanquished at every point. Not one outwork has been lost, not a discomfiture sustained. Genius has met genius, learning tugged with learning and Grecian has conquered Grecian. But the victory has been most complete, the defeat most crushing. Notwithstanding the elegance of a Bolingbroke, the heavy abuse of a Voltaire,

the wilful misrepresentation of a Gibbon, the philosophy of a Hume, the burning fire of a Paine, and all the profound learning of the whole school of German transcendentalism the citadel of Christianity remains firm and unshaken, and the Gospel banner still waves over its walls. The statesman may indeed try his ingenuity, the poet may pour forth his tirade, the historian may try his skill, the metaphysician may reason the world into nothing, the pamphleteer may rave in his frenzy, and the scholar may draw up in formidable array his varied acquisition yet it avails not. The geologist may point to the strata and fix the bounds of the flood, the naturalist may show the fossil, the chronicler may count the decades, the anatomist may distinguish between the human races, the antiquarian may read the time worn inscriptions, yet Moses receives credence and the Pentateuch is found in the pulpit. And this does not result from the unwillingness of men to listen to sense and heed the teaching of investigation; but arises from the fact that not all the scientific wisdom is centered in the infidel coterie and that the boldest explorers in the regions of speculation and the most successful laborers in the mine of truth are those who acknowledge with humility their little wisdom and who never presume to set up their fallible conjectures in opposition to the declaration of Him who spake and creation sprang into existence. These have combatted the would be interpreters of nature, shown up in a ridiculous light their unsufferable ignorance, and dissipated their empty pretensions. Science which was hailed by the exulting atheist as the future uprooter of Christianity and the test which should prove the falsity of the Bible has become one of the formidable instruments in the armory of the Church and serves to the christian warrior as an Achillean mail against which rattle in vain the spear and the javelin.

This mental warfare has been waged to such an extent and with so much zeal that its literature now fills libraries and is spread over a vast range. No puny men have engaged in these conflicts, but colossal minds appearing themselves like mighty giants renowned in the vain departments of learnings and standing forth as representatives of ages have here found subjects fit for their grasp, have grappled with each other in mighty controversies on things of high import and have gained the applause of an admiring world. Here a Newton closing the book of nature, opened the book of Revelation, made it the study of his declining years, and according to his own confession failed to reach the height of his argument, and here a Frederic great in war, great in diplomacy, great in kingcraft, great in prosperity, greater in adversity, dwindled into a mere pigmy and became the diminutive abridgement of the witty Frenchman. Here within the arena the orator has lost his words and the ready writer forgotten his language. And now into this field enters a new contestant

and he deals weighty and irresistible blows. His contribution to the Christian polemics, the title of which heads our essay, places him high among the controversialists of the day, and marks him as one of deep profundity of thought, extraordinary strength of logical powers and of considerable originality. Dr. Young has trodden in no beaten path, exhumed no long buried theories, but genius-like has struck out for himself a new way and supports his numerous positions with new defences. Discarding the inspiration of the scriptures and regarding them as simple narratives entitled to belief, neither dwelling on prophecies nor insisting on the proof of the miracles, he looks upon Christ as the Christ of history and on this foundation establishes with unsurpassed skill a most cogent plea for the Christ of Divinity. He presents to us the "Man of Nazareth" born of humble parents, reared amidst the iniquity of a city known far and wide for its ungodliness, toiling at the bench of the carpenter, taught in no university neither sitting at the feet of a Gamaliel, possessing no influence through family connections, upheld by no powerful friends, poor in worldly goods, and weak in military strength he shows us this lowly man at the age of thirty forsaking the tools of his trade, the associates of his youth, and the home of his childhood, wandering over the vineyards and olive-groves of Judæa unfolding the principles of the Gospel, disclosing a new conception of God and his attributes, and founding a system of religion which has outstripped all its rivals and is spreading over the whole world. We see an humble teacher boldly attack the prevailing ethical notions, speak as never man spake before, drive back the iron clad soldier by the majesty of his countenance, with a whip of cords chase the mercenary multitude from the sacred precincts of the Temple. We behold a laborer from the lowest walks of society lay bare to the public gaze the pollution of the rulers, charge the Scribes and Pharises with base hypocrisies and proclaim aloud their wrongs and oppressions. We listen to one who trained in no dialectics and to whom Aristotle was a stranger, silence the objections of the cunning and answer the entangling questions of the lawyers with perfect security to himself, and shame to his opponents. We find that a mechanic who never sought the priests of Egypt and never attended the celebrated schools of philosophy accomplishes in three years what had baffled the combined wisdom of the nations of the earth, fled from the search of vast intellects and mocked the efforts of centuries. We hearken to one who utters his words with firmness and expresses his opinions without hesitation, who never varies from the truth, never exposes himself to the charge of inconsistency, whose assertions one never successfully gainsayed and to whom no error in doctrine can be imputed. We hear him converse with the woman of Samaria, dispute with the doctors of the law, preach from the desk of the synagogue, speak the lan-



guage of kindness and sympathy to the careworn and afflicted, agonise in prayer in the garden of Getsemane, give consolation to the sorrowing disciples, calmly reply to the maledictions of his countrymen, pray for the forgiveness of his persecutors and his last cry of anguish, "my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." We follow him from the place of his nativity along the banks of the swelling Jordan, across the waves of the tempestuous sea of Galilee, over the frightful fields of Jewry, through the busy streets of Jerusalem, within the holy House of the Lord, before the judgment seat, and up the hill of Calvary, as he totters beneath the burden of his cross. They spit in his face, no anger is shown, they smite him, crown him with a crown of thorns, and clothe him in purple, no complaints are uttered, they pierce him through his hands and feet and subject him to the worst ignominy, he wished them no evil.

Oh! where in this wide creation, through the cycles of time can one be found who can be measured with this Christ of History! How can his works, his holiness, his teachings be accounted for if we regard him as a mere man. Is it reasonable to suppose that a carpenter, the son of a carpenter could accomplish these things, could put into motion such a train of causes which has produced such grand results, could surpass the united intelligences of years and disclose the hitherto unexplained mysteries of the soul and of the eternal one? Is it in accordance with human laws that an unassuming individual whose voice was never heard in wordy contentions and whose sayings fill but few pages, attended by no ranks bristling with arms, not trusting to the sword, should upturn long founded ecclesiastical systems, should sound forth the death knell of states should reign in the hearts and affections of an innumerable host, and receive tribute from the four quarters of the globe?

When we contemplate these facts the conviction is irresistibly forced upon us that the Christ of History is the Christ of Divinity, and that he who was born in a manger is the Son of God.

We would earnestly advise our readers to procure this interesting volume\* and accompany the learned author as he draws irrefragable proofs from "the outer conditions of the life of Christ" presenting him in all his poverty, lowliness and weakness, as he discusses "the work of Christ among men" telling the sublime truths of his revelation and showing how immeasurably inferior are the Mahomets and sages of antiquity, and finally as he dwells upon the spiritual individuality of Christ, embalming in our memories his faith, patience, meekness, obedience and "uniform perfection." No thinking man can resist the arguments adduced, can refuse to give his unqualified approbation of the plan of the

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\*The Christ of History. An argument grounded on the facts of his life on earth. By John Young, LL. D., Edinburgh.

work and to acknowledge its complete success. The skeptic may bend himself to the task and strain his powers, but he cannot overcome the influence of this book, cannot repair the breach which it has made. Our pity is almost excited when we see the once proud, haughty line of the infidel broken and fleeing before the defenders of Christianity like the herd before the raging lion. They have lost everything not even their honor has been saved.

And in conclusion let us hope that the era may soon come when faith shall be triumphant over doubt and when from every people shall go up with a mighty shout the angelic song "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men"

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## MY FIRST AND LAST PARTY.

Do you recollect the first time you were ever at a party? How did you feel when you went into the parlor and "Mr. A—, ladies," told everybody *your* name and you nobody's? How did the light look, could you find a seat, what did you do with your hands and feet and what was the first word you said? I will insure "the weather was powerful warm if the wind was blowing" and that you were very desirous of knowing "how she enjoyed the evening."

I am a bad hand at tale-telling and would not attempt this if I did not know that some will read it who were eye witnesses; and a word only will be necessary to bring all the incidents and accidents of that memorable evening before them. It *was* a memorable evening and it makes the big drops stand on my forehead to think of it now, and even if memory should fail "I have scars *here* that will remind me."

I was raised in the back-woods where every man did as he pleased and allowed others the same privilege but when I left that portion of the world I found that things were carried on a little differently. Instead of doing as I pleased I had to do as others did or be laughed at by those who *knew the whole by heart!*

One evening in the christmas hollidays I was invited to a neighbor's house to a "tea party and candy-pulling." I did not think that there would be many there, so I rigged out in my best and arrived about half-

past eight o'clock. I walked up to the door and rang the bell. Presently it was thrown open and to my utter dismay the house was crowded. Everybody was laughing and talking and pulling candy and looking at me. It was too late to retreat and I had to go in. I got about half way the room and stopped. I couldn't find a seat, all eyes were on me, the lights seemed to be dancing about and goodness knows what I would have done but just then I discovered an empty chair and made a desperate lunge for it, and down I sat—*into a dish of boiling hot candy*. I think I *ris* from there right quickly, but Jerusalem! *the dish stuck!* There was enough of the "incentive to action" *behind* me to have moved a steam-boat and I will be feathered if I didn't move. I brought a squeal of anguish, cleared the door the first leap with the candy streaming out behind. How many people and chairs I knocked over I do not know; for I did not stop to see; it is true my thoughts were *behind* me but somewhat closer than the parlor. It is useless to say that I got clear of my companion as soon as possible but I did not carry it back. I carried a plenty of candy home with me but I'll be dad-wiped if I hankered after it, and when I sat—no I didn't neither, but when I laid down at home I made a vow to keep away from all such places for the future; and even if I should ever be fooled to another *candy pulling* to be very careful where I deposited my body. This was my first and, thank Heaven, last party.



## WHY I CANNOT LOVE LONG.

I dislike to tell on myself as much as any person, since in giving the reason for so doing I must investigate my own defects, foibles, unaccountable prejudice, real or imaginary, notions of the perfections of the opposite sex which in my mind form the divine object worthy of my love.

The woman of passive disposition, who with a credulous ear listens to my tale of love without any credulity—yielding to my burning words—the suitor's ever most potent artillery, without giving herself time for reflection, I cannot long love; since she is a being of impulse, and would through life have no barrier against her unfortified citadel, from whatever source assailed. This knowledge of her susceptibility would always, were she mine, humble my manliness in my estimation, because she is too unsophisticated and would willingly listen to any tale, the malicious might whisper in her ear. And horror of horrors! what injustice would I be doing to my native talents, my pride and standing as a man, to rest satisfied with so easy a conquest! No! never can the woman who listens with yielding raptures to my first advances long claim my affection. Again, the woman whose love I have won, yes entirely won, and yet when I open my whole soul to her she refuses to acknowledge the deep and controlling love she bears for me, and with a daring perversity persists in asserting her independence, and keeps me a mere thing to trample in the dust at her feet, I cannot long love. For my manliness would spurn the intolerable thralldom, and I would rise, as I will ever stand, a man. No! I cannot long love her whose languishing looks and throbbing breast tells a tale of love more lasting than the joyous days of youth and the wretched decline of old age, who thus grinds in the dust the noble spirit of a generous lover; and defers from time to time to acknowledge the exquisite pang and refuses to calm her perturbed spirit upon the bosom of her lover.

And then there is the heartless coquette, under whose charms in an ill-starred moment I have been thrown, who in fact is a pirate upon the great ocean of love, and one I deem worthy of a broadside from every cruiser whose track is crossed by this siren, I cannot long love. I know full well the reason why she is so prodigal of her heaven beaming smiles, why she darts a glance of such witchery, it is merely to add an other victim to the lists of her numerous slain. I affirm that her only glory and triumph consists in humbling her suitor to her feet and then in drawing

herself up with her feigned dignity and putting on an air of injured innocence as if he had presumed too far and then expressing her wild amazement at a declaration of love, confessing at the same time that she knows nothing of a similar sentiment. Truly heartless one! you need not confess that you feel none of its influence, you have not the heart! The flame of vanity has consumed with its tophetic breath all sense of feeling and you are incapable of one generous impulse which your love of admiration and unnatural conquests has fully demonstrated. I had rather hug the treacherous basilisk with its skin of beauty and its fangs of death to my heart than thee, fair, false, designing, one! For what more dire curse can be inflicted upon the trusting and confiding spirit of man than ill-requited love—this tampering with the noblest affections of one's nature? The false, fair, jilting being who lives only to thus prostitute herself for such base purposes deserves to be ranked as the Queen of fiends, the very Goddess of dissimulation and falsehood. I cannot love her long, who would seek to ensnare by her smiles, but to deceive. Now, who can blame me for saying I shall never love when such a doom awaits the inamarito, which if he escapes let him sacrifice to Cupid, and pour out libations in honor of the jolly God.

“Woman, thy name is frailty!

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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IN the present number of our Magazine we present to our readers the engraving of President POLK, and a short biography of him, taken from the "National Portrait Gallery."

Though the names of other distinguished North Carolinians have from time to time graced our pages, none have so signally distinguished themselves in their aspirations as M<sup>r</sup>. Polk. Hence the great importance his *Alma Mater* has ever attached to her most illustrious son. A galaxy of bright stars, all of the first magnitude, glitters in the list of her Alumni, but none in filial gratitude to his venerable mother have contributed more to her renown. May she long continue to send forth from her bosom educated young men to rival each other in emulating his most worthy example, and to fill the posts of honor of our common country.

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CORNELIUS HARNETT.—We acknowledge ourselves indebted to Gov. Swain, for the above named contribution. It will doubtless be read with much interest by every Carolinian, who wishes to be informed concerning the revolutionary era. We sincerely wish that North Carolina had some historian who devote his time and talents more sedulously to the important task of rescuing some of the events and some of the names of her revolutionary heroes and statesmen from the temporary oblivion that enshrouds them. We acknowledge the many obligations our State is under to those historians, who have devoted a small portion of their time and talents to the work of giving us a readable history. North Carolina owes much to Dr. Hawks for his exertions in her historical department, and it would be a subject of much gratification to us if his works were more generally distributed over the State. But, even granting that his book is the best history we have of this State, we think it ought to be deeply regretted by us all that the work has not been more extensive. Hundreds of brave men who figured conspicuously in that revolutionary conflict have no records of their daring patriotism left behind them. This is an evident fact, when we consider a moment that such a man as Harnett hardly has an intelligible record in the history of our State. We have often felt indignant at men from other States for their taunting and unjust remarks concerning our revolutionary history, and the part our state played in that bloody drama. Were the great men of North Carolina to unite in an effort worthy of themselves and of our glorious old State they



could produce a detail of such incontrovertible facts in relation to the history of our independence that would forever silence those who habitually traduce us and our institutions. It belongs to those who have now passed the meridian of life to furnish for all future time the needed facts to place this matter beyond dispute, and make the great heart of our commonwealth throb with a new glow of pleasure.

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HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY.—*The Newspaper Press in North Carolina*.—President Swain in his lecture before the Historical Society of this Institution, delivered in April, 1853, remarks that at the time of Gov. Martin's abdication (July, 1775,) there were but two newspapers published in the province—the North Carolina Gazette at New-Berne, and the Cape Fear Mercury at Wilmington.

"The precise period at which James Davis discontinued the Gazette, has not been ascertained, but the prospectus of the North Carolina Gazette or Impartial Intelligencer and Weekly General Advertiser, the first number of which was published at New-Berne on the 29th August, 1783, discloses the fact that 'no newspaper had been published in North Carolina for several years last past.' There were four printing presses in operation at different times during the revolution, one at New Berne, another at Halifax, a third attached to the army of Lord Cornwallis, and a fourth designed to disseminate the counter proclamations and manifestoes of Gen. Greene. We have in our archives the first volume of newspapers published in North Carolina, (in 1764) and the first political pamphlet which is known to have issued from our press, but there is not a single revolutionary newspaper, pamphlet or hand-bill on our files, with the exception of the laws and journals of the General Assembly. There is probably none in existence, and the copy of the Cape Fear Mercury transmitted by Gov. Martin to Lord Dartmouth and lost from the file in the State paper office, is probably the only revolutionary North Carolina newspaper any portion of the contents of which it is now possible to ascertain."

We are glad to say that the statement that there is not a single revolutionary North Carolina newspaper among the collections of the Historical Society, though true at the time it was made and true until within the last few days, is not to be repeated hereafter. Dr. Nathaniel M. Roane, of Milton, at the sale of the library of an aged citizen of Caswell recently deceased, purchased a file of the "North Carolina Gazette," the first number of which is dated July 4th, 1777, and the last November 3d, 1778—embracing a period of sixteen months. The earliest number is the 383d of the series from the commencement of the publication. The first number would seem to have appeared about March, 1770. The exact date at which the paper ceased to exist cannot as intimated above be ascertained.

Dr. Roane has made the Society greatly his debtor by this interesting contribution to their archives. It is nearly certain that it is the only file of revolutionary North Carolina newspapers extant. In addition to these published

materials for history, he has placed the Society under obligations for a manuscript obtained at the same sale, the discovery and existence of which takes us as much by surprise as the volume of newspapers.

The army which marched against the Regulators under the immediate command of Governor Tryon was composed of detachments from New Hanover led by Col. John Ashe, from Craven by Col. Joseph Leech, from Dobbs by Col. Richard Caswell, from Onslow by Col. Cree, from Johnston by Col. Needham Bryan, from Wake by Col. Hinton, from Orange by Col. Edmund Fanning, and from Carteret by Col. WILLIAM THOMSON, a company of artillery commanded by Capt. Moore and a company of rangers under Capt. Neal.

Of the private history of Col. THOMSON, of Carteret, we know nothing, and nothing of his public career but what is exhibited in his order book, neatly and accurately written, and in a good state of preservation. It exhibits in minute detail the leading incidents of every day's march from the rendezvous on the 3d May, at Johnston Court House until the army was disbanded on the 23d June, 1770, and Gov. Tryon had taken his departure to enter upon his duties as Governor of New York.

The preservation of the newspapers and the manuscript by the same person indicates that the aged gentleman at whose sale they were purchased, was a descendant or relative of Col. THOMSON. We will endeavor to develop his and their history more fully and clearly very soon.

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PAPER.—*When, where and by whom was the first Paper-mill established in North Carolina?*—In the same lecture of President Swain to which we have referred in the beginning of the preceding article, we find the following account of the scarcity of paper during the revolutionary era:

"We possess copies in a pretty good state of preservation of all the acts of the General Assembly, passed and printed during the revolution. The pamphlet containing the enactments of October session, 1779, consist of 34 pages, 16 small folio, the remainder in quarto. The continued scarcity of paper in 1781 and in 1782, compelled the public printer to adopt a similar arrangement. Even writing paper was not always at the command of men in high official station. In 1776, General Rutherford entreated the council of safety to hasten a supply of powder to Rowan, to enable him to march against the Cherokees, and with it a quire of paper, on which he might write his dispatches. In 1782, General Butler of Orange, urges a similar request upon Gov. Burke.

"The acts passed in 1781, are comprised in a pamphlet of 20 pages, 16 folio, 4 quarto without title page or imprint, and seem to have been distributed in the ratio of one to each county."

The file of the North Carolina Gazette, mentioned above, supplies a similar illustration to that exhibited in the pamphlet containing the acts of the General Assembly of 1781. The number dated July 4th, 1777, is a small folio of four pages, two broad columns on a page. The sheet is 12x16 inches—equal to about eight pages of this Magazine. On the 26th June, 1778, it is reduced

to a quarto, and so continues until the 7th November, when it resumed its former dimensions. The publication did not probably survive the close of the year 1778.

In our editorial table for Nov. 1853, (Vol II, p. 453,) the opinion is hazarded upon the evidence then before us that the earliest paper-mill established in the State was erected at Salem by the late Gotlieb Shober, in 1789. The following advertisement copied from the North Carolina Gazette of the 16th January 1778, shows that we may claim this distinction for a locality much nearer home:

"PAPER MANUFACTORY.—By our unhappy contest with Great Britain, and the necessary restrictions on our trade, paper has been an article for which we, in this State, have much suffered, for though there are many Paper mills in the Northern Colonies, where Paper is made in great perfection, yet, by the interruption of the Colony trade by water, the Southern Colonies have experienced a very great scarcity of that necessary article. To remedy this evil, and throw in their mite towards the perfection of American manufactures, the proprietors of a Paper mill just erected near Hillsborough, in Orange county, give notice to the public that their mill is now ready to work, and if a sufficient quantity of rags can be had, they will be able to supply this State with all sorts of Paper. They therefore request the favour of the public, and more particularly the mistresses of families, and the ladies in general, whose more peculiar province it is, to save all their rags and scraps of linen of all sorts; old thread stockings, thrums from their linen looms, and every kind of linen, is useful. As this undertaking is novel, saving of rags may perhaps be thought too trifling, and below the notice of the good matrons of this State; but when they consider they are adding and assisting in a necessary manufacture, and when the young ladies are assured, that by sending to the Paper mill an old handkerchief, no longer fit to cover their snowy breasts, there is a probability of its returning to them again in the more pleasing form of a billet deau from their lovers, the proprietors flatter themselves with great success. Persons in the several towns and counties in the State will be appointed to receive rags, for which a good price will be given."

Can any one among our Hillsborough friends enlighten us in relation to this portion of our history? The names of the proprietors, and especially of the author of this racy advertisement, should be rescued from oblivion. We think he has claims upon the attention of our sprightly contributors of the gentler and more imaginative sex that ought not to be disregarded.

*En passant*, we may remark in relation to our county seat that there is no village in the State, not even excepting Charlotte, with which so many interesting historical associations are connected. Will no one, even at this late day, attempt to illustrate her annals? Gov. Tryon made a royal progress to Childsburg almost a century ago,\* changed the name to that of his illustrious patron the Earl of Hillsborough, and in a despatch to the Premier predicted early prosperity and renown for the thrifty village. His own name and the name of his accomplished wife and sister still give character to her streets, and the beautiful mountains which are the greatest charm, in the surrounding

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\* The autumn of 1766.



scenery are rendered more enchanting by the traditions which still linger around them of noble feats of horsemanship exhibited by the beaux of that day inspired by the matchless grace and celerity with which Miss Wake led the flying cavalcade. Throughout the War of the Regulation as well as the Revolution, Hillsborough was the constant scene of stirring, frequently of thrilling events.

Among her resident citizens of ante-revolutionary fame were Col. Fanning, Ralph McNair, James Hogg, Francis Nash, and Thomas Burke, the two latter still more distinguished during the revolutionary period. Governor Caswell, Governor Nash, William Hooper, and Judge Moore, connect their names with many interesting events at Hillsboro', before, during or subsequent to the revolution. A mere list of the names of leading citizens from the revolution down to the present time, would present an array, which a much larger community might contemplate with honest pride and exultation. We are almost tempted to attempt a catalogue from memory. During the revolution President Monroe, Gov. Rutledge, of South Carolina Col. Williams, of Kings Mountain, Gen. Gates, Gen. Smallwood, Col. Lee, Lord Cornwallis, Col. Wilson Webster, Col. Tarlton, and last though no least the notorious marauder Col. David Fanning, were sojourners—during very brief periods of course.

Henry E. Colton Esq. some years since published a sketch of the history of this town in the Southern Literary Messenger. It has in someway disappeared from our libraries, and we have made repeated but fruitless efforts to obtain a copy from Richmond. Another, on a more extended scale is eminently due from the grateful living to the illustrious dead.

CABINET OF COINS, MEDALS, &c.—In our last volume, page 646, we presented to our readers an interesting letter from Joseph Bonner, Esq., of Bath, with reference to the discovery in removing rubbish from a cellar in that ancient and interesting town of a PINE TREE SHILLING. The finder, Mr. William Walling, with commendable liberality transferred it to our cabinet.

The following note from an alumnus of the University, accompanying a gold coin of which we may have occasion to speak hereafter, affords grateful evidence of the good taste and proper discernment of a favorite pupil:

WADESBORO', N. C., July 28, 1860.

HON. D. L. SWAIN—*Dear Sir* :—Some months ago a negro belonging to Mr. Mial Wall, of Richmond county, while plowing in a field discovered the coin which I enclose. The spot is reputed to be that on which stood the house of the father of the late Rev. Mastin D. Crawford which was burned by Tories during the Revolution. The coin, an English one, was no doubt a part of the reward of their treachery.

I hope you will accept it not only a token of my appreciation of your private worth, but also of the laudable zeal you manifest in rescuing from oblivion many valuable historical reminiscences of our State and her early citizens.

Yours very truly,

H. W. LEDBETTER.

*A Comprehensive Dictionary of the English Language* by JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL.D. *Revised with important additions.* Boston: Swan, Brewer & Tileston. Cleveland: Ingraham & Bragg. 1860.

In 1830, the able, learned and indefatigable author of this work, published "a Comprehensive Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language, with vocabularies of classical and scripture proper names." In a new edition, in 1835 a "Vocabulary of modern geographical names, with their pronunciation," was added. In 1847, the work was revised, enlarged, stereotyped anew, and in 1849 "Abbreviations used in writing and printing," "A collection of phrases and quotations from the Latin, French, Italian and Spanish languages," and the "principal Deities, Heroes, &c., in Greek and Roman fabulous history," were incorporated in a new edition.

In 1855 Dr. Worcester published "a pronouncing, explanatory and synonymous dictionary of the English language" with copious additions especially *revised and enlarged vocabularies*, and what was of still greater value and importance, the principal *synonymes* of the language.

The work now before us is a combination of these two dictionaries revised and corrected, and is in our opinion the most convenient, copious and accurate manual, that has fallen within the range of our observation, and we have taken some pains to satisfy ourselves with respect to the comparative merits of Dictionaries designed for common use in seminaries of learning for constant reference. The advanced scholar will have occasion to turn frequently to the quarto Dictionaries of Richardson, Webster and Worcester, and one or other of these works is to be found on the shelves of a considerable proportion of our undergraduates. They are too cumbrous however, for common use. This edition of Worcester, can be purchased in its largest and most convenient form for \$1.50. Those who consult it will rarely have occasion, to refer to a larger work, and for a compend of this kind there is a constant necessity. We keep a copy upon our table, and have little patience with any one, who in our absence ventures to remove it. We cannot afford to dispense with it for an hour.

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THE TIMES!—Though the outside world may be undergoing the most alarming and most unhappy convulsions, and our country falling to pieces like a rope of sand—as worthless—yet here in this little quiet world on Chapel Hill, all is peace and happiness; and under the mild rule of our most venerable President, we feel that no apple of discord can enter to disturb the kind relations existing between instructor and pupil. We as a body are more disposed to hail the New Year with that real pleasure that ever characterizes joyous youth, than those of more mature years. We have no blighted hopes withered into bitterness, no vows broken, alas! to cloud our just dawning manhood. No, standing upon the grave of the Old Year, we will not be sad, we all hail the one just ushered in with the most glorious anticipations. We will not believe that it has

in store for us—disappointment! We have forever banished the green-eyed monster from our happy abode. The loathsome toad will never enter our little paradise, knowing full well that the imperial spear of some Ithuriel, would again hurl the devil and his whole family out of our earthly Eden, to find a more congenial abode (which we doubt not he might find in some swine we wot of) to seek to damn some poor souls who are ever willing to be ——.

Right here, before we forget it, let us congratulate all of our patrons, (all who have paid their accounts with us) and wish them long lives and all the happiness that heaven ever bestows upon poor mortals; and also bless them with the determination to continue their subscription to the Mag. as long as our University lasts, *esto perpetua*.

To our fellow-students we offer our kindest regards. We hope they enjoyed a delightful vacation. We only have to add that it is our sincere wish that Cupid has not lacerated their very susceptible hearts too badly, so that they cannot study; and that amid their dreamy about some fair one, for instance,

“The girl I left behind,” &c.

The terribly grim visages of Tol, Bad, &c., may not enter and mar the effect. True, one may like counterparts, but the contrasts here would be awful.

Those of friends who went home to enjoy their vacation chose the wise parts; for although Christmas was ushered in here by the booming of cannon, and every body tried to feel gay and happy, yet it was a complete failure. Of all the unsocial places—we mean the *would be upper town*, 'tis here, 'tis here! And why is it so, no oracle can tell. So it is all a mistake to remain on the Hill, unless you have something to do, or imagine that there is a luxury in being badly bored.

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TO THE POETS IN OUR MIDST.—Those of our fellow-students, who were wont to contribute poetry for the Magazine, we would very respectfully ask if the spirit of poetry has entirely died out among them, and if so why? We think it a great pity that their quills plucked from fiction's wings should so soon be cast aside, and their soaring muse ere its existence is recognized, its sacred fire should die out. For our part, we can truly say, that by none are unworthy attempts at poetry more thoroughly detested than by ourselves. But, we know that among the Students there are some possessing a genius sufficient to do any thing, where the will is not wanting. And why they do not come forward with their productions, and enrich our pages by their effusions, seems unaccountable. We do sincerely hope that they will not consider poetry a relict of barbarous age, and that the mere fact of their writing poetry, argues that they have been born a century or so too late.

We would again invite them to consider that the Magazine is the exponent of College literature, and that their reputation is at stake as much as our own.



*Address delivered before the Agricultural Society of Cumberland County N. C., at its Seventh Annual Fair, November, 15, 1860, by WALTER F. LEAK, Esq., of Richmond County. Published by order of the Society. Fayetteville: Printed by Edward J. Hale & Sons. 1860.*

We have been favored by the author who is a practical as well as a theoretical farmer with a copy of this address, and though not agriculturalists ourselves have received from it pleasure as well as instruction. We commend it to the favorable consideration of the numerous and important class of the community for which it is designed and to which it is adapted.

We transfer to our editorial table Mr. Leak's suggestions in relation to an enlargement of the plan of our Scientific School, and the extension of its advantages to young men of limited means but of such physical powers and mental endowments as may afford the promise in due time of becoming efficient instructors in the most neglected, and most important, branch of education:

"We have now, with becoming deference, enumerated what we conceive to be the principal errors in our present loose system of farming, and have to some extent pointed out the remedy, which has been seen to be in our power; and we will now proceed to other wants, which as farmers are not in our own power, but which we *must have* done by others, before we can properly develop the productive industry of the country.

"Prominent among these is a greater knowledge on our part of chemistry as applied to agriculture.

"That certain combinations of constituent or elementary properties do exist in the soil, each adapted to the growth of the plant, all admit; but in what proportion, or *how* combined, few, yes, very few of our most intelligent planters are sufficiently informed. We have said that the conditions of fertility of any soil may be destroyed by a continued succession of the same crops, and the soil itself not be impoverished, for that it still retains a modified adaptation for the growth of plants of dissimilar habits. We have said likewise, that each crop takes off from the soil a certain *proportion* of the fructifying elements of which it is composed, and that the "elements" existed under certain combinations. Now, what are the constituent elements themselves; in what proportions, and under what combinations are they found in a good soil? These are questions, to which agricultural chemistry will give the most satisfactory solutions.

"Chemistry will analyze the soil, show the combinations and proportions in which the elements exist, and under what different circumstances they are found, and then subject the ashes of the plant to another analysis, and show elementary substances of which it is composed, and thus establish *why it is* that one soil is better adapted to the growth of one plant, than another.

"Now, we ask, is not such information as this to the husbandman, well worthy of a small State appropriation, inaugurating some plan through which it may be brought about?

"A soil may be *rich*, that is may *abound* in vegetable matter, as many of the swamps of your creeks and branches do, and yet for the want of a due proportion of one or two certain other elements, may be entirely unproductive.

"We repeat then, that, as Farmers, the greatest want of this agricultural age is, a greater knowledge of Agricultural Chemistry.

"How then can this be supplied?

"This is the question which we now approach, and in giving our views, we trust that the present position we now occupy will to some extent relieve us from the seeming vanity exhibited.

"Were we called upon to suggest a remedy, we would respectfully recommend to your favorable consideration something like the present.

"In the first place, there should be a separate Agricultural Professorship created by the Board of Trustees at Chapel Hill, and filled by an able Agricultural Chemist, with a salary sufficient to command the best talents in this department that the country affords, who, in connexion with one of the scientific schools now existing, should devote his whole time to the instruction of his class in theoretical if not in practical agriculture.

"The State should then be divided into a certain number of Agricultural Districts (say the present Electoral or Congressional Districts;) each District should furnish three young men, to repair to the University to receive a gratuitous education in the science of Chemistry as applied to agriculture, as also to take a Geological course.

"The County Courts, at either extreme end of the District, should select one, and the middle county the other.

"In making the selection, they should be confined to some promising young man, of steady habits, good morals, and limited means; who should be willing to devote the greater part of his time to the acquisition of those sciences, and who would further agree, that when thus instructed, he should deliver lectures upon Agricultural Chemistry and Geology, in the different counties (alternating) of his District; and when not thus occupied, he should take charge of some central free school of his County; and continue thus employed for the same length of time he was receiving his education.

"When the collegiate course thus provided for shall have expired, and the scheme be found to *work well*, then it may be extended to such other counties in the District as shall not have furnished a scholar; until *each* county be provided with an Agricultural Chemist.

"For the support of the students thus furnished, each agricultural Society of the county selected, should assess enough on its Members, or raise in some other way, a sum sufficient to pay the *tuition* of its scholar, and the State should make an appropriation amply sufficient to cover all other expenses; which would not be more than some £10,000 a year.

"Let it be not said, that we have already at Chapel Hill a school for the application of science to the arts, with two professorships, in which the general principles of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology are now taught. This is true; but then Agricultural Chemistry is not as *prominent* as it should be, and receives attention but one day in each week. "Let it not be said, that the State is already in debt, and requires her resources to meet her engagements. What we ask is such a scanty appropriation, with *such an object in view!* Give us an appropriation, and, my word for it, you would soon find that a new and profitable stimulus imparted to agricultural industry; you

would soon find that almost every intelligent planter could analyse his own soil, and replace whatever he found to be deficient. Give us something *like this* and require of the educated young men to take charge of some central free school in their respective counties, and you remedy, in no little degree, the greatest difficulty with which your present free school system has to contend: the want of competent instructors of youth. You would thus inaugurate, in miniature a "Normal School" system, which must be perfected into manhood before popular education can ever attain its highest degree of usefulness, or at all meet the expectation of its friends.

"Who can object to a plan like this? The farmer, *will not*, for it is the crying want of this agricultural age; the friends of popular education *cannot*, for as far as it goes it remedies what all admit to be an evil in the present free school system; the demagogue *dare not*, for his appeals in behalf of the *dear people* will then cease to be effectual, and the very prejudices attempted to be aroused, will be closed to his approach. Evidently as our soils deteriorate and become less productive, there arises a greater demand for a scientific and educated husbandry.

"We have already appropriated millions for rivers and railroads, in order to give facilities to the farmer, and we have overlooked the fact that he has now to contend with an exhausted soil, that requires something more than the bare "sweat of the brow" to make his labor remunerative."

HON. THOMAS L. CLINGMAN.—We have the pleasure of announcing to our friends that Senator Clingman has consented to deliver the Annual Literary Address before the two Societies of the University. We give below the correspondence between the Committee and our distinguished Senator:

OCTOBER 15, 1860.

HON. T. L. CLINGMAN—*Dear Sir*:—At a recent meeting of the Dialectic Society, you were unanimously chosen to deliver the address before our two Literary Societies at their next Commencement, and we were appointed a committee to inform you of the same.

We hereby tender your election and add our individual solicitations.

T. S. WEBB,  
WM. L. VAN WYCK, } Com.  
G. L. WASHINGTON,

ASHEVILLE, November 8, 1860.

GENTLEMEN:—I regret the delay that has occurred in my reply to your letter informing me that I have been selected by the Dialectic Society to deliver an address before the Literary Societies of the University. My absence from home is the sole reason for my not receiving and replying to your communication long since. Though I have had doubts as to whether I would be in the State at the time of the Commencement, yet having heretofore on more than one occasion declined a similar invitation, I have determined to accept this one, and will endeavor to comply with the wishes of the Society.

Permit me to thank you, gentlemen, for the kind terms in which the invitation of our Society have been conveyed to me, and believe me,

Very truly yours,

T. L. CLINGMAN.

Messrs. T. S. Webb, Wm. L. Van Wyck, and G. L. Washington, Committee.



[From DeBow's Review for December.]

THE NORTHERN PRESS—"THE NEW YORK DAY-BOOK."—The tone of the public mind is at this era of the world's history almost entirely directed by the periodical press. Especially is this observable at the North, where immense newspaper establishments have become almost a ruling power. Those who make the books of a people may be well said to be their rulers. Ours pre-eminently is a country where opinion is all-powerful. The ballot-box is the arbiter of our destiny until the weapons of peace are thrown away for the sword and the bayonet. It is a remarkable fact that Great Britain has been for years the fountain from which the great stream of American literature has flown. That that stream should have been polluted with sentiments and ideas at war with our system of government and our form of civilization is not astonishing. Indeed, it would have been astonishing if it had not been thus polluted; for, flowing, as it does, from a form of society eternally irreconcilable with ours, it could not have been otherwise.

The effects of this are fearfully apparent to every patriotic mind. Great Britain, about thirty years since, set up the theory that negroes were equals of white men—or at least equal to the subjects of her own dominions, and ever since that day has been preaching that it was a sin and a crime to keep a black man in a position of inferiority, such as nature evidently intended him to occupy. Upon her own island, where there were no negroes, this theory was entirely harmless, and her people might have believed it for centuries without its ever injuring any one if they had not attempted to reduce it to practice. This they did, and now several of the West India islands afford melancholy examples of the utter folly and wickedness of this perversion of nature's law. If God in his avenging punishment had doomed some of them to the sirocco's blast he could not have given a more forcible illustration of his wrath than is now presented by the absolute poverty and vice which have followed this unholy experiment. But as marvellous and as striking as are its teachings, we still find the disseminators of the same doctrines busy at work sending forth the same falsehoods and the same wretched sophistry which have deceived the people of England, and which, in the course of a score of years, have also revolutionized public opinion in the Northern States.

How has this been done? Did Southern men ever think of that fact, that thousands and ten of thousands of pages of matter have been circulated to prove that slavery is an evil and a sin, and that not a dollar has ever been spent in refuting the falsehood?

It was not uncommon a few years since to find people at the South acknowledging that our form of society could not be justified in the abstract, and only defended as a "necessary evil." So imbedded had the opinion become that negro slavery was unjust that no one at the North stood up as a defender of the essential justice of Southern society. Now, any institution that is inherently wrong must, sooner or later, tumble down. The hand of every conscientious man, sooner or later, gets against it, and bereft of moral support, deprived of all hold upon the sympathies of mankind, it stands exposed to the shafts of every "insatiate archer," and soon falls without a friend to mourn its demise.

Such has been the domestic institution of the South—the institution in which grew up a Washington, a Jefferson, a Madison, a Calhoun, a Henry, a Monroe, a Mason, and a host of worthies whose names will shine forever as patriots and statesman.

It is gratifying, however, for Southern men to know that a change for the better is plainly perceptible in the Northern press. Though the bulk is largely anti-slavery yet we have the satisfaction to know that at least one journal there has raised the standard of opposition to it. We refer to "The New-York Day-Book." We have known for several years the senior editor of that journal, Dr. J. H. Van Evrie. Dr. Van Evrie has devoted himself with a student's enthusiasm to the study of the negro character and physiology, and

has presented a theory upon this subject which has been warmly commended by Dr. Cartwright of New Orleans, and many other Southern men, as the *only true* explanation of Southern society. It is, very briefly this; the negro is naturally inferior—a separate and distinct race or species of the *genus homo*; hence being a different and inferior being, he must occupy an inferior position to the white man. This being his natural or normal position, it cannot be one of slavery, for slavery is an unnatural condition or a *wrong* deprivation of a man of his rights, but this is *not* that, for the negro enjoys all the rights he is rightly entitled to, *ergo*, his condition is not one of slavery. Dr. Van Evrie, therefore, never used slavery in referring to the negro's position at the South, except as a quotation.

This theory of our society, Dr. Van Evrie fully discusses in the columns of the "Day-Book," of which he is the senior editor. His talents and observations eminently fit him for this position, for, though a native New-Yorker, he has for the past twelve years done little else than gather facts upon this subject. As a surgeon in Gen. Scott's army in Mexico, he had every opportunity to study the effects of the mixture of races in that country, which his experience, as a practical physician and surgeon, eminently adapted him to make. He has now in press a large work\* upon the slavery question, embracing, perhaps, the most remarkable and original observations upon this great question of "slavery" ever presented to the world. But, as we remarked, Dr. Van Evrie has made the Day-Book a great engine for good. It has opened already a flood of light upon this subject, and above all, challenged the abolitionist right upon their own ground. While the circulation of the Day-Book has been much larger at the South than at the North, as its sentiments, of course, were most likely to find sympathy here at first, yet we have been no less surprised than gratified to learn of its constant and steady progress at the North. We are assured upon good authority, what at first we could hardly believe, but which we are convinced is a fact, that it has a larger circulation both at the North and the South than any other Democratic paper.

Its actual circulation, daily and weekly, is now nearly 50,000. Of this about one third is believed to be North of Mason and Dixon's line and two thirds South. So completely have anti-slavery journals driven out democratic papers at the North that it is not believed that a single distinctively democratic paper there has 16,000 circulation, or one third of 50,000! We submit therefore, that the success of the Day-Book, considering its principles, is a remarkable feature in journalism. It shows that Southern institutions rest upon such a basis of truth that they only need to be boldly presented to win their way to popular favor. It shows that Southern men have nothing to fear in the great theatre of popular discussion, but that they may safely challenge the world. But we regret to say, that while the Day-Book has obtained a fair circulation, it is by no means a financial success. Its anti-slavery neighbors number their subscribers by hundreds of thousands. The weekly Day-Book is furnished at just about cost price to clubs, and affords an admirable medium for all to obtain the news, and at the same time circulate sound doctrines among the people. It has never yet been profitable to its proprietors, mainly from the fact of its low price, and also that its daily edition has not been supported by the merchants of New-York as it deserves to be, and as their own interest really requires.

We are convinced, however that nothing can swerve the Day-Book from its position. It has linked its fortune to the faith of the South, and it will triumph or fall with that faith. To a mind deeply impressed that the present position of the negro at the South is right, an adherence to it is simply a duty of patriotism and honor, and surely a man like Dr. Van Evrie, who has been

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\*This large work of Dr. Van Evrie's will be a 400 page 12mo book, price \$1.00, is we understand, now in press, and will be ready for delivery by the 1st of January.

the pioneer in announcing this great truth, could not shrink from its support no matter what came. There are thousands and tens of thousands at the North who will stand by the South to the last. Such men as Charles O'Connor and Dr. Van Evrie are not the mere ordinary defenders or apologists for negro "slavery," who have so often been found wanting in the day and hour of need. With them our institutions are synonyms for truth, patriotism, and republicanism. To turn their backs upon them would be, to them, to deny the Declaration of Independence—to give up the heroes and patriots of the Revolution, and to fall down and worship Britishism in its most odious forms. The Day-Book is the organ of such men at the North, and we are convinced they are more numerous than many suppose. At all events, such a paper deserves well of the South, and we trust it may yet have a circulation and an influence that shall exceed the powers of all the Britishized, abolition journals which are now so omnipotent for evil and evil only.

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## TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

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DIALECTIC HALL, January, 26th 1861.

WHEREAS, the Dialectic Society has received the painful intelligence that the hand of death has been laid upon one of her cherished members, Edward C. Bellamy, whose life has been rendered effulgent by his many virtues, and whose generous and genial disposition gathered around him a large circle of unswerving friends, and who by his winning manners, gentlemanly demeanor and noble qualities of heart endeared himself to all:

Resolved, that although it has so pleased Him who has power to do all things and "who giveth and taketh away" to call to his never-ending rest one who was universally beloved, and although we ought to submit uncomplainingly to this dispensation of Providence, yet we cannot but grieve that the Dialectic Society has been bereft of one of its most zealous members, his sorrowing family of a fond husband and father, and that his community has in him sustained such an irreparable loss; and we are only consoled by the belief that he has left this heartless world "blessed with the blessed assurance of a glorious immortality."

Resolved, that we proffer our heartfelt sympathies to his much distressed family, and condole with them in this their hour of pain, and refer them to that mysterious and all-wise Providence that doeth all things for the best, where alone can their sorrows be alleviated.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and also to the "Raleigh Register" "Wilmington Journal" and "University Magazine," with request for publication.

MARSDEN BELLAMY,	} Com.
JAMES M. HOBSON,	
G. LAWRENCE WASHINGTON,	



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Vol. X. MARCH. No. 7.

# NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

## EDITORS:

OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

THOMAS T. ALLEN,  
ROBERT S. CLARK,  
JOEL P. WALKER.

OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

JOHN T. JONES,  
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JOHN B. NEATHERY, PRINTER.

1861.

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## Receipts.

We acknowledge the following receipts since Feb. 1st: Pettigrew, \$2.50 R. Fulton, \$2; McQueen, \$1; George Whitfield, \$2; J. DeRossett, \$2; Arrington, \$2; G. P. Lack, \$2; Prof. Kimberly, \$2; Ben. Adams, \$2; Mrs. A. M. Clark, \$2; E. R. Outlaw, \$2; L. Frierson, \$2; McGee, \$5; F. M. Johnson, \$2; R. D. Hart, \$2; J. Jenkins, \$2; Gov. Swain, \$1; Iowa Royster, \$2; Seth Speight, \$2; Mrs. Speight, \$2; Joyner, \$2; Geo. Thompson, \$2; Mrs. Dixon, \$2; Mrs. Spencer, \$2; Rev. C. Phillips, \$2; Col. Hardeman, \$2; H. P. Lyon, \$2.

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Vol. X.

MARCH, 1861.

No. 7.

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## LIFE AND LETTERS OF WHITMILL HILL.

BY HON. D. L. SWAIN.

WHITMILL HILL was the son of John and Martha Hill, born in Bertie county 12th February, 1743, and was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. He was an early and earnest advocate of the rights of the colonies in the contest with the mother country, and served at intervals in all the legislative bodies—provincial, state and national—which were called into existence from the dawn of the revolution until the adoption of the Constitution of the United States.

He was a member of the Provincial Congress which met at Hillsboro' 20th August, 1775, and one of the thirteen members appointed by that body to form the Provincial Council, a member of the Provincial Congress which convened at Halifax on the 4th April, 1776, and Senator from Martin in the General Assemblies of the State of North Carolina in 1778, 1779 and 1780. In 1778 he was appointed a delegate to the Continental Congress, and served until 1781.

Cornelius Harnett, Hill, and Burke were delegates to the Continental Congress in 1780. Burke was elected Governor in July of the following year, and Harnett died a prisoner within the British lines a few weeks afterwards. Hill survived the perils of the revolution, was one of the ablest advocates of the Constitution of the United States in the Convention which met at Hillsborough in July 1788, and rejected the Federal Constitution by a vote of 184 to 84. He died at his residence at Hill's Ferry in Martin county, 12th September, 1797. Harnett's letters afford ample evidence that the three were socially, as well as politically, kindred spirits.



Mr. Hill survived his colleagues in the Continental Congress, Harnett by sixteen and Burke fourteen years. At the time he entered Congress (1778) he seems to have been thirty-five, and Burke, if born in 1747 as his biographers suppose, but thirty-one years of age. Harnett, though manifesting quite as much vivacity and gallantry as either of his colleagues, had reached the ripe age of fifty-four. All three, when we consider the extent and wide range of their public services, died at comparatively early ages: Burke at thirty-six, Hill at fifty-three, and Harnett at fifty-seven years.

We have had occasion to examine numerous files of revolutionary correspondence, and recollect no more instructive and suggestive communications than the two subjoined letters from Whitmill Hill to Gov. Burke, and the letter from the latter to General Gates.

The series of successes alluded to in the first of these letters, rumors of which by the way of Charleston, had reached Congress were probably the sudden onslaughts of Sumter and Davie on the British posts at Rocky Mount and the Hanging Rock, the capture of the fort on Pacolet, the battle at the Cedar Springs, between the van of Ferguson's army, six or seven hundred in number, and six hundred mounted men, detached from General McDowell's forces under the immediate command of Colonels Shelby and Clark. The most important events connected with these conflicts, and the still more brilliant affair at Enoree on the 18th of August 1780, eclipsed and shrouded by the overwhelming defeat of Gates at Camden, have ordinarily escaped the researches of historians and perhaps in no instance attracted the attention to which in their immediate and ultimate consequences they were entitled. For this reason we have concluded to append to these letters the most correct account which has probably ever been given of this border warfare. It is extracted from the memoir of Shelby in the "National Portrait Gallery," and is known to have been written substantially by himself. The triumphs at Pacolet, Cedar Springs and Enoree, were won by the same men under the leadership of McDowell, Shelby, Sevier and Williams, who in conjunction with Col. Campbell, of Virginia, achieved the victory at King's Mountain, the decisive battle of the revolution in the south, if not in the Union.

The first of these letters, it must be remembered, was written just four days, the second four weeks, after the battle of Camden. We earnestly commend them in all their details, to the careful perusal of those anxious to explore the recondite success of revolutionary history.

The act of April 1780, referred to by Mr. Hill at the opening of his second letter, among other restrictions upon trade, makes it unlawful for any person "to sell or retail for profit (except as hereinafter excepted) any kind of imported articles, except the same shall have been imported

from beyond seas, on his own account" under the penalty of one hundred thousand pounds for each offence; "and in order the better to secure to the good people of this state, a plentiful supply of all the necessaries of life the same penalty is imposed upon each act of exportation. An act passed at the same session directed the emission of bills of credit to the amount of £1,240,000. The aggregate emissions between the 1st of January 1775 and 1st of January 1781, were \$76,375,000. The current value as compared with specie on the 1st of January 1782, was as 800 to 1, at which rate this species of public debt, was ultimately redeemed.

Governor Nash's salary was fixed by the act of April 1780 at £13,000. The late estimable Chief Justice had the authority of his mother, for the statement that the amount received "was scarcely sufficient to procure a calico gown."

With such a currency, and under such restrictions upon trade, without supplies of food or clothing—the means to procure them, or even the semblance of a commissariat, it is not surprising that the continental troops in marching through our State to the aid of South Carolina, were compelled to forage upon friends as well as enemies.

The exertions made by the General Assembly to meet the exigencies upon our Southern border almost surpass belief. An act passed the same session authorizes the governor "to send to the assistance of South Carolina a further relief of any number of men not exceeding eight thousand." In addition to this militia force, the enlistment of three thousand men was directed to fill up our *Continental Battalions*. These recruits were to serve three years, or during the war, to receive five hundred dollars each at the time of enlistment, and in addition "the same clothing pay and rations that the continental soldiers were entitled to." As a further consideration each soldier was to receive at the expiration of each year's service five hundred dollars, and at the end of three years, or the close of the war "one prime slave between the age of fifteen and thirty years, or the value thereof in current money and two hundred acres of land" in what is now the most productive portion of Tennessee.

It is impossible for the most vivid imagination at the present day, to realize the difficulties and horrors of this most gloomy period:—General Green, the tried and trusted friend of Washington, and next to him, the ablest of our commanders, menaced by a committee of Congress with dismissal and disgrace, his faithful troops ready to disband upon the execution of the threat, Washington's army for several days about the 1st September 1780, "without meat," and continental money depreciated at the rate of seventy-five to one.

Such was the state of things at home. Abroad there seems to have

been small hopes of an alliance with Spain without limiting our western boundary, far short of the Mississippi, or permitting the navigation of the river except under specified restrictions.

Even at this dark hour Whitmill Hill expresses the hope that the people of North Carolina roused by the unfortunate affair at Camden, will make every effort possible for poor people, contending for every blessing of life, and if they perish in the conflict "*to let it be said that they fell nobly.*" Well did he know the statesman to whom and the people of whom he was writing.

At the very moment that Hill was making his thrilling appeal, to his countrymen GOVERNOR RUTLEDGE THE DICTATOR, Col. Williams the hero of King's Mountain and Sumter "the game cock of South Carolina" were all refugees within our borders. Marion "the Swamp Fox" if not here then, found shelter within our limits very shortly thereafter.

On the 8th September 1780 Col. Williams who emigrated from Granville to Laurens District in South Carolina in 1772 was at Hillsborough the temporary seat of government of this State and at the instance of Governor Rutledge was permitted by Governor Nash to raise a hundred mounted men among his old neighbors in the whig County of Caswell. His commission to levy these troops bore date on the 8th September. on the 7th of the following month, they followed him to victory and to death on King's Mountain.

Georgia was at this era as completely subdued and more extensively devastated than South Carolina. Her public records "transported in wagons" were delivered to Governor Nash in New Berne for safe keeping and Clark, Jackson, Jones and McCall, were fighting in the ranks of the mountain men with Shelby and Sevier, under the orders of McDowell.

#### WHITMILL HILL TO THOMAS BURKE.

PHILADELPHIA, August 20th, 1780.

SIR:—Your favors of 18th June and 1st July have reached me, and am very sorry for your misfortune in foundering your match horses, but hope you have met with no other impediment on your journey. I now write you, supposing you to be devoted to Mars, and at the head of some victorious party warm in pursuit of their fugitive enemies; this opinion is grounded on intelligence received at this place two days past by a flag of truce in eight days from Charleston, who assert that the current report of the day at Charleston is, that our army has gained very decisive advantages in several actions they have had with the British and that they are retiring with all possible speed to Charleston. \* \* \*

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I hope that our distressed militia who have been obliged to rescue the country from the dominion of Britain will claim to themselves some compensation for their service, which compensation they will seize on and bring home to their ruined families. This plundering I should not generally encourage, but in the present instance I think it justifiable and wish from my heart it may be put into execution. I observe what you say relative to the supplies being called from Virginia and the cause you suppose to be the occasion of such a blunder (*viz*) the committee at camp. This committee is at length dissolved, as experience convinced Congress that they daily engaged them in quarrels with the army, instead of correcting any of the abuses they were intended to inspect. They brought about a resignation of Gen. Green as Quartermaster General, which resignation was accompanied with a disrespectful letter to Congress and was very near bringing about his total dismissal. T. Pickering is appointed to fill his place: how the department will be conducted in future we cannot say, but have been told by the committee at camp that if Gen. Green was dismissed, our army must immediately disband. Congress have for once had firmness enough to persist; what evils must ensue, we cannot tell; as yet, we have experienced no uncommon one.

Our finances are much in the situation you left them. For a few days we have a few thousands in the treasury, but it is as suddenly exhausted; however we are in daily expectation of the new emission being brought from the eastern states to the treasury; how they will circulate at par in specie, when the present Continental bills are current at 75 for one I leave you to guess. The states have all adopted the plan except the three Southern ones, and I suppose on the next meeting of our Assembly they will come into it. Congress has a few days past received dispatches from Mr. Jay as late as 27th May, in which he is very particular, and satisfactory. He gives us room to hope that our draughts on him will be answered but informs us that they will call on him to contract for repayment in some special manner for which purpose, he calls on us for particular instructions. He is informed by the Spanish minister that his master is particularly determined with respect to the navigation of the Mississippi and wishes to limit our Western boundary far short of that river. In this he urges especial instructions, which he is determined to act by literally. The Minister hopes it may be possible to influence his master to grant the navigation of the river with certain restrictions as to contraband articles. But this is a matter of doubt. He informs us that no treaty can effectually take place till those matters are more fully explained by Congress. He mentions that the division that prevailed in Congress soon after he came to the chair had reached that court, and had tended much to lessen the reputation of Congress; that the people generally of that country are

averse to the Americans, not believing it possible that the Roman Catholic religion was ever tolerated in America, much less placed equal to any other doctrine, but that he believed the ministry were well attached to the cause.

The aid expected from France when you left us arrived at Rhode Island 12th July consisting of eight ships of the line and four brigades with 5,000 men on board. A few days after Admiral Graves arrived at New York with six ships of the line, and on being joined by Admiral Arbuthnot with the ships of war at New York proceeded to block up the French fleet in Rhode Island, which they have effected and for the present suspends the intended operations against New York. However we have daily expectations of the arrival of a second aid of ships and men from France so as to give us a decided superiority by sea. Should no accident befall this aid we make no doubt of effecting the reduction of New York before the campaign is closed. Gen. Washington's army at this time consists of more than 25,000 men; so that could we obtain the superiority by sea, I believe the business would be easily settled.

Congress has ordered the Virginia troops as fast as completed to join the Southern army, and we have been fortunate enough to procure bills of exchange for 100,000 dollars in specie to be sent to the aid of the military chest in the Southern department; this is all we can hope for at the present; in fact they appear very averse to granting aid to us, so that we must rely greatly on our own resources. \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* I have to solicit your return to this place by the first of November or if you decline it urge Mr. Sharpe to be here by that time, as there is an absolute necessity for my leaving here by the 10th of that month to return home.

I am, dear sir, yours most sincerely,

WHIT. HILL.

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PHILADELPHIA, 12th September, 1780.

*Dear Mr. Burke:*—Your letters of the 21st of July and of the same day of the succeeding month are now with me, particulars of which, I shall answer with as much satisfaction as possible. Must I say that my expectations have not been disappointed respecting the effect our restriction on the little commerce of our State, has produced. Nothing could be more certain than the total stoppage of the circulation of our paper medium when clogged with the like impediments; however it was a favorite experiment of our Legislature and I doubt not they thought it best, and having experienced the consequences, will I am assured repeal any such pernicious and mistaken law. With respect to supplies for the

Continental army in our state, it is not to be wondered at that they were under the necessity of foraging on the country, not being furnished with money of any kind to purchase nor even the proper officers for laying in supplies, these deficiencies naturally produced the effects you mention. Congress on receipt of your letter were with much difficulty wrought upon to take up the subject and came into the enclosed resolution promising public creditors assurance against depreciation, &c. When the day of payment will arrive time alone will inform us, as our finances are in as distressed a situation as at any period within your recollection, and I believe more so, as our demands are much increased by our Northern and Southern armaments. I am sorry to observe that Congress having their whole attention turned to the old *folly*, the reduction of New York, seem to have forgotten the Southern part of the continent (which I believe must support itself) and your surprise will be excited on being informed that the Virginia influence is at this critical moment attached to the same ridiculous object. There has been a large army assembled in the neighborhood of us a few weeks past, but as the British held the superiority by sea it was thought advisable to turn the militia home, and the attempt against New York, stands reserved for next summer's speculation; then this idle phantom has exhausted the whole resources of America for three campaigns and will I suppose for three or four more; for from all appearance this must be a war of finance, and therefore a small compact army, so established as to act on the defensive and keep the enemy locked up in their garrisons would be the most effectual means of carrying on the war. However our politicians here think it an easy matter to extirpate the British force from the continent. I hope I may be in an error, for no person wishes more earnestly for an end to this destructive war than myself, but past experience seems to point out the impracticability of succeeding in this way. I cannot omit mentioning that Gen. Washington's army now quite small has been several days without meat, and under the necessity of sending foraging parties into the country to procure daily supplies, this is a fact, notwithstanding the country abounds with a profusion of every necessary for the army, but as the public have neither money nor credit, such is the state of our grand army as it is called. The arrival of the French force at Rhode Island contributes not a little to our difficulties as their supplies are procured altogether with specie and consequently the whole eastern supplies crowd to that market, while our troops languish under hunger or commit rapine in the country they are intended to protect. These gloomy prospects will lose their most hideous appearances when I inform you of a report current, these two days past, and believed by all classes of people except such infidels as myself. Clamor supported by two letters received from Maryland, tells us that the



long expected second division of the French force has been spoken with by two or more different vessels in their way to Rhode Island from the West Indies. One vessel is arrived which sailed in company with them from the West Indies and parted them somewhere on the coast. The fleet is said to consist of 18 sail of the line with some land forces.

If this be true doubtless our day of redemption is at hand; but my reasons for disbelieving it are something like this—the reinforcement destined for America was to sail from Brest, which port has been blocked by a superior British fleet since about the middle of June, and every information mentions this supposed fleet as sailing from the West Indies; if so, they leave Rodney with a very large force master of the seas, and their island and trade quite exposed. Could I suppose it possible that they should know the situation of Ternay's squadron at Rhode Island I might then believe they would at all events relieve that fleet, but that information could not have reached them except by inspiration—hence my disbelief of the report. Should any such aid arrive, although too late to attempt New York this campaign, it seems generally agreed to send a large force to the South this winter, so as to effectually extirpate the British from that quarter. For this end large magazines of provisions are directed to be laid up in Maryland, Virginia and our State. My expectations are that this will be a visionary affair like many of our other projects. We have been so fortunate as to procure £100,000 in specie bills of exchange to be forwarded to the present relief of the military chest in the Southern department and the board of war is directed to procure arms, tents, &c., but they are not in possession of one single dollar and their credit is quite exhausted, so that I am in no expectations of any supply of those essential articles. I hope our State roused by its late unfortunate affair near Camden and the apprehension of real destruction, will make every effort within themselves that it is possible for a poor people contending for every blessing of life to exert; and should fate determine against them let it be said that they *fell nobly*. Notwithstanding the disgraceful behavior of our militia in this late affair, yet an impartial historian must give us more credit for our exertions than any other on the continent. I think Maryland stands next in estimation, however it is no time to debate about our special merits &c., but hope every step will be taken to pen that handfull of British troops into Charleston. I am very sorry Gen. Gates' retreat was so lengthy, before he took time to look round and breathe. I do assure you it has injured his reputation greatly in this quarter, tho' I think his situation was peculiar and deserves some lenity of sentiment, but so censorious is the world that they judge of things as they happen and not according as they were calculated to happen. From this last principle, I think Gates deserves credit, as his success must have been crowned with a total des-

truction of the British army, but his retreating so great a distance and deserting his regular army are here said to be unpardonable. I shall suspend any censure. \* \* \* \* \*

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GOVERNOR BURKE TO GENERAL GATES.

TYAQUIN,\* September 21, 1780.

SIR:—I take the liberty of calling your attention to a practice which too commonly prevails in the Quartermaster's department of the army under your command which has already caused much disgust and uneasiness, and if continued must expose the inhabitants of this country to rapin without remedy. Wagons are sent, under the conduct of corporals or some such inferior officers, to collect forage without any previous purchase, request or even notice to the proprietor. As much is taken as the conductor thinks proper, nor is the owner, even when he happens to know of it, in the least consulted or regarded as to price or quantity. I admit that something like a certificate is given the owner when he has the good or ill fortune to be present. I rather think it ill fortune, for he then generally suffers insult as well as injury. But such certificates neither do, nor ever will, procure redress for the party. No person is authorized to pay them. The State knows nothing of the officers, the Congress do not authorize them, and are not bound to pay them, the certificate is no evidence in a court of justice, except against the signer, who is generally secured by insolvency or obscurity, or both. You will find upon enquiry that Congress is only bound to pay such certificates as are signed by the Quartermaster General, and then under very particular restrictions. The laws of the State point out the mode of obtaining things for the use of the army, which mode alone makes the State subject to demand. Where neither is observed, the individual is without remedy, except against the immediate offender by action or indictment, and this is inadequate for very obvious reasons.

But this is not all the evil. If the Quartermaster's officers, even to the most obscure individual, can take from any man's house what he pleases, without permission or even notice, what security can any man have for his most valuable and necessary property? Give me leave to illustrate by a case of my own. Two wagon loads of corn forage were

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\* The name of Governor Burke's residence near Hillsborough.

carried away from a house on a plantation of mine yesterday—by whom I know not; what quality or quantity I know not; for whose use I know not; I was not consulted, nor was my overseer. The plenitude of the Quartermaster's power, I suppose, renders the owner's consent unnecessary. This was accompanied by some damage to a field of corn through which those gentry were pleased to drive their teams. I have my information from some of my negroes who were at work on the place; they are not competent witnesses, and this may be very safely denied; no proof can be made by white witnesses.

I beg, sir, you will consider me as regarding very little the value of the thing, and I hope it is not doubted that I would freely spare anything (to the troops) that I have and can any way dispense with. I complain of the mode, which exposes the people of this country to injuries to the whole extent of their property, and deprives them of any means of redress. I request you, sir, to inform me whether it is in your power (for I doubt not your disposition,) to put a stop to this abuse? Are the circumstances of your army such that this licentiousness of the Quartermaster's department cannot by your authority be restrained? Is it necessary for Congress to pass any act to enable you more effectually to punish and restrain abuses in which the rights of private property are so peculiarly involved, and which must alienate the people from a government whose executive points out so strongly a very disadvantageous contrast with the executive of their former government, which, though far less free in its principles, always afforded protection to the individual's person, property and reputation? If you answer these questions in the affirmative, I shall esteem it my duty to lay the matter before Congress, in order that they may give you the powers requisite for governing your army so as to prevent injury to the citizens where you may be stationed. If the negative, I shall rest satisfied that you will exert your power and authority for effectually correcting the abuses under which the country has for some time groaned. I know I need not urge arguments to induce you to this. Both as a citizen and soldier you well know how necessary it is, but it may not be amiss to observe that the Legislature of this State have passed a law requiring a heavy specific tax from the people, and also a money tax to a very great amount; the certificates of the Quartermaster's department will not be taken in discharge of either, and the people must be ruined if that property be taken from them which they have for the discharge of their taxes.

The bearer will call at headquarters for an answer whenever you will be pleased to direct.

I have the honor to be, with

great respect and esteem, your very ob't serv't,

THOMAS BURKE.



GOV. SHELBY'S ACCOUNT OF THE ACTIONS ON PACOLET, AT CEDAR SPRINGS AND AT MUSGROVE'S MILL ON THE ENOREE.

In the summer of 1780, Colonel Shelby was in Kentucky, locating and securing those lands which he had five years previously marked out and improved for himself, when the intelligence of the surrender of Charleston, and the loss of the army, reached that country. He returned home in July of that year, determined to enter the service of his country, and remain in it until her independence should be secured. He could not continue to be a cool spectator of a contest in which the dearest rights and interests of his country were involved. On his arrival in Sullivan, he found a requisition from General Charles McDowell, requesting him to furnish all the aid in his power to check the enemy, who had overrun the two Southern states, and were on the borders of North Carolina. Colonel Shelby assembled the militia of his county, called upon them to volunteer their services for a short time on that interesting occasion, and marched, in a few days, with three hundred mounted riflemen, across the Alleghany mountains.

In a short time after his arrival at McDowell's camp, near the Cherokee ford of Broad river, Colonel Shelby, Lieutenant-colonels Sevier and Clarke, the latter a refugee officer from Georgia, were detached with six hundred men to surprise a post of the enemy in front, on the waters of the Pacolet river. It was a strong fort, surrounded by abattis, built in the Cherokee war, and commanded by that distinguished loyalist, Captain Patrick Moore. On the second summons to surrender, after the Americans had surrounded the post within musket shot, Captain Moore surrendered the garrison with one British sergeant major, ninety-three loyalists, and two hundred and fifty stand of arms, loaded with ball and buck-shot, and so arranged at the port-holes as to have repulsed double the number of the American detachment. Shortly after this affair, Colonels Shelby and Clarke were detached, with six hundred mounted men, to watch the movement of the enemy, and, if possible, cut up his foraging parties. Ferguson, who commanded the enemy, about twenty-five hundred strong, composed of British and Tories, with a small squadron of British horse, was an officer of great enterprise and although only a Major in the British line, was a brigadier general in the royal militia establishment, made by the enemy after he had overrun South Carolina, and was esteemed the most distinguished partisan officer in the British army. He made several attempts to surprise Colonel Shelby, but his designs were baffled. On the first of August however, his advance, about six or seven hundred strong

came up with the American commander at a place he had chosen for battle, called Cedar Spring, where a sharp conflict ensued for half an hour, when Ferguson approached with his whole force. The Americans then retreated, carrying off the field fifty prisoners, mostly British, including two officers. The enemy made great efforts, for five miles, to regain the prisoners; but the American commander, by forming frequently on the most advantageous ground to give battle, so retarded the pursuit, that the prisoners were placed beyond their reach. The American loss was ten or twelve killed and wounded. It was in the severest part of this action, that Colonel Shelby's attention was arrested by the heroic conduct of Colonel Clarke. He often mentioned the circumstance of his ceasing in the midst of the battle, to look with astonishment and admiration at Clarke fighting.

General McDowell having received information that five or six hundred tories were encamped at Musgrove's Mill, on the south side of the Enoree, about fifty miles distant, again detached Colonels Shelby, Clarke, and Williams of South Carolina, with about seven hundred horsemen, to surprise and disperse them. Major Ferguson, with his whole force, occupied a position immediately on the route. The American commanders took up their line of march from Smith's ford of Broad river, just before sundown, on the evening of the 18th of August, 1780, continued through the woods until dark, and then pursued a road, leaving Ferguson's camp about three miles to the left. They rode very hard all night, frequently or a gallop, and just at the dawn of day, about half a mile from the enemy's camp, met a strong patrol party. A short skirmish ensued, and several of them were killed. At that juncture, a countryman, living just at hand, came up and told that the enemy had been reinforced the evening before with six hundred regular troops, (the Queen's American regiment from New York,) under Colonel Innes, destined to reinforce Ferguson's army. The circumstances attending the information were so minute, that no doubt was entertained of its truth. To march on and attack the enemy then seemed to be improper; fatigued and exhausted as were the Americans and their horses, to attempt an escape was impossible. They instantly determined to form a breastwork of old logs and brush, and make the best defence in their power. Captain Inman was sent out with twenty-five men to meet the enemy, and skirmish with them as soon as they crossed the Enoree river. The sound of their drums and bugle horns soon announced their movements. Captain Inman was ordered to fire upon them and retreat, according to his own discretion. This stratagem (which was the suggestion of the captain himself) drew the enemy out in disorder, supposing they had forced the whole party; and when they came up within seventy yards, a most destructive fire commenced from the

American riflemen who were concealed behind the breastwork of logs. It was an hour before the enemy could force the riflemen from their slender breastwork; and just as they began to give way in some parts; Colonel Innes was wounded, and all the British officers, except a subaltern, being previously killed or wounded, and Captain Hawsey, a noted leader among the Tories being shot down, the whole of the enemy's line commenced a retreat. The Americans pursued them closely, and beat them across the river. In this pursuit, Captain Inman was killed, bravely fighting the enemy hand to hand. Colonel Shelby commanded the right wing, Colonel Clarke the left, and Colonel Williams the centre. According to McCall's History of Georgia, the only work in which this battle is noticed, the British loss is stated to be sixty-three killed and one hundred and nine wounded and taken—the American loss to be four killed and nine wounded. Amongst the former Captain Inman, and amongst the latter Colonel Clarke and Captain Clarke.

The Americans returned to their horses, and mounted with a determination to be before night at Ninety-Six, at that time a weak British post, distant only thirty miles. At that moment, an express from General McDowell came up in great haste, with a short letter in his hand from Governor Caswell, dated on the battle ground, apprizing McDowell of the defeat of the American grand army under General Gates, on the 16th, near Camden, and advising him to get out of the way, as the enemy would no doubt endeavor to improve their victory to the greatest advantage, by destroying all the small corps of the American army. It was a fortunate circumstance that Colonel Shelby knew Governor Caswell's handwriting, and what reliance to place upon it; but it was a difficult task to avoid the enemy in his rear, his troops and their horses being fatigued, and encumbered with a large number of British prisoners. These, however, were immediately distributed amongst the companies, so as to make one to every three men, who carried them alternately on horseback, directly towards the mountains. The Americans continued their march all that day and night, and the next day until late in the evening, without even halting to refresh. This long and rapid march saved them; as they were pursued until late in the afternoon of the second day after the action, by a strong detachment from Ferguson's army. Colonel Shelby, after seeing the party and prisoners out of danger, retreated to the Western Waters with his followers, and left the prisoners in charge of Colonels Clarke and Williams, to convey them to some point of security in Virginia; for at that moment there was not the appearance of a corps of Americans south of that State. The panic which followed the defeat of Gates and Sumter, induced the corps of McDowell's army to disperse, some to the west and some to the north. The brilliancy of this affair was obscured, as indeed were all



the minor incidents of the previous war by the deep gloom which overspread the public mind after the disastrous defeat of General Gates.

NOTE.—Compare McCall's Georgia, vol. 2, p. 315—Steven's Georgia, vol. 2—Haywood's Civil and Political History of Tennessee, p. 64—Ramsey's Annals of Tennessee, p. 211, with Gov. Rutledge's letter in Russell's Magazine, and O'Neill's Annals of Newberry, p. 329. Ramsey's is the fullest account, derived mainly from the Shelby papers, but supplying additional interesting and authentic details. His is indeed the only narrative that has ever been published of the operations of Col. Charles McDowell's command during the summer and autumn of 1780. No other portion of our revolutionary history is so little understood, and in relation to the events of no other campaign has so little justice been done to North Carolina.

The best account which has appeared of the attack on Rocky Mount about the last of July, and the battle of Hanging Rock 5th of August 1780, may be found in Hubbard's Life of Gen. William Richardson Davie, Sparks' Library of American Biography vol. 15th, page 21.—EDS. MAG.

## NOVEL READING.

AMONG the intellectual powers imagination deservedly holds a high place. As a potentate arrayed in the regal apparel and decorated with the insignia of royalty it moves in the midst of its companions with majestic pomp, and exacts homage from them all. Not one faculty can declare itself independent of its influences, can raise the standard of revolt, and stubbornly refuse to solicit its assistance. Constituting the very soul of the mental system it endows with life and vigor its various parts, gives them strength, energy, and imbues them with the desire of exerting their might and of bringing all things under their sway. Like an experienced chieftain skilled in many a contest it marshals the forces of the intellect, arrayes them in firm battalions assigns to each its duties, and leads them on to success. Serving as the basis of activity it sustains the soul in its sublimest flights, wanders with the poet, eases the toil of the plodding student, points the telescope of the astronomer, encourages the wearied philosopher in his investigations, gives speech to the rocks and mountains, interprets the voices of the raging sea and the rolling thunders, unlocks the mysterious secrets of nature for the eager inquirer, wings the words of the orator and guides the pen of the writer. Imagination has mapped out plans, opened unknown ways, wrested from old ocean's firm grasp its fury, disarmed the lightning of its fatality, encircled the constellations with a measure, calculated the orbits of planets, originated new sciences, taught man to chain the electric spark, to mount on the wings of the winds, and to plow with keen keel the hoary deep. It comforted a Galileo in his loathsome dungeon, shone as a bright star illuminating the dark waves before him in the path of a Columbus, unrolled the blue scroll above before the astonished gaze of a Copernicus revealing to him wonders upon wonders, and sent forth from the hands of a Fulton the steamer over the waters of the Hudson and made the surrounding hill echo and reëcho with the shouts of triumph. As the hardy pioneer, who leads the column of civilization, pierces into the thick forest, lays low the towering pine and the spreading oak, prepares the sites of cities and hews out the corner-stones of great States, so Imagination enters the fields of speculation, sinks the first shaft, and discloses the glittering ore. Pressing on and serving as a pillar of fire to the explorer after truth it never halts, but raising its defiant war cry Onward ever Onward, heeding no obstacle it hurries through strange zones, neither fainting beneath the heat of the

torrid sun, nor failing to scale the icy barriers of the king of winter. It spreads its protecting ægis over Livingston, steered the bark of a Kane through the threatening icebergs, unfurled his sails in the crowded harbour, and then for a moment stopped in its course to mourn over the early death of one of its most ardent devotees. But it has not time to bury its own dead, and closing up its ranks it careers through the universe, now wending its intricate path through the celestial worlds, now making the earth groan with the stroke of its trident and now Neptune-like resting on the billowy surface.

The mathematician decrys Imagination and attempts to bind it with galling fetters, forgetting that it solved the problems which he so fondly loves, and the philosopher arrogates to himself the right of warning the young against its seductions and of stamping it with the seal of his disapprobation, in the meanwhile not remembering that he owes all his wisdom, principles and theories to minds which were under its control.

There is a certain class, and it must be confessed that it is a large one (for the majority of mankind are fools) who look upon the productions of this faculty with absolute horror and avoid them as they would a leper. They cannot suffer their souls to be stirred within them, their nerves to tingle and their fancies to be pleased by some magnificent outburst of eloquence, by some tender words of pathos without crying out shame, and severely reprimanding those who have affected them so deeply. They regard him who by the sublimity of his diction and the gorgeousness of his imagery sways them to and fro and leads them captive to his will, as possessed of a strange power and eye him with suspicion. They are confident that he lacks honesty of purpose, steadfastness of aim, soundness of judgment and extent of knowledge: and they repose the utmost trust in him who can discourse them without exciting a single emotion and whose thoughts are not above theirs. Such men delight to read the almanacs for amusement, doze over books remarkable only for their soporific dulness, and even complain that *the stories in the dictionary are too short*.\* With them novels are contraband and are unknown in their mansions: between the lids of the romance, they conceive fearful pestilences nourished which at the first opportunity will rush forth and scatter unnumbered evils. They will not permit their sons and daughters to turn the leaves of the instructive story: but crush down with an iron hand all their inward longings for something purer and more attuned to their souls than the dreary commonplaces of every day life, ruthlessly eradicate the delicate flower of poesy just beginning to unfold its petals and exhale its fragrance, deprive them of those enjoyments which would sweeten the cup of sorrow and soften the severity of labor, and cruelly

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\* A fact.



seal to them those fountains which would send forth waters to gladden the gloom of declining age, and to keep green the pleasures of youth.

Contrary to the supposition of many it is not for man to waste his years in accumulating the yellow metal, in increaing the number of his broad acres, and in storing away the rich merchandise: he must not make price currents, surveys and invoices his only literatnre: but he has within the diamond rough from nature which he must polish, beautify and render brilliant, and no one will gainsay that reading is the master artist who sets the precious jewel and enhances its value many fold. The taste for reading does not by any means spring up spontaneously and appear Minerva-like fully grown, fully equipped, nor can any magician's wand bestow it as a gift: it must be cultivated with the most assiduous care, the most consummate skill and much prudence. The farmer who heaps masses of rocks on the plant and expects it to thrive arouses our commiseration and our curiosity to know if there is a vacancy in the lunatic asylum; yet how often do we see this very plan systematically followed by those who pride themselves on their wisdom in training the mental germ, and in expanding its capacities; to produce a fondness for study they with *rare* foresight furnish to the tyro ponderous tones pregnant with abstruse reasoning and uninteresting statements, authors are lauded notoriously for insufferable verbosity, disgusting pedantry, and utter disregard of all designs of sugaring the bitter pill of instruction; and in fine the task that would strain the muscles of a Sampson is placed upon the shoulders of a weakling. Far beyond his reach are removed the writers who could touch the chords of his soul, swell his bosom with noble aspirations, awaken his fancy and set in motion its gilded car, charm him with sweetness of style and gracefulness of expression, interest him by pleasing narratives, combine for him harmoniously work and play, and establish in him a love for letters. Thus taught he eagerly and with a feeling of relief deserts his books, considers them more wearisome and oppressive than the clods of the valley, declares an interminable warfare against schools and scholars, increases in bodily stature stunted in intellect and with his animal passions the most fully developed.

Whether the reading of novels is indeed advantageous or not, has been a question of much discussion and is not without interest: both positions have been maintained with earnestness and ability; and the contestants have not worn shields emblazoned wth strange devices: for the historian has forsaken his dusty archives, the divine his perplexing theology, the metapsysician his abstractions and the bard has unstrung his lyre. Around this subject the scintillations of genius have sparkled dazzling with their brilliancy, and the highest rays of the imagination have gathered their beams fascinating with their genial lustre.

The writer of fiction on the one hand is crushed down with the coarsest abuse, pursued with a dispicable malignity, and has to bear the spleen of the spiteful. He is stigmatized as the corrupter of morals, a moving upas tree scattering far and wide the seeds of iniquity, the patron of degradation and the fosterer of crime, the destroyer of the mind and the enemy of real mental improvement; the thick headed preacher fulminates against him his empty anathemas, the bigoted moralist brands him with infamy, the silly pedagogue views him with indignation, and the spruce maid whose slumbers are no longer broken by "sweet serenades" hates him with a perfect hatred. While by others he is crowned with the highest praise, hailed as one of the pioneers of letters and the forerunner of taste and refinement. The pastor acknowledges in him a valuable auxiliary, the teacher fails not to perceive and employ his help, the true active philanthropist esteems him a zealous coworker in a good cause, and the reformer gratefully and cheerfully awards to him the honor of exposing vice in its deformity, unmasking the prevailing onerous impositions and elevating the tone of society. Notwithstanding the assertions of the sentimental coxcomb and the romantic boarding-school Miss dreaming away life in vague reveries it is not the sole aim of the novelist to please the fancy, affect the emotions and relate Cupid's conquests; he has a nobler field spread before him and one more in accordance with the utilitarian spirit of the day; it devolves upon him to present the lessons of wisdom under an attractive guise, to satirize the follies of the age, to tear down long established customs and to lead the forlorn hope of the march of innovation. Like the light brigades which can move with quickness and act with effect, leap the ditch, scale the rampart, climb the wall, now here now there, carrying fear into the reeling ranks of the foe, and making a way for the heavy armed infantry, the novelist not encumbered with the weight of his mail attacks with his keen weapons ignorance in its most hidden cell, strips superstition of its fears, drives intolerance from its frowning den, and is in truth the Zouave of literature.

Under the term fiction we comprehend the works of imagination, in the composition of which that creative faculty puts forth its powers, and reason plays a subordinate part. And let us not, as it is so frequently done, confine our attention to the consideration of that corrupt mass of literature which overshadows the land with a shade more pestilential than that of Eastern groves, poisoning the well-springs of affection, withering every bright blossom of peace, happiness and good will, filling the heart with anguish, transforming this beautiful earth into prison walls, and which deserves the maledictions that are heaped upon it. A literature which defiles with its foul touch the white robe of purity, mocks the blush of modesty, laughs to scorn the dictates of virtue, engenders a

restless spirit of lawlessness, kindles the destructive lust of the debauchee, panders to the depravity of human nature, invests the robber with a false attractiveness, moves our sympathies in behalf of the murderer, and which feeds upon the hopes it has broken, the fair fames it has sullied and the ruin it has occasioned: more extensive than the plague it enters into every house, more destructive than war it lays waste the garden of the soul, more lasting than disease it prolongs its ravages through time. Nourishing the baseness of man it converts him into a monster of pollution, and giving loose reins to his passions it drives him on to the lowest pits of shame; sweeping through all classes with the fury of the Simoon blast it counteracts the teachings of religion, weakens the claims of christianity and lengthens the cords of wickedness. As the fabled Antaeus this literature gains strength with each successive step, is more firmly braced for the struggle for the mastery, and there is no Hercules to strangle the giant. The army of its slaves is constantly increasing and the publisher's shelves are crowded with their contributions. It can be found in the parlor and the library bound in the costliest binding, embellished by the pencil of the artist and the brush of the painter, the companion of the gold clasped Bible and the richly ornamented book of prayer, as well as it can be found concealed in the desk of the student and in the lady's boudoir dressed in its dingy garments of yellow and red, decorated with the cheapest engravings. The young seize upon it with avidity, drink in the deadly draught, embitter their existence, cultivate a morbid love of excitement go from extravagance to extravagance, lend but a deaf ear to the voice of warning; until at last the poison is diffused throughout their systems, they become imbecils, a curse to themselves and disgrace to their friends, and too often they seek to extinguish their miseries in the tomb of the suicide. The barbarian may sack cities and despoil countries, famine may raise its pale gaunt face and give the first born to the mother for food, the avaricious grave may open wide its yawning mouth and swallow myriads, fire may take hold upon tower and citadel and wrap the finest productions of man's skill in consuming fire; yet time a "gentle goddess" will repair the loss, and prosperity and peace will again return. But what can revive the blasted mind, and what can restore to that intellect desolated by this literature its pristine beauty! like burnt soil it will no more bring forth luscious fruit and yield an abundant harvest.

We would scorn to be the champion of the silly tales, the miserable, marvelous adventures, indecent, nauseating romances which the periodicals so lavishly furnish. Posters immense in their dimensions, variegated with all colors, red predominant, illustrated with frightful, horrifying pictures, hold out to view in the largest letters the great attractions of a thrilling story by the immortal Sylvanus Cobbs, Jr. or by that prince of novelists the



renowned Dr. Robinson who deigns to write only for the "Mercury." If you go into the office to inquire for your letters these placards stare at you from every side, and the murderous looking man holding a pistol in the one hand and a lantern in the other almost makes you quake with fear: we would most humbly suggest to the worthy P. M.'s that they have compassion on sore eyes and weak nerves, and take down these flaming mendacious advertisements. We by no means have any predilections in favor of the Claude Duvals, Dick Turpins and the like which constitute the reading of the inexperienced and the depraved. In truth our antipathy is so intense that we would rejoice to collect into one vast pile all this reeking literature, apply torches, and have one notable bonfire: and if it were not for conscientious scruples and a certain respect for the laws we would gladly seize the authors by their heels and throw them into the blaze.

We will never consent to fence in fiction within these narrow bonds; it claims poets among its followers and can point to the noblest geniuses that ever gained the admiration and deserved the esteem of mankind. And who has the audacity to place poetry under a ban and prevent its dissemination! To be sure we have heard the proposition to expel Byron from the library, and have patiently listened to conceited mitemen descanting learnedly on the evil tendencies of his writings and the baneful influences of his thoughts: they wished to paralyze him who had played with ocean's hoary mane, to silence the mournful song of the "Prisoner of Chillon," and to hush that voice which spake on the vine clad hills of Hellas in liberty's cause.

The bard may sing of the wrath of an Achilles, or the wanderings of the pious Æneas, he may marshal the crusading host on the plains of Palistine and wave a victorious banner over the walls of "Jerusalem Delivered," or wander through Hell, describe its horrors and the groans of the lost, he may picture the downfall of man and a "Paradise Lost," or roam an exile from home, from friends through the countries of antiquity, beholding the ruins of empires, the fragments of classic art and the scenes of mighty battles, he may string the "Harp of the North," and sadly tell the "Lay of the last Minstrel," or revel amid the luxuriance of the forest of the west and commune with the Indian in his freedom; yet he is still a novelist in the highest sense of the term, a king among his companions, and the glory of his tribe. Who will forbid our reading those divine productions, which coming from remote periods are cherished and esteemed as our dearest treasure! We must confess that we cannot discard these on the plea that they are false and substitute in their stead Phillips' Trigonometry and Pierce's "Conic Sections." Now our friend A. who wishes to be considered a student of solid acquirements and close applica-

tion, who places in his case prominently exposed to the public gaze his numerous histories, metaphysical treatises, who planks his pictorial edition of Webster with Hamilton and Locke and places on the top as a becoming apex his Cousin, eschews the muses from principle, is ignorant of the existence of a Tennyson, outlaws Shakspeare, and would as soon drink hemlock as partake of the cool refreshing waters of the "Castalian fount." When he goes in the library he searches every alcove, complains that the light literature occupies too much space, gravely rebukes one for choosing a novel, advises him to read the census reports or the congressional Globe, and never leaves with less than three or four books, books of the most discouraging weight and treating of the most knotty questions. By this mode of procedure A. has won the desired reputation among the members of the lower classes, is considered by the freshman a Sir Oracle, and consequently he carries himself with the stiffest dignity possible. It is quite amusing to watch him when he assumes his wisdom looks, feet firmly planted, arms crossed on the breast, mouth slightly distorted, nose contracted, eyes half closed, and forehead wrinkling like a cow's hide; then verily he is a fit model for contemplation to the sculptor. He has finally persuaded himself that he is a wise man, while in the opinion of those intimately acquainted with him he is rather a blockhead. One day we visited him, opening the door we saw him sitting in his chair and much to our astonishment he took no notice of our entrance; immediately concluding that he was endeavoring to unravel the hard-to-be-understood sentences of the late distinguished Edinburgh professor, we approached with the intention of arousing this second Archimedes from his absorbing study, when, *mirabile dictu?* we found him sound asleep the logic was opened at the title page, and from the bottom of our heart we could not blame him: not wishing to disturb him we silently withdrew, hastily examining his thick volumes we soon perceived that the leaves *were not cut* and they still retained their whiteness. Soon afterwards he earnestly entreated us to forsake our course of reading, to leave our favorite authors, to exchange Fraser for the mathematical monthly and to follow his steps: then he began to enlarge on the benefit he derived from the perusal of the works of Scotia's profoundest reason (as he called him;) but knowing the failing of our friend and his excessive loquacity we had to beat a rapid and a dishonorable retreat.

Among the prose novelists are found those whose fame will never grow pale, and whose volumes will ever be valued as exhaustless store-houses of pleasure and wisdom: they trod the earth with the tread of giants, and the world beheld in wonder.

A Scott awes the soul beneath his magic spell, and fills the mind with high conceptions, splendid imagery and the seeds of instruction: a Dick-

ens in his inimitable style shows up the wiles of chicanery, lashes with a whip of scorpions the false philanthropist, and reveals the mismanagement and tyranny of benevolent institutions: a Thackery brimming over with good humor, sparkling with lively wit and abounding in gay satire illustrates the manners of Old England, the customs of our forefathers and the loves of ancient dames and powdered beaux; a Bulwer couching his ideas in chaste language discusses with the sagacity of a legislator the matters of state, harangues the people from the hustings with the skill of an adept, sketches the man of fashion true to life, and his heroines are the personifications of a poet's dreams.

The reading of these expands the intellect, gives vigor to the thought, enlivens the fancy and affords a wider scope for the imagination. But friend A maintains that novels weaken the mind, produce a stagnation of its faculties, and render one unfit to grapple with the higher branches of learning. He asserts that the perusal of fiction begets a fondness for indulging in vain reveries, a distaste for the realities of life and a disgusting sentimentalism. He ascribes to it the disrelish for studies so prevalent, the numerous disapprovals, the lack of earnestness in the pursuit of knowledge, and the general mental decay. Ask him for his reasons, and he has none to offer, insist upon his proofs, and he only declares the more fiercely, demand his authorities, and he altogether loses his temper. He wilfully forgets that there is a golden mean and that both extremes are equally injurious; he knows no compromise, and with the blindness of a bigot and the fury of a Malay he wages war indiscriminately against the good and the bad; wanting a nice discrimination he cannot distinguish the true from the false and he would bury in one common sepulchre a Cooper and a Buntline, a Kingsley and a Sue. A. to be consistent with himself would have to deprive the laborer of his hours of relaxation and rest from toil; for *too much* ease enervates the muscles, softens the skin and produces an aversion to work. Physicians tell us that the mind should not be always on the stretch, constantly employed in attempting to master the most difficult subjects and in straining after some long desired end: for like the bow to retain its elasticity it must be unstrung, must be unbent. And nothing is more agreeable to the overtaken intellect than an interesting novel, written in an easily flowing style, simple in its execution, pencilling characters whose counterparts are found among our associates, and not doing violence to nature. Then imagination unconscious of distance and the burdens of existence flies on silver pinions from clime to clime brings to view fantastic forms, and clothes everything in light. And if slumbers should fall on our eyelids then dreams charms us, and we are again in the society of the loved one, con-



verse with the bosom friends, behold the scenery of home, and once more join in the frolicsome sports of fond brothers and dear sisters.

Imparting a refined taste and a passion for the beautiful novels are not to be ignored, and we cannot deny ourselves the luxury of partaking of their sweets. Now with the winds whistling through the trees as if sounding the requiem of departing winter and the warm rays of the sun foretelling the welcome coming of merry spring let us lay down our pen and beguile away the evening in the company of our favorite novelist.

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## THE OCEAN.

BY C. P.

From pole to pole on waves the boundless main  
And, rolling round and round the globe again,  
Unceasingly revolves the vast expanse;  
While there, upon its billows tempests dance,  
And here upon its gentle swelling tide,  
The stately ships of commerce safely ride.

When bright Aurora gilds the eastern sky,  
And o'er the deep light winds begin to sigh,  
And swelling wave on wave is gently rolled,  
A rosy dawn and tints of burnished gold  
Commingle with the rising billows foam,  
And cooling zephyrs o'er the waters roam.  
In glowing light the boundless Ocean smiles,  
And wreaths of glitt'ring spray dance round the isles,  
And clouds of crimson hue float on the air—  
How grand the scene! how beautiful! how fair!

But far beyond the blue sea—far away  
In frigid regions—where the dashing spray  
Is fiercely hurled along the raging main  
And wildly driven forth and back again—  
Where few mild rays or sun-beams ever fall  
And cheerless desolation covers all—  
There, grand but gloomy piles of ice and snow  
Frown grimly down on dismal depths below.  
From milder climes the ebbing waves retire,

And oft the whispers of the air expire;  
Lulled to repose, "Old Ocean" seems to sleep,  
And on the placid bosom of the deep  
A quiet calmness reigns—above, around,  
A breathless murmur in a voiceless sound!

But far away again the storm-king raves  
And into fury drives the foaming waves;  
There no mild ray smiles o'er the angry strife  
Of the wild flood now rousing into life.  
There, raging billows, dashing mountain high,  
And lurid lightnings streaming through the sky,  
Are shaken by the thunder's crashing roar  
Which seems to echo from the distant shore.

But see! ah see! amidst the stormy blast,  
"A thing of life," led by her bending mast,  
With courage firm and all her canvass furled,  
Tho' madly by the raging tempest hurled,  
Her stays all braced, and hope and faith yet strong,  
'Gainst ev'ry surge she strives to plunge along;  
While foaming waves dash o'er her stately sides,  
Right bravely through the howling storm she rides.  
Now up—now down—she totters o'er the main  
Till darkness hides her from our sight again.  
At last, o'ercome, careering round and round,  
In that dark storm the gallant ship went down;  
And far below, the bones of sailors brave  
Shall bleach and whiten in their wat'ry grave.  
There "glist'ning pearls and rainbow colored shells"  
Lie sparkling in deep grottos, halls and cells.  
Midst diamonds shining like the morning dew,  
Are sea-flow'rs waving their rich leaves of blue,  
Like weeping willows mourning o'er the dead  
Who sleep so sweetly on their ocean bed.  
Brave hearts and manly forms there with'ring lie,  
And eyes that shone like stars in midnight sky,  
Are dimmed and gone, no more to look on earth  
Until the Great Eternal calls them forth.

Above the deep, up, where the sunbeams play,  
All ocean's breathing life is prone to stay;  
The finny tribe there swim, turn, whirl, and spring,  
And "*blushing mermaids comb their hair and sing*;"  
But down, far down, in caverns deep below,  
A living creature never dares to go.  
In those dark caves the huge sea-serpent's hiss  
Is never heard. The waves in silence kiss  
The pure white brow which once, like marble, shone  
In halls of mirth around fair Pleasure's throne.

There brilliant gems and rubies brighter far  
Than shining dew-drops 'neath the ev'ning star,  
Lie sparkling midst the locks of raven hair  
That crown the brows of the cold sleeping fair.

From shore to shore, strewn 'neath the mighty deep,  
In countless numbers, happy millions sleep—  
A sweet repose, in silence most profound,  
'Midst precious stones and diamonds scatt'ed around.  
And thus the mighty Ocean, in its play,  
Throws high its billows over mortal clay.

To sleep beneath these billows must be sweet—  
To lie, in peace, in this calm, cool retreat,  
Where naught is heard, save waters gliding by—  
Oh! surely this would be the place to die.

At night, when all is still and calm below,  
And stars, like meteors, through the wavelets glow,  
Fair Luna o'er the flowing waters smiles,  
And, like a silver sheet around the isles,  
Enrobes each billow as it gently swells;  
While, on the air, the chimes of midnight bells  
Are borne across the deep on zephyrs light,  
Perfumed with odors of sweet flowers bright.



## ON WHAT DOES THE SECURITY OF OUR INSTITUTIONS DEPEND?

BY L'ETUDIANT.

THE United States, assuredly the greatest republic now existing, or that ever existed, on the globe, has reached the 85th year of its independence. Since its birth, its territory has expanded immensely; and, having progressed steadily, each successive year, in extent, power, and wisdom, and having won the respect and admiration of the civilized world, it ranks at this time among the greatest nations of the age. Thus far, we have maintained our nationality, and retained inviolate our cherished institutions, proving to the world the success of a system of government, so wisely designed, and adapted to our situation and wants. Europe was amazed, so certain was she of its failure; we were insulted and treated with contempt, but after a second struggle for independence (and for national rights in *this* instance,) with England, we forced from that proud nation a discontinuance of her insulting course towards us, the respect she owed to all nations, and, at the same time, won peace and admiration from Europe. This condition of our country, now so glorious, is unexampled in the annals of time. Not even Rome and Greece can compare with us. Our greatness is attributable chiefly to our peculiar institutions. If they are preserved hereafter, as before, no one can estimate the possible degree of greatness at which we may arrive. The patriot, then, may naturally inquire, on what does the security of these institutions depend?

It depends, first, on the purity of the ballot box. The ballot box is one of the strongest supports of liberty. Without its agency it is doubtful whether the popular will could be ascertained with any certainty and correctness. If it could not, then no republican government could exist. But it is obvious to all that we are in no danger of losing the custom of voting, nor, probably, ever will be. Hence it is unnecessary that we should consider whether a government like ours could, or could not, exist without the ballot box. Still there is reason to believe that we may lose its purity. Let us rather, then, discuss the consequences which would result from this, and we will doubtless see that the success of republican institutions depends largely upon the purity of the ballot box. In reviewing the history of Rome one may find numberless proofs of the pernicious effect of bribing votes. Caesar, Crassus

Pompey, Marius, Sylla, Augustus, and numerous others, gained, in this way, almost unbounded power, and wrought the destruction of a nation's liberties. The same corruption and bribery has, to our shame and disgrace, actually appeared in the United States. It is plain that as the Roman heroes acquired power and thus effected the destruction of Roman liberties, so ambitious, corrupt men may succeed in our own country, and wrest from its people their liberties. But why debate this longer? Corruptness and bribery *have appeared* in portions of the confederacy, leaving a foul stain upon the ballot box. True, it may seem that but little or no evil has resulted, but *the progress of corruption is gradual*. At first we may regard with suspicion, and punish such unprincipled men, but as we gradually progress in degeneracy and corruption, and as the ballot box becomes more polluted, they will succeed in their vile schemes and eventually destroy our liberties. The assertion, then, that without purity of the ballot box a republic cannot exist is sufficiently proved—indeed its truth is so plain that it were hardly necessary to discuss it.

It depends, secondly, on the diffusion of knowledge. It is notorious that in the early history of the world no republican government was known. From the creation of Adam to the deluge—a period of nearly two thousand years—the customs and manners of the people were those of barbarians. They lived in ignorance and rural simplicity, never studied the arts of refinement and civilization, nor, in such a rude state of life, did they restrain themselves by conventionalities. Hence they paid but little attention to forms of government, and cared not in what manner they were ruled, provided they lived peacefully. The patriarchal system—a government originating in the first instincts of a wild race, and resulting almost necessarily from their peaceful habits—was the earliest known among them. In the course of time, the patriarch, or head of family, began to grasp at more extensive power, and ere long his government was transformed into that of a capricious despot. This encroachment upon their liberties, the simple people dared not resist, for the despot's power was almost universally dreaded. In some cases they probably may have shaken off the chains of a tyrant, but only to be bound anew by others still more galling and powerful. Thus they lived until the flood; after that event there was still no change in governments. The absolute monarchy continued prevalent until the Jews became a nation. Their first form of government was republican in its nature, yet, from their want of *universal* knowledge and enlightenment, it soon became monarchical. The Roman Republic now began to be known; but from the same cause it was transformed into an Empire, and, after a few hundred years, ceased to be a nation. The world in the course of time became more civilized and learned, and examined more closely governmental systems.

Soon Switzerland asserted her freedom, and remains at this time, with the United States the only proof that republican institutions cannot exist unless knowledge be diffused universally among the people. France tried a republican government but it failed for want of *universal* knowledge. Hence it is seen and clearly proved in the history of the world that if universal knowledge be not diffused throughout a people, they cannot maintain a republican government. Therefore when we become ignorant and degenerate, the United States can no longer exist as a republic.

Thirdly, on the maintenance of Protestantism. If we only glance at the history of nations, enough will be seen to satisfy us of the truth of this proposition. We may refer to the Roman and Grecian Republics and the earlier governments of modern nations—France, Austria, Prussia, Russia. In all of these except one the Catholic religion prevails. In Russia the Greek Church, *almost Catholic*, is universal. The effect of Paganism, Catholicism, and the Greek Church Religion is to produce ignorance and superstition among the masses with immorality and vice, the influence of which most effectually degrades a people. We have just proved that a people in this state cannot maintain a republic; hence, it follows that, where the citizens are not Protestants, a free system of Government cannot exist. Therefore, if Americans would not lose their liberties, they must not suffer Protestantism to be supplanted by any other religion.

We might add to these arguments that the press of a country effects much in rendering secure its institutions. A great deal has been done, and a great deal more will be accomplished by such agents. It is well known that in France where the press is silent comparatively, no freedom exists, and a despotism, the worst in its character, prevails. Hence the people of a great and free country, like the United States should ever be vigilant. Let them watchfully guard *the purity of the ballot box*, increase the *diffusion of knowledge*, adhere conscientiously to *republican Protestantism*, and, assuredly, our institutions will remain secure as long as the world exists.

NOVEMBER 4TH, 1858.



## STANZAS--TO MISS T——.

Thou art gone—alas thou art gone,  
Thy beauteous form has fled,  
And I am left to sigh for thee,  
And tears of anguish shed ;  
Ah ! that I could recall thee now,  
Thy face once more behold,  
My frame, ecstatic bliss would thrill  
And pleasures, aye *untold*

Unrivalled and enchanting maid,  
Thy soft and pensive eye  
Might well the Paphian Queen become,  
Thy beauty with her vie ;  
Thy rich and pouting lips I've pressed  
And long to press again,  
Thy matchless form embrace once more—  
*But ah ! I long in vain !*

For, now—'tis painful, but how true !  
*Oh ! that it were some dream,*  
Those pensive eyes of beaming light  
No longer on me beam ;  
Thy fairy form has sped away,  
Thy voice I hear no more,  
“ My soul is dark ”—I almost wish  
“ Life's fitful fever ” o'er !

Beneath thy loved and native sky,  
In pleasure or in pain,  
In festive scenes, or solitude,  
Oh ! true to me remain ;  
Doubt not my heart is thine alone—  
My love can never change—  
From thee, its warm affections, deep,  
No one can e'er estrange.

But soon again I hope to meet,  
And clasp thee to my breast.  
And soon again to press those lips,  
I oft before have pressed ;  
And though we have but parted, love,  
The hours will swiftly flee,  
And sooner than I fondly dream,  
Shall we together be !

## WHAT CAN I DO?

"WHAT can I do?" is a question often asked, but seldom satisfactorily answered. Questions, generally, awaken curiosity and a desire of solution, but its frequency and manner of inquiry robs this one of the highest beauty and power. Really, it seems that the enquirer seldom thinks what he is saying, and his hearer turns away, disgusted at his indolence, to demonstrate, perhaps, what he can do. However, this question is sometimes asked seriously, and with a desire to profit by its answer. It is a question of primary importance to every one; for it is fit that we should all know what occupation best suits us, and the pursuit to which we are adapted. Our abilities and inclinations ought most certainly to be consulted, but *earnestly, eagerly*, and not as a mere pretext to delay, and to do nothing at all. Immediate and determined action should follow the prompt decision.

The industrious man, who truly desires to do something, never hesitates long about what he can do. He goes to work, and often accomplishes his his object ere our good-for-nothing, but ever-intending-to-do-something friend has solved the all-important question, "What can I do?" He does not lounge about and, with surprising curiosity and magnanimous wonder, try to lift the veil of futurity to see what he was made for, or to read his grand destiny, but he endeavors to write out that destiny with own hand; he waits not for revelations, but works out his own fate: he labors to-day, and delays nothing till to-morrow; he puts his hand to the plow, nor looks back again; he enjoys the present, and prepares for what may come. Onward he toils, invigorated by his labors and encouraged by his attainments. Each day he gains something: he burns the midnight lamp. The blood of murdered Time does not rise up against him. His conscience is unstained, and he is ever cheerful because he does his duty.

"What can I do?" yawns the wealthy swain. "I have every thing which is needful to sustain life in the highest luxury; I am rich. But others are busy and always have some object in view. They increase in knowledge, and build up their own greatness. The world loves and praises them. They are, in truth, blessed, because they know what they can do, and act accordingly. Would that some one would tell me what I can do, and why I was created."

Young man, you was not created for naught, you was not intended to be a drone in society, a mere cipher among the created beings of God, a

vagabond and a dotard, but an active, useful man. If you squander your time foolishly, and do not except the offered opportunities, the obligation is no less incumbent on you. Whether you hide your talents in the earth, or trade with the same and gain others, the Lord will require his own with usury; so with the world. Whether you realize its expectations or not, it will none the less require them of you. If you are idle you are blamable; if you toil, you do your duty, nothing more. But by acting boldly and decidedly you will be happier, wiser and in every respect better. You will escape Melancholy and her sister brood of diseases, which idleness is sure to encounter. A thought picked up here, a principle established there, experience culled from the thousands of examples scattered along our pathway, all go to make up knowledge, all tend to fill the great intellectual store-house. Mental, as well as moral, discipline tends to change the natural, *animal* state of man, and renders him truly and purely a humane being. But, when a highly cultivated mind is lighted by the truths of christianity, the contemplation of its perfection is sublimity itself. Strive, therefore, for knowledge, and thus approximate to Deity itself, its pure and primary source.

"What can I do?" sighs the beautiful young lady, raising her eyes languidly from a paper-back novel. "These tales have too much sameness. This sickly, vapid mind is now surfeited with these loathsome things. Its functions do not act, daily its activity diminishes, its strength fails. This grandest mechanism of God is mouldering to ruin, this most delicate and beautiful finish of his handwork is dissolving. Memory, my only hope is fast deserting me: that faculty, by which I distinguish the intricate and analagous exploits of the myriad heroes of fiction, is fast fading. The total of my knowledge is becoming a confused mass of homogeneous incidents, undistinguishable, and, indeed, not worth recollecting. I am continually striving to conceal this lamentable defect. With the gossip of the day, the *names* of books and authors, and a few scattering, *disconnected facts* I endeavour to deceive all whom I meet. And it is surprising, in the extreme, that deception sometimes momentarily triumphs. But soon mighty truth prevails, and *voluntary* ignorance stands out in bold relief, a monument to misapplied time and attention. The barbed arrow of remorse will rankle inward, when, in future years, I shall *fully* and *too late* realize the embryonate beauty of mind and thought, which I am now blasting in its budding. My mother is industrious and is not ashamed to own that she is practically domestic. Her household is well arranged, and she is contented and intelligent. I have often asked for what purpose I was created, 'What can I do?'"

Sweet young lady, I do not often thus address your sex, and now intend to speak only a few plain words. The mind, like the muscles of the



body, is developed and strengthened by exercise. Action, vigorous action, calls forth its latent powers, and prepares them for still higher perfection, but inaction of mind is its death. If, therefore, you would beautify the mind you must daily bring it in contact with others of more exalted purity and attainments; if you would intensify the brightness of the diamond, you must constantly clash it against others of a higher order of polish. Novel reading does not give that action to the mind which is necessary to its development. The eyes hurry along rapidly without thought, only so far as to keep the string of the tale, and, even that is sometimes forgotten, in our rush to see the result—the end. It is this *inactivity* which has brought upon you the calamities of which you so much complain. Change your habits, and simultaneously the cure commences. Read something which will cause you to think. It, perhaps, may be wearisome at first, but, believe me, in a short time you will love to think, and “fact will prove stranger than fiction.” But remember while you read, that isolated, heterogeneous facts, merely, is not knowledge. It is the philosophy of history, the mathematical whys and wherefores, the generalization of antecedent and consequent which is to be studied, and which constitute knowledge. Your station is the highest entrusted to mortals by Heaven. It is your charge to rule the world, not with the bloody sword or cruel rod, but with love, modesty and virtue. Like the vine clings to the shattered oak, binding up its fragments, you are to be the solace of man in the hour of calamity, healing his broken heart. If you are industrious, cheerful and frugal you can make life a bliss and earth a paradise.

“What can I do?” asks the Freshman, in all simplicity, when first he enters the college walls. “The course of four years is long and I am weary already.” The course is long, very long and weary, if you intend to “*drag through*,” but short and pleasant, if your attention is withdrawn from the tedious moments as they move round and wholly absorbed in your studies and in general reading. I would not dictate, but ask you to try a simple experiment, which will prove both beneficial and pleasing. At the beginning of each session determine to improve upon the one preceding it, lay down a large task to accomplish during the term, and toil assiduously throughout the same. Time, instead of rolling slowly around the tedious cycle, will bound onward, with lightning speed, unnoted because you are wrapped in thought. Thus you will realize, in some degree, what you can do. You will better prepare for the struggle of life, please those who love you, and enjoy the sweets of college.

“What can I do?” enquires the graduate just from college. “I have a good education, having gained a merited diploma. I graduated with the highest honors and bore off the laurel branch; but have I not accomplished

enough? Should I not be satisfied to sit down and enjoy the triumph?" "A good education" indeed! Kind sir, you have a mere drop in the bucket, a pebble from the seashore, an atom from the great mass of creation, a single draught from the never-failing fountain of knowledge. Ay! I very much doubt that you have tasted the first bubble from the Pierian Spring, for you could not turn away from its sweetness so soon satisfied. Satisfied? no! Knowledge when once tasted awakens an endless thirst, which is increased even by quenching, and inspires us with an insatiate desire to enquire and explore. You have only trained your mind, and it is now active and willing to do your bidding. College discipline is intended rather to develop, to build up, than to store the mind. Now, however, you are prepared to gather in a rich harvest of knowledge. If you are faithful to yourself, you will most certainly overcome all opposing obstacles, notwithstanding Envy, with her hydra-headed, hellish progeny, be let loose against you. No, do not be satisfied. Satisfied with a single fading, withering flower, when thousands blossom at your feet? Satisfied to have laid the foundation strong and lasting, and leave the building unfinished! Satisfied while others are passing you in the race, and lying supinely as if you expected to gain the cliffs of Fame, while loitering in the valley of Ease! Strange specimen of humanity! lost to every feeling of pride, the last spark of emulation is extinguished in your bosom, the star of hope is dimmed, and ambition for you is a mere unmeaning name! Mistaken, deluded friend, there is no excellence without labor, no greatness without thought.

"What can I do?" sadly moans the middle aged man. "I have too long delayed to decide my course of life. My golden moments have passed away, and my highest hopes are fast fading. And now, at this late period, decision could not be followed by the activity and energy of youth." It is true, sir, that you have too long delayed to determine most accurately, your course of life, and, already, you should have been far advanced on your way. But do not despair, if you exert yourself to the utmost, you will overtake, even in the short journey of life, many tardy travelers, who started long before you. But of this be thou well assured, if you never start, you will never gain the goal. If you would win the prize, *to-day, to-day* begin. But if you do not start you will not stand still. The scales are never ballanced; if you do not rise you fall; if you do not go forward you certainly retrograde.

"What can I do?" feebly whispers the aged man. "The sands of life are hastening to their finish; these locks are whitened for the tomb; this heart beats, each stroke more slowly and distinctly, a funeral dirge to the grave." Father, yours is the last and highest duty of all. By your exemplary life and sage counsels you have taught us how to live, by your happy and resigned death you teach us how to die.

## SONG--"DOUBT NOT THAT I LOVE THEE."

Doubt not that I love thee,  
Oh! sweet, enchanting maid,  
'Tis seen upon my youthful brow,  
In blush that ne'er will fade.  
Can memory cease portraying,  
In colors true as bright,  
The pleasures which my bosom felt,  
When with thee yesternight?

Doubt not that I love thee,  
Thou fairest of the fair,  
The cruel thought why entertain?  
'Twere better smiles to wear.  
For, aye, though through most distant lands,  
My wand'ring feet I turn,  
Doubt not with purest love of thee  
My faithful heart would burn.

Doubt not that I love thee,  
*I could not prove untrue,*  
For earth a brighter being, love,  
Could bring not to my view;  
The fairy claims of Eastern skies  
May boast them beauty's home,  
But search for sweeter maid than thee  
Were vain, where'er I roam!

Doubt not that I love thee,  
I swear by every tie  
By all that's dear to me on earth,  
I'm thine, for thee would die.  
Oh! lovely doubter, cease to doubt,  
But love *me* as I love,  
And then our happy hearts shall feel  
Such joys as dwell above!



## NECESSITY OF AN IMPLICIT BELIEF IN THE TESTIMONY OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

IN estimating the testimony of consciousness, it is well to observe the distinction, as drawn by Hamilton, between the *fact* of such testimony; and its *truth*, when regarded as an evidence of anything beyond its own ideal existence. . .

By the former is meant, that the data of Consciousness are regarded simply, in themselves, "as apprehended facts or actual manifestations," by the latter, that where data are regarded "as testimonies to the truth of facts beyond their phenomenal reality."

With regards to the *fact* of the testimony, there can be no possible question, for, if we undertake to doubt it, we become, at once, involved in an absurdity most revolting to common sense. Since doubt is an act of Consciousness, we cannot doubt the data of Consciousness, without doubting that we doubt, which is a manifest contradiction.

We *may*, however—without fear of self-contradiction—doubt the *truth* of the testimony, regarded as an evidence of anything beyond its own ideal existence. For instance, in the perception of an external object, although—as has been proven above—it is impossible to doubt the Conscientiousness of this object, (given as external) as a *phenomenon*, yet it is possible to suppose that, though *given* as *external*, this object may be, *really* merely a *representative* of something external, in and by the mind. This is to doubt the external existence of the object; but the doubt does not in this, as in the former case, carry along with it self-refutation. The question arises, then, how is this doubt to be repelled, so that our belief in the testimony of Consciousness may be *absolute*? For if the doubt is not repelled, but its legitimacy recognized, there the data of Consciousness must not be supposed true. If, however, it is shown that data of Consciousness must be received as true, until they are proved to be false, and if it cannot be shown that any one has succeeded in discrediting the truth of Consciousness, the testimony of Consciousness irresistible demands our implicit belief.

The first of these conditions is evidently fulfilled, for to assume the contrary is to assume that Nature acts in opposition to herself: that knowledge is an instrument of illusion, and that man is fitted for attaining, and inspired with the love of truth, only to be cheated and ruined by a treacherous maker.

The second condition must be taken along with its predecessor as fulfilled, for no one *can* show the *convictions* of Consciousness to be mutually contradictory, and this is necessary to be done in order to discredit its truths.

From what has been said it will be seen that we are compelled by the very *nature* of Consciousness to credit its testimony. But the obligation does not stop here, for where we behold with the mind's eye the disastrous consequences resulting from the rejection of such testimony, we must shrink from a step so difficult to take and so pregnant with evil.

This rejection is attended with five violations of truth and nature, according as it is entire or partial. And, strange to say, all of these five doctrines have found zealous advocates.

The total rejection of the testimony of Consciousness results in the "Nihilism" of the skeptic.

A partial rejection of the same produces the four following results, according to the *parts* received and rejected :

First, if the Consciousness of the subject, and of the object, in perception be equally admitted as true while the Consciousness of their independence of each other is denied, then we have the doctrine of "Absolute Identity," which immediately suggests "Pantheism" by asserting the sameness of mind and matter.

Second and third, if we reject the testimony of Consciousness to the equal primity and separate individuality of the subject and object, we have the "Monistic" doctrine of "Idealism" or "Materialism," according as the subject or object precedes and gives birth, the one to the other.

Fourth, if we combine the doctrines of the "Idealist," who denies the existence of an external world, and the "Realist," who affirms its existence, we have the most self-contradictory of all systems, but one, which, being a compromise between speculation and common sense, has found very general favor, and been called by several names.

Thus we see that to disbelieve the testimony of Consciousness is to subvert both Christianity and all philosophical truth—since they are dependent on the truth of this testimony for their stability—and to rear in their stead such shameful absurdities as are insulting to the common sense of mankind.

Since, then, men have been found to embrace *these* absurdities, it is not surprising that some—though their authority on other points is indisputable—have fallen so far short of the truth as to make Consciousness a *special* faculty, and to confine it exclusively to subjective phenomena, thereby implying that the knowledge of opposites is not one—a doctrine so manifestly absurd as to need no further exposition than its own statement.

## TRANSLATION.

## HORACE, LIB. I., CAR. IV.

Before Favona's breath and Spring bleak Winter flees away,  
 And heavy rollers draw the ship upon the beaten shore;  
 The restless steed is free again—the planter leaves his fire,  
 And meadows glisten with the white and wintry frosts no more.  
 Cythera's Goddess leads the dance, bright Luna smiling o'er,  
 The lovely Graces with the nymphs, a fair and happy band,  
 Step lightly on alternate foot; while Vulcan burns the forge,  
 And works the glowing metal with his strong and mighty hand.  
 Now wreath thy noble forehead with a crown of myrtle green,  
 Or flowers which the meadows yield from winter's snow released;  
 Now sacrifice to Faunus in the dark and shady groves—  
 With lamb or wolf the Sheperd God is sought—and, age, is pleased.  
 The God of death knocks at the door of rich and poor alike,  
 The humble cot, or regal hall—Oh happy Sestus! so,  
 The swiftly passing span of life forbid us longer hope,  
 For even now the exiled home of Pluto far below,  
 The fabled manes and endless Night will soon arrest thy course:  
 To these you hasten, where the lots for wine are drawn no more,  
 Nor can you more your Lycida beloved by youths admire,  
 Whose name shall thrill sweet maiden's breasts hereafter o'er and o'er.

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 IMPROMPTU.

I have dallied with beautiful maids.  
 And often around them have thrown  
 My arms, while whispering vows of love,  
 And thought this was pleasure, I own;  
 But since I have tasted the lips  
 Of a certain and mischievous miss  
 I think there is nothing that can be compared  
 With the ecstatic bliss of a kiss!



Sad disappointment is our lot,  
We pass away and are forgot.

CENTURIES have passed away since the pious shepherd boy of Palestine in prophetic spirit declared that man walks in a vain show. Such an announcement will grate harshly on the ears of those in the bloom of life and buoyant with health. But let them look around them and ask the gray-haired father and care-worn mother, if their experience has not verified it. Will their answer not be, alas! it is too true? Although repulsive to our feelings and destructive to our fond anticipations, yet its truth is not in the least impaired, because we are disinclined to hear it. To those of us whose connection with college scenes and labors is about to cease forever, this thought comes home with telling power and these circumstances, perhaps, first suggested it to me. Our annual Literary festivals, although attended by the young and gay for amusement and display, are to some of us, at least, peculiarly solemn and thoughtful times. Every turn in Time's great wheel sends forth many young men, buoyed up with bright hopes of a glorious future, to meet the stern realities of life. Just ready to step forth upon the world's busy arena, who can repress the enquiry what are my prospects? whither am I bound? what is to be the character of my life? pleasant, gay, sombre or of a varying hue? Aye, such enquiries will arise at times in the mind of every one, no matter how careless he may be, how aspiring he may be, or how sanguine he may be of success. Otherwise human nature would no longer be itself. Almost every one has, no doubt, mapped out for himself a long life of usefulness, of ease, or of fame, and hugs some sweet hope to his youthful breast. Need we ask shall these be realized? Life's ocean upon which we are about so soon to launch our fragile barks is rough and stormy. It is only here and there that we see a head covered with the frost of time and these few by their feeble step and care-worn countenances give unmistakable signs of pain, grief, and blighted expectations. We know too well, as we go forth, that insidious disease is ever lurking near our path and the grim monster death, with unrelenting cruelty is aiming his fatal shafts at us, striking down in our midst alike the old and young, the gifted and the gay. I cannot boast of that enlarged experience resulting from many years attentive observation, or of that knowledge which is the crown of hoary hairs, yet I have lived long enough to witness the blighting of many youthful hopes. I have seen the lovely flower fade and die upon its stalk, ere its hidden beauty had gladdened the

eye or its fragrance had perfumed the balmy breeze with its nectared sweets. I have seen die the young, the gay, the amiable, the beautiful, and the accomplished—the effulgence of whose morning's sun shone with more than noon-day splendors, cheering them with the flattering prospects of long lives of usefulness and honor, and shedding its sweet influences around the hearts of doting parents and kind friends, who beheld them with sweet pride and satisfaction, as the crown of their gray hairs and the support and solace of their declining years. But alas! how soon does the finest gold lose its lustre! how vain are our expectations and how delusive our hopes! Truly, all the glory of man is as the flower of the field “which blooms in beauty to day and to-morrow it is withered and its fragrance is gone.” Although we may know that many of our darling hopes will prove deceptive, that many of our cherished schemes will come to nothing, and the cup of anticipated bliss will turn to wormwood and gall, and we shall feel the stings of disappointment pierce our souls all the more keenly in consequence of our being familiar with the bright and lovely scenes of a highly wrought imagination, yet many of us—too many, I fear—love to indulge in sweetly soothing—yet painful—reveries, and feast ourselves upon the idle creations of an unbridled fancy. We all must admit—theoretically, at least, however reluctant we may be to give it a practical and personal application, that our lives are brief, but the journey of a day, that man arrayed in all the pomp and splendor which wealth and art combined can confer is but a fleeting shadow, “a vain show” when we see, day after day, so many of the most promising swept away by death's resistless wave “the mighty sev'rer of true hearts” ere they have begun to steer their feeble barge over life's stormy sea. The prince and subject, the judge and criminal, the rich and poor, the small and great, sportive youth and calculating old age, alike are unwilling to believe this unwelcome truth, although every one feels its influence from the earliest dawn of reason until the soul deserting its clayey tenement may stand, at last, before the just tribunal of heaven to receive for deeds done in the body that sentence which must forever seal its happiness or consummate its misery. Go view some lovely cherub of the human race—man in miniature—fresh with the dew of youth, an indulgent father's fondest hope, and a doting mother's tenderest care, whether rambling through meads of flowery vales, gamboling on the banks of some limpid stream, silently wending its way to nature's great reservoir, or luxuriating upon the luscious fruits of summer, beneath the forest's thickly woven shade, regaled by the balmy breezes of the sweet south, in all is he not buoyed up by some flattering hope still wrapped up in the veil of the mystic future, cheered and comforted by some wonted spirit from fancy's realms which lifts his soul above the ground with pleasing pros-

pects of a bright and happy future? Hopes, perhaps, of a long and blissful life laden with honors fill his youthful mind. He sees his fellows distanced in the race and, already, he feels his brow encircled with the unfading laurel wreath of fame and lends a too willing ear to the siren song of ease which lulls him to sweet repose until he awakens, at last, to the conscious reality, that his hopes have fled like clouds before the Northern blast and that all was but a dream—a phantom of the brain; for thus our “fairy dreams of bliss oft fade away.”

But, alas the change! chagrin and disappointment sit brooding in gloomy despair over a heart once glowing with all the fervor of youthful love. What mean that hectic flush and forlorn look which cast a melancholy sadness over a countenance once radiant with peace and happiness? Aye it is but the echo and reëcho of the never dying truth, “vain are our expectations and delusive are our hopes, when fond memory comes to brood over the havoc that passion has made.” Wherever we turn and whereve we go, whether into the lordly palace or into the peasants humble cottage, we see alike the wrecks of disappointed hopes and blasted expectations making youth miserable, old age wretched, and life a burden. This is no fancy sketch. But grant that our ends may be accomplished and our expectations realized, what follows from it? We may become great (as the world calls great) and reach the zenith of earthly splendors but, even then, we have acquired only a vain and delusive possession. It cannot satisfy the soul's inward longings for something of a more substantial nature, when its earthly ties are, one by one, dissolving into nothing beneath time's wasting influence. Our contemporaries will envy us and future generations will forget us. This is the sum total of human greatness and although our names may be mentioned when our bodies are mouldering into dust, yet they soon cease to awaken any emotion in the heart—it is a cold unfeeling homage of the head and even this soon passes away and leaves no traces behind.

Men engaged in the busy concerns of life may studiously avoid such thoughts but they will come unsought in their hours of retirement. Ambitious youth, are you unwilling to believe this unwelcome truth? Believe me not for my word's sake, but go, examine for yourself. Go to the dying chamber of some worldly noble and ask him what unction it is to his agonizing soul to think that he may live in “storied urn or animated bust.” Go to the final resting place of some of earth's honored ones—whose fame may have filled the earth, whose eloquence may have enchained listening senates, whose wisdom may have guided the ships of state over stormy breakers, whose skill may have triumphed on field's of carnage—peers in thought as well as peers in power—and reflect; for now they sleep, the feathered songsters carol sweetly over them, the busy



throng pass carelessly by them, the vows of love with fervent, melting pathos may be uttered over them and bitter tears for broken faith and lost virginity may bedew their silent dust, the eye of day may awake the earth to active life, reach his zenith in burning splendors, and wane behind the western hills, the moon may flood the earth with silvery light and sleep upon the water's unruffled bosom, twinkling stars may gem the nocturnal sky with burnished beauty, but they heed it not—they know it not. Then will you not have a voice issuing from their narrow cells declaring to you in mournful accents the sentiment contained in the epitaph of the Persian monarch: "O man, whosoever thou art and whencesoever thou comest (for come I know thou wilt) I am Cyrus the founder of the Persian empire. Envy me not the little dust that covers my body." Can this be human greatness! The voice of nature and the voice of reason alike declare the solemn truth—all things earthly are marked with the finger of decay. Is this the "*summum bonum*" for which we are striving? Then let us reflect how deceptive is the bauble. Let us ask ourselves shall we too be thus? Alas! it is so. Whatever our condition may be in life, our home is eventually in the dust and there we must sleep until the "resurrection morn." But there is a substantial good which is not earthly, reserved for the blessed in the realms of bliss. For this let us strive with heart and hand, lest when our race is run, our voices may ring along the vaults of time the despairing and agonizing cry, vain have been our expectations and delusive our hopes, and eternity itself reverberate with the awfully heart-rending lamentation.

## SONG TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY C. A. W.

'Tis midnight—through its lowering gloom  
List to the sorrow-note of woe;  
List, while the fond heart's spirit voice  
Awakes bright dreams of long ago.

Hark—from the heavens, earth and main,  
A wild, sad dirge for one that's fled—  
Cease, joyous thought, forbear thy strain,  
While memory muses o'er the dead.

'Twas midnight when the Old Year died—  
O'er the sad earth its pall was borne;  
How much of love, of hope, and pride  
Will cause our hearts its loss to mourn!

'Twas when its morn began to wane,  
Those, taught to doubt all else beside,  
Came, trusting in our honor—still  
Our freemen's boast, our nation's pride:

Though England scoff, in proud disdain,  
Ne'er lesser shall the honor be—  
Though envy, malice e'er remain  
Her tribute to the nobly free.

But shame!—our peerless nation still  
Has not forgotten infant toys,  
And for the tinsel title borne,  
Has bowed before a "German boy."

'Tis even thus—that light and shade  
Commingle in the noblest worth,  
And naught but Heaven was ever made  
From which some evil has not birth.

But hearts of truer manhood yet  
Have bent alone to Fate and Heaven—  
Hurled haughty prelates from their thrones,  
And servile chains of bondage riven.

Where bright skies bathe in Ocean's foam,  
Far o'er the wildly raging sea,  
Italia, land of beauty, lies  
In sorrow—for she is not free.

From her clear streams and flowery vales,  
Her green old hills and moss-clad domes,  
A wail of saddest sorrow breathes,  
While shadows close 'round each loved home.

But hark!—upon the still air  
A wild and thrilling cadence breaks;  
Rouse, Romans—'tis the battle-cry—  
Rouse, Garibaldi bids you wake!

Fight “till the last armed foe expires!”  
Fight, patriotic hearts and brave!  
And o'er the green graves of your sires,  
Let Freedom's proudest banners wave!

'Tis said:—let echo catch the sound,  
Give ear thou darkly rolling sea,  
Be witness, Earth, oh, hear me, Heaven—  
Italia's children shall be free!

And now from every injured breast  
Triumphant shouts ascend on high,  
And, with their noble leader, on  
They press—to conquer or to die!

Upon the fair and sunny South  
Oppression's gloom is fallen dark—  
Where noble freemen strove in vain,  
T' arouse the faintly gleaming spark.

Where liberty once sought a home,  
But turned to find her hero gone—  
A martyr in her sacred cause—  
Her banners fallen, rent and lone.

And now, o'er noble Walker's grave,  
No cenotaph is proudly reared,  
Because he only as the child  
Of Fate—not of success—appeared.

But while the heart its tribute pays  
To heroes of departed worth,  
Remember those now slumbering low,  
Who gave *our* glorious freedom birth.



Once o'er Columbia's land of light  
Proud Albion's banners waved on high,  
And, though her tyrant power oppressed,  
She heeded not the aggrieved cry.

But, as dark shadows closed around,  
The flame of patriotism rose,  
And, by its glare led Washington  
His band against the haughty foes.

And soon the light of morning broke,  
In beauty o'er the faithful brave—  
In triumph our proud Eagle bore  
The Lion o'er th' Atlantic wave.

'Twas then, in glorious union joined,  
Those fathers raised our standard free,  
And vowed to greet, with glowing hearts,  
Those stars and stripes o'er land and sea.

Thus ever has it nobly stood  
In the loved light of liberty,  
And thus, from Heaven, the pure and good  
Have blessed that banner of the free.

But now, alas! a shadow's cast,  
And 'tis a brother's hand that wrongs—  
Shall we not wake the slumbering brave,  
And learn to suffer and be strong?

Our glorious Union—let it stand  
Till the last hour of doubt is passed,  
Then, if our sufferance proves for woe,  
Let patriots say, "the die is cast!"

But memory leaves the fond Old Year,  
Its breaking hearts its scenes of joy,  
And e'en forgets its grief and care,  
In future hopes, without alloy.

Yes, 'tis the day-star's beauteous beam—  
Awake, sweet visions, bright and gay—  
Awake, fond heart, from musing dreams,  
And crown with joy the New Year's Day!

## A ROMANCE.

BY OMEGA.

It was a delightful spring evening that I wandered forth to contemplate the beauties of nature. The sun had already begun to cast his rays obliquely o'er the once more regenerated forests. Who has not felt a longing for this beautiful season? Who has not hailed with joy the birth of the flowers and the once more merry notes of the feathery songsters? Who has not felt new life breathed into him as he walked beneath the majestic forest, and heard the sweet music of the rustling leaflets, now just opening to the refulgent sun, as they are disturbed by the wing of some passing breeze? There is scarcely any poet whom we delight to read, who has not in his sweetest verse told of his fondness for the flowers, the zephyrs and the warblers of Spring.

As I sauntered along my accustomed walk, I discovered a path which I had never before seen; curiosity prompted me to follow its meanderings. As I proceeded new beauties constantly presented themselves.

I was fresh and in the vigor of youth, without a care to oppress, but animated with hope; little knowing or caring whither I went, I walked slowly along over the valleys and saw the hills gradually rising before me. As I passed along, fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze and sprinkled with dews by groves of spices, my ears were delighted with the evening song of the bird of Paradise. Sometimes I contemplated the towering heights of the oak "monarch of the hills," and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose "eldest daughter of the Spring." All my senses were gratified, and all care was banished from my mind.

Thus regaled I continued on my course, except that I was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, which the heat of the forenoon had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused myself by plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains and murmuring with waterfalls.

While I thus wandered along the most beautiful vision burst upon my astonished view; I saw before me a spot the loveliness of which the beauties of Eden could not surpass. I paused in mute admiration and long was it before I could summons courage to proceed. It seemed as if I tread up-

on enchanted ground, and I even started at the sound of my own foot-fall. Every scene about me was gay and gladsome, light with sunshine and fragrant with perfumes. The ground was painted with all the variety of spring and all the choir of nature was singing in the groves. When I had recovered from the first raptures with which the confusion of pleasure had for a time entranced me, I began to take a particular and deliberate view of this delightful region. I then perceived that I was placed in a valley surrounded by the highest mountains, from which I could discover no egress. I concluded that I was in a fairy land. The air seemed to breathe a heavenly sweetness. Beneath my feet the ground was strewn with a thousand different flowers and the sod seemed as soft as velvet to the touch. Over my head hung fruits of all varieties, and the air was perfumed with the fragrance of spices.

In the midst of the valley was a limpid pool within which thousands of transparent fish sported. Close by its side ran a bubbling stream which mingled its low cadence, the music of Nature, with the feathered songsters in the branches.

As I stood upon the banks of this beautiful stream I heard a suppressed sigh. I started, and looking around, seated near the margin of the water, was a maiden whose form surpassed all in beauty I had ever beheld. Her long raven ringlets hung loosely in the breeze, and she seemed oblivious of all around. I uttered an exclamation of surprise, when turning her face I saw that she was weeping. As I stood transfixed with wonder I thought she was an angel. My pen stands still in attempting to describe such a being. On seeing me she would have fled had I not assured her she need fear no harm. I led her to a flowery seat, where she told me her simple tale. She had been imprisoned there by a cruel father for refusing to wed one whom she could not love. Touched by her wrongs (and still more by her beauty) my heart yearned to hers; and I offered her my warmest love. I was accepted. O! who can tell the rapture of my heart as I pressed her to my bosom. I thought our love too pure for this world; my cup of joy was running over.

How long I might have indulged in these fond imaginations I know not, had I not been aroused to a sense of our danger. While I was thus placed in blissful unconsciousness of all exterior things, the sky was overspread with clouds; the day vanished from before us and a sudden tempest gathered round our heads. I was now aroused to a painful consciousness of our danger. Not for myself so much I feared, but for my precious treasure. I knew not what to do. While I was reflecting the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke my meditation. I now resolved to seek for shelter in the neighboring mountain. I saw a cave about midway to the top, and a narrow path that led to it. This was our only



chance for shelter. I arose in haste and pressed my dear Inez to my breast, for all the horrors of darkness and solitude were fast surrounding us: the winds roared in the woods and the torrents tumbled from the mountain's sides.

Thus distressed by fear, with my precious burden I ascended the rugged path until I came to a very narrow place. On the one side a perpendicular cliff towered above; on the other a yawning chasm opened wide its jaws. I attempted to pass, when making a false step we both went over the precipice. O who can tell the anguish of my heart; who can imagine the thousand thoughts that rushed through my mind. I clutched my Inez closer to my breast, as down, down in fearful rapidity we went. At last I shut my eyes and waited for the time when we should be crushed among the rocks below. At length with a tremendous crash we struck—and all was dark.

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### ACROSTIC.

Sweet girl! than thee a more enchanting maid  
 A poet's pen to write of ne'er essayed;  
 Light is thy step—thy figure full of grace,  
 Like sweet Aurora's smiles thy 'witching face;  
 In all the virtues that exist on earth,  
 E'en might'st thou vie with angles from thy birth!

Marengo's plain attests Napoleon's pow'r  
 And thousands died for him in that dark hour;  
 Xerxes governed his millions at his will,  
 Who fought their blood for Persia's king to spill  
 E'en like some slave—Yet *thou* doest rule *one* more.  
 List then, sweet girl! the tale I've told before:—  
 "Love me."—"I love thee"—say it o'er and o'er!

## PUBLIC OPINION.

IN this republican country where the majority rules, public opinion is law, and he who attempts to breast its wave is inevitably swallowed up by the surging current. We may admire the man who stands boldly forth in defence of his opinion and principles in opposition to the fickle multitude, but that admiration is not unmixed with pity for one who engages in such an unequal contest. We have been taught to respect the opinion of the many, and to be bound by its decrees however unjust and oppressive. The popular will has become the great tribunal before which men and their measures must be tried, and all are taught to yield implicitly to this bloody tyrant.

"*Vox populi, vox dei!*" exclaims the heathen philosopher, and the adage that "might makes right" receives the applause of the civilized world. Learned men exhaust all their knowledge in bolstering up a false theory which in some cases is true and in others morally false and terribly ironical. Under its sanction any crime however monstrous within itself becomes a shining virtue. We have an instance of the unjust strictures of public opinion in regard to woman. For centuries she was the mere slave of man. She had no rights but to submit to man's arbitrary will. He bought her of her father with his money. The custom of polygamy enabled one woman to rob another of her spousal rights. The husband if he became offended at her, could beat her with more impunity than his dog. Yet such was public opinion, that none raised a voice against these high handed outrages against one half of the human race. And even now her just claims are scantily awarded to her by the "lords of creation."

At the dawn of the Christian era, all Europe was arrayed in arms, and the Christian thought it God's service to kill the pagan and the idolater—thought that he was honoring the Gods of his fathers by sacrificing the "Christian dog" to expiate his crimes against the religion of his country. Such was public opinion at that time. The fierce religion of Mahomet is another instance of the enormities inflicted under the sanction of public opinion when worked up to a degree of fanaticism. But the most memorable instance of the injustice of the fickle multitude is related in the Bible, where an account of Christ's entry into Jerusalem is given. The people were jubilant because the expected Messiah had come down on earth and was about making his entry into the "Holy City." Methinks

I hear the tramp of the phrenzied multitude as they rush to worship and look upon the Saviour of the world. The whole city is in a perfect uproar, every tongue is jubilant with the shout of praise. The aged Father in Israel rushes forth to meet him with the speed of his youth, and all seem to be alive with excitement of this glorious event. The warrior whose victorious spear had flashed in the martial ranks of war-enured veterans, stepped with a bolder carriage in anticipation of glorious wars by which his Lord's kingdom on earth was to be established. The merchant in the ecstacy of delight already counted the millions of his profitable merchandize. And thus it was that every man had his fancied advantage in store to accrue to him from this happy event. But, alas! inconstant man! that same multitude on the very first disappointment of their vain hopes, cry "away with him, crucify him, crucify him," and shouted for the liberation of a murderer instead of the holy Son of the living God.

The Bible abounds in the narration of events of this character where the multitude is swayed by varying and uncertain principles.

We in our own time have seen old John Brown, backed by the public opinion of one entire section of our country, levy war against an independent State and stir up servile insurrection and all its attendant horrors; and that the same section that gave him men and money to carry on his devilish schemes of murder, assassination and robbery, applauded his nefarious acts, and cannonized him a martyr in the cause of the abused name of Liberty. The anniversary of the death of this horse-thief and murderer has become a day of solemn festival, most religiously observed at the North. Public opinion armed him with the assassin's knife to plunge it into the bosom of sleeping innocence and lay waste our fields and villages, and to enrich our soil with the blood of the unhappy victims fleeing the incendiary's torch. That same bloody tyrant at the North mourned his fate in sack cloth and ashes. The wail that arose when the gallant Wise of Va. hung this blood hound from the polluted den of isms has scarcely died upon the floating breeze.

Such is public opinion, shall we yield to it? a monster so hideous that it need only be seen to be feared and despised for its horrible iniquities.

At the commencement of the American Revolution the principal actors were branded as traitors and as richly deserving traitors' doom. Had Washington and his compatriots fallen victims to a tyrant's wrath their names instead of being spoken with admiration by the civilized world as now, would have been pointed to only as examples of perfidy to be hated and scorned, by the loyal subjects of every realm.

It seems now to have become a settled fact that every measure of public policy or even individual action is to be justified upon the ground of its successful accomplishment, or to be condemned upon the ground of its



failure without any regard to the real justice of the undertaking or causes of its defeat. Any measure that meets with the applause of the multitude to-day may on to-morrow be condemned by the same capricious tribunal and the authors consigned unhesitatingly to the worst of punishments. Like the ever changing democracy of Athens, our country is fast becoming a theatre for the sudden inauguration of distinct and diametrically opposite principles. The party that is in power to-day knowing the fickle tenure by which that power is held, is prompted by every motive of avarice or ambition to abuse the short term of office for its own emolument. The ambitious party leaders no sooner than they have elevated one of their number to power begin that hellish system of intrigue, (which has ever been the bane of republics) to supplant the incumbent by the foulest calumnies and misrepresentations. The people at every little cross-road and hamlet are excited by petty demagogues and flattered to that extent that every man fancies he has his own interest only to further without any regard to the common welfare. Every little boy is flattered that he is to be President of this country. He is taught so from his cradle by a fond and misguided mother, and in fact ere he becomes of man's estate he ceases to be anything else than an intriguing politician devoted only his own interest and preferment.

Public opinion founded by such agencies as these and stimulated to action by such unworthy leaders, is in my mind deserving only a supreme contempt on the part of honest individuals who have any love for their present unhappy country; especially when they know that it has mainly been the result of the agitation of political demagogues.

## THE STOLEN KISS.

Said Willie to Ellen one day:—

“I’ve a notion to try something new,

’Tis better than merriest play,

And sweeter than earliest dew;

Its pleasure will ne’er pass away,

’Tis short and is instantly done,

And before I’m half through you will say

’Tis the height of enjoyment and fun!”

The curly-haired maiden stood by,

With a coquettish curl of her lip,—

As much as to say:—“Come and try,

If you dare it, such pleasure to sip:”

She had not to banter him ever,

For, in spite of resistance well feigned,

He kissed her, till, parted, they sever,

In pleasure, heartfelt, unrestrained.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF REV. CHARLES F. DEEMS, D. D., OF THE NORTH CAROLINA CONFERENCE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.—Preëminent merit needs no eulogiums. Its real exaltation cannot be effected in the slightest degree by the indiscriminate flattery of high sounding epistles more than its abasement, by the senseless clamor of envy or detraction. Like the sun in the firmament, it reveals itself by its own inherent brightness which no puff of mortal breath can quench or kindle, and no clouds of prejudice can long obscure. We should, nevertheless, act most unwisely if on this account we suffer ennobling models of transcendent excellence to pass unnoticed, seeing, as all must see, that the proper contemplation of such examples exerts a most potent and healthful influence on the intellectual and moral progress of society.

Whether he is contemplated in his *social qualities* as a refined and gentlemanly companion, irresistibly attracting and binding to himself all who come within the circle of genial influence (save those whom vanity or wounded pride drives off) or as a *man of power*, endowed by nature with a high order of talents that command admiration—or as a *student*, applying his versatile genius to the mastery of a very respectable portion of ancient and modern literature amid the numerous disadvantages of an active itinerant life—or as an *exemplar of moral purity*, whose well-tried integrity shines only with increasing lustre as it is subjected for a series of years to the most rigid scrutiny—or as an eminently successful *minister of the gospel*, revealing in his own character the spiritual grandeur of an unconquerable trust in that Cross which he has so frequently held up to the rapt gaze of congregated multitudes who have listened to the seemingly inspired words in which he is wont to speak on this and kindred themes to his fellow men—or as an unselfish adherent to the church of his choice, clinging to her with almost the fidelity of a martyr under peculiarly aggravating provocations to forsake her on the one hand, while tempting inducements were held out to him on the other—a trial which but few men have strength or grace enough to endure—in fine, in whatever relation or capacity we view him, we see much every way which our intellects cannot but reverence in the man, and still more, that our hearts must appreciate in the christian.

Dr. Deems is physically much below the medium size, somewhat boyish in his appearance at a short distance—compact and well proportioned, and capable of performing an almost incredible amount of labor. He has a fair complexion, grey eyes, high forehead and a feminine delicacy of features and expression united with an amiable frankness and manly grace.

He was born in the city of Baltimore in 1820—his father living at that

time a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Having passed examination on the usual preparatory studies, he was regularly matriculated in Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, where he graduated four years afterwards at the early age of eighteen. Converted to God the year before he entered college, and feeling himself called to the christian ministry, he was duly licensed to preach in the Methodist Episcopal Church during his senior year, spent the winter after he graduated in the city of New York where he studied most of his time and preached occasionally in the city churches.

It was during this time that also he occupied the office of the traveling agency of the American Bible Society tendered to him through Bishop Jones, who was then one of the acting secretaries of the society. This offer was made to him with the privilege of choosing his field of labor from among several States: and as he had cherished a wish from his boyhood to make North Carolina his permanent home, he at once selected it in preference to any other. In this agency he labored with success until he was elected adjunct professor to the chair of "Logic and Rhetoric" in the University of North Carolina.

Entering immediately upon this new position, he filled it, as we are informed, very acceptably for five years, when he was finally induced to resign it, in order to take the chair of "Natural Science" in Randolph Macon College Virginia, which the trustees of that institution had repeatedly and strongly urged him to accept. But for reasons best known to himself and his friends, he did not deem it desirable to continue in this professorship longer than one year. He therefore returned to North Carolina again—was stationed in Newbern the following year, and the next year after, was elected delegate to the General Conference, to be held in St. Louis. In this capacity he ably represented the N. C. Conference there, as he has at every subsequent session since.

While attending the General Conference in St. Louis, he was chosen president of Greensboro' Female College in North Carolina, and on his return home, having signified his acceptance of the presidency, he heartily and faithfully engaged in the discharge of its duties which he performed with continued and almost unbounded popularity for nearly five successive years. During this period he rendered a very important service to the conference and and the church, by placing the College on a permanent basis of prosperity; his efforts and influence contributing essentially to make it—what it doubtless is to-day—one of the very best institutions in America for the education of young ladies.

In the third year of his presidency, he received the honorary degree of D. D. from R. M. College, under circumstances highly complimentary to his talents, as he was yet only in the 32nd year of his age.

He again returned to the regular work of the ministry in 1854 and was appointed successively, first to Goldsboro' and afterwards to Front St. Wilmington, in each of which places he remained for two years, revered and beloved by all who attended on his ministry.

At the expiration of his term of service in Wilmington he was appointed Presiding Elder to the Wilmington district where he labors at present. At



the close of his first year on this district he had the honor of being elected to the Professorship of History in the North Carolina University; but other engagements obliged him to decline its acceptance.

As an evidence of his great popularity among the ministers and laity of his district, I may remark *en passant*, that they unanimously concurred in releasing him from attendance on his Quarterly Meetings for the greater part of last year, in order to afford him time to visit Europe, and when one of the Bishops interfered with this arrangement by the appointment of another, (though as all admitted, a most excellent man) to take his place, a very serious amount of dissatisfaction ensued a dissatisfaction, however, the causes of which were happily removed by the reappointment of Dr. Deems to the district at the last session of our Conference.

About three years since, the citizens of Wilson North Carolina, tendered to him, almost as a gift, a fine Collegiate building, only on condition that he would establish there a "Male and Female school" under his own especial supervision and control—In making this offer, though they acted very liberally they certainly acted wisely for the interests of their town; as the fact of his taking charge of the enterprise was a sufficient guarantee of its prosperity. He immediately accepted their generous overture—took up his residence in the institution and it is almost needless to say that the success which has attended his efforts thus far, meets the most sanguine expectations of the donors.

As an author, Dr. Deems has been favorably known for several years. But in speaking of him in this respect candor requires that the tone of remark should be much more modified than when we speak of him in almost any other capacity. True he has acquired a respectable reputation by the productions of his pen, but we know many an author who does not possess one half his talents who has, nevertheless, a much wider fame. This is doubtless attributable, in a great measure if not wholly, to the fact that his efforts hitherto have been chiefly expended—I had almost said thrown away—on trite subjects of common interest or on compilations of dry statistics and matters, which, whatever may be their intrinsic value or general importance to the church, can in their very nature afford but little scope and still less inspiration to the vigorous workings of a profound and original thinker. Had he bestowed the time and labor given to those, on subjects more in harmony with his qualifications, and the natural bent of his own genius, he might ere this, have risen to enviable distinction among the leading writers of our country. Phidias would have been unknown to fame had he left behind him only those lower creations of his genius, wrought in the coarse materials of plaster, clay and wood, in which, it is said, he employed himself betimes; it was by the embodiment of his sublime conceptions of a Jupiter, a Venus and a Minerva in the ivory and gold, the marble and the bronze that he won for himself an immortality. If instead of the "Paradise Lost" Milton had endeavored to write Homilies; or, if instead of the *Instauratio Magna*, Bacon had written the chronicles of his time, neither the men nor their works would have been heard of by posterity—Even Shakspeare could not accomplish much by writing "Sonnets," but he mounted his *Pegasus* in the Drama.

The foregoing remarks are by no means applicable to all the Doctor has published. Some of his productions are indeed excellent, and *others* are really unsurpassed by any thing of the kind which we have seen. His college sermons though published soon after he had reached his majority, are, in both style and matter quite superior. "What now?" is an admirable little work in which he declines his judicious and seasonable counsels to Young Ladies. "The Home Altar" (already translated into French) is probably equal to any work extant, as a suitable Manual of devotion. His celebrated speech on the trial of Dr. Smith, delivered in Petersburg in 1855 and since published in pamphlet form, has been pronounced by the most competent judges to be a master piece of forensic eloquence. But in my opinion his highest capabilities as a writer "crops out" in his sublime (yet unpublished) "Address on The True Basis of Manhood" first delivered by invitation before the Literary Societies of "Hampden Sidney" College, Va. and since repeated by request on several public occasions. This Address however must be carefully studied before it can be duly appreciated by most persons, as it takes us into a lofty, unfrequented region of thought, and had he never written any thing else, it alone shows that its author is possessed of capabilities which, if properly developed, would enable him to take the highest rank among the profound thinkers and polished writers of the age.

Too much can scarcely be said of Dr. Deems as a *presiding officer*. His comprehensive knowledge of Ecclesiastical Polity in general, and of the government of the Methodist Episcopal Church in particular, united with his natural tact discretion, dignity, impartiality and sound judgment, preëminantly qualify him to act wisely and well as an administrator of its Discipline. Gifted with a rare degree of intuitive insight into the relation between means and ends, and having the happy faculty of inlisting the active cooperation of others in inaugurating plans to promote the interests committed to his oversight—he manages the affairs of his district, without any studied adherence to the stereotyped formula which govern the mere functionary, and yet sufficiently guards against all improper innovations—But though in devising his plans he frequently departs from the common routine, there is not one particle of utopianism in his composition—Indeed he is confessedly unique in this respect:—his skillfulness in contrivance being always fully matched by his efficiency in execution. Could such a suitable and excellent combination of qualities be always brought to the Episcopacy, the consequent advantages to the church, would be incalculable.

MR. EVERETT'S ORATION ON WASHINGTON.—The following is an extract from a statement submitted by Mr. Everett (at the request of the Massachusetts Historical Society,) relative to the preparation and delivery of his discourse on the Character of Washington:

The first proposal for the purchase of Mount Vernon by private subscription, as far as I am aware, was made four years ago by Miss Ann Pamela Cunningham, a native of South Carolina, of a Virginia family on the mother's side; and to her zeal, perseverance, and energy is mainly to be ascribed whatever success has attended the movement. This most estimable lady, under the signature of "A Southern Matron," which she has retained until very lately published in the year 1853 an address to the women of the United States, calling upon them to engage in a general effort for the purchase of Mount Vernon. Somewhat later, and in consequence of this address, an association of ladies was formed in Virginia for the promotion of this object, with branches in several of the other States, principally at the South. The payment of a dollar was the condition of membership, and in this way a considerable fund was raised.

Such was the state of things, when, in the autumn of 1855, I was requested by the Chairman of the Lecture Committee of the Boston Mercantile-Library Association, to deliver the introductory or some other lecture in their approaching course. But it was not in my power to comply with this request. It occurred to me, however, soon after that the next winter would complete a century since the first three visits made by Washington to Boston—viz: in 1756, 1773, and 1789—and that circumstance would furnish an appropriate occasion for a commemorative discourse on the 22d of February; particularly if, on examination it should turn out that Washington passed his birthday in the year 1776 at Boston, which did not prove to be the case. The general subject grew upon me as I reflected upon it, and I determined at length to propose to the Lecture Committee of the Mercantile-Library Association that they should celebrate the next anniversary of the birthday of Washington, offering to prepare for that occasion a discourse upon his character, the proceeds to be applied to some commemorative purpose. I intended to treat the subject very much in its historical aspects, and in connection with the three visits to Boston already referred to. This offer was readily accepted, and the proposed celebration was announced in the Boston papers.

About this time, I received an invitation to deliver an address before some society in Richmond, Va.—I think the Young Men's Christian Association. So numerous are the invitations received by me to deliver public addresses and lectures, that, to avoid making discriminations, I am obliged, generally speaking, to excuse myself altogether. I accordingly did so on this occasion, but having accidentally seen a short time before, in the "National Intelligencer," some notice of the organization and objects of the "Ladies' Mount Vernon Association," I offered to repeat at Richmond, for the benefit of that institution the discourse on the character of Washington, which I was under engagement to prepare for the Boston Mercantile Library Association on the ensuing 22d of February. This offer was readily accepted; and this was the commencement of the repetition of my discourse for the benefit of the Mount Vernon



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Early in April [1859] I made a journey to the South; being under engagement to repeat my "Franklin" and "Washington" in several places, principally in Virginia and North Carolina. I gave the "Washington" at Wilmington, N. C., on the 11th of April, before an immense audience (to which I was presented by George Davis Esq.,) from that city and the neighboring country; at Newbern, on the 12th, to a very full house, to which I was presented by Judge Donnell; at Raleigh, on the 14th, in the presence of Governor Ellis, Senator Bragg, Judge Badger, George W. Mordecai, and other distinguished persons, and a very large assembly, in the Commons Hall of the Capitol; at Chapel Hill, on the 16th, before the faculty and students of the University of North Carolina, and a very large audience to which I was introduced by Governor Swain, the distinguished head of the university. On the 25th I gave the address at Staunton, in Virginia, before a crowded audience, to which I was introduced by Hon. A. H. H. Stuart, in the large Hall of the Asylum for the Deaf, Dumb and Blind. The net proceeds of these five evenings were thirty-three hundred and forty-three dollars and forty-four cents; the proceeds at Wilmington alone being one thousand and ninety-one dollars and eighty cents—the population of that city not exceeding, I believe, ten or twelve thousand.

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**AN IDLER.**—This morning found me worshipping the drowsy God. Fondly indulging in "day-dreams" of uninterrupted ease, and pondering the claims of the pillows upon my indulgence, I lay stripped of every care, apparently enjoying all that peace of mind could give, or freedom bestow, until to my utter sorrow the "old bell" began to "toll the knell of departing night" and the dread voice of prudence and economy hinted to me that such habits were not consistent with my daily vocations, and that the mental tasks imposed upon me demanded my immediate attention.

I yielded to the persuasions of duty, proceeded with a mind and understanding oppressed by the fetters, which an idle nature imposes, to my desk and drew out my lexicon with a sigh that bespoke much of the idle student. Turning leaf after leaf, I wonder why my lesson is so hard, and why it is that other students prepare theirs with such apparent ease, while I can but indulge in a series of abuses and harsh epithets upon the authors of such intricacies. Thus soliloquising, I waste away hours unimproved till I'm summoned to the recitation room. Conscious that I am unprepared for an examination, I move on in a slow and troubled pace, seemingly straining every mental nerve, as though it were allotted for me to grasp the scattered elements of science, sum up the intricate details of the classic, and instill them into my undisciplined brain in a moment of time. I approach the recitation bench and wait with anxious solicitude to know what question may be propounded to me. I am interrogated—puzzled—confused. I cast an imploring look at my class-mate, evidently beseeching him to prompt me; but this *not* being

*allowed*, I return to my room bearing no emblem of my stay, but a stigma upon my character as an idle student. Reflecting upon my past failure, I sympathise with myself (having no other friend more zealous) devise means of redeeming a lost reputation, form bold resolutions of industry, and swayed by the suggestions of fancy, paint to myself a *name* in the urn of perseverance; but ere my plans are fully adjusted, I am again summoned to the dread task of a recitation. I take up my Greek, translate it with apparent ease until I come to a Greek verb I don't understand. I am asked to give the synopsis of it; but fail, and again I have to leave with the odium of a deficient scholar, and thus dispirited, I forget my honest resolve, and am continually undergoing some such unpropitious change of sentiment.

Such habits are not only derogatory to mental improvement but in a great measure destructive to the moral discipline of the heart; for a student thus acting manifests a listless unconcern for the teachings of sober reason, and regards not the admonitions of his instructor, but becomes the dupe of his own folly, and perchance, precipitates himself into forgetfulness.

Such are the facts which the daily history of the idle student suggests.

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THE MILITARY.—We have no doubt that the friends of the University will be delighted with the admirable military spirit that has sprung up among our fellow-students, when they learn that from the smallest Freshman to the gravest Senior, all have become members of one of the four military companies that have been founded in our midst. The eagerness with which they enlisted into the ranks and their strict punctuality in attendance upon every “drill” speak well for the animus of our “Southern Chivalry” a name so gloriously won on every battle-field where-ever the emblem of American liberty flaunted in the breeze, and which their gallant sons will proudly and defiantly sustain or perish on the field of glory willing victims in a holy cause.

Our State has patriotically provided arms for her Volunteer Companies at her expense; and although we are not exactly considered as “Citizens” of the State whilst we are members of the University, especially when a local election comes off, and when we are told by some old fogies who know about two penny's worth of the laws of the State, that on such occasions we are not entitled to vote, because we are students of the University; (logically said *mon Dieu*) yet we are at a loss to know why we are not in times like the present allowed to have arms furnished us by the State, and our University become a nursery of warriors as well as of orators, statesmen and poets. In our opinion those in authority ought to look well to this. Events are rapidly hurrying us all to a speedy reconciliation of our difficulties or to the other extreme—to the arbitration of national difficulties, by the dread alternative, war. We think that during a four years stay at this institution a tolerably fair knowledge of military science could be had without any interference with the regular studies of College. It would certainly induce young men to take exercise which it is known the majority never do in the absence of a gymna-

sium, which unfortunately we have not got, upon which to develop the physical man. The following are the different companies with their commanders:

Company A, Commander Captain Michie, consisting of 16 privates; Company B, Captain Nuckols, consisting likewise of 16; Company C, Major Lilley, consisting of 56; Company D, Captain Garrett, consisting of 20 privates.

Besides these we have a village company of almost 80, commanded by Captain Ashe. Can any other place of its size in the State beat Chapel Hill for soldiers?

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FASHION.—When we speak of fashion, especially the prevailing *ton*, our fears are most naturally excited, least we should say something for which we might be held accountable, by the fair sex. Should we happen to make a mistake and venture upon forbidden ground, we will confess that we are greatly exercised in spirit whenever we think of the fickle goddess Fashion, and the thousand and one follies she lands her devotees in. The monstrosities that she has perpetrated of late seem to beggar credulity. At one time she aspired to the diminutive amplitude of man's costume; the fantastic bloomer, for instance, so nearly did she approximate the "*toga virilis*" that it engaged the closest observation of opticians with all the modern improvements in the astro-nomic arts to clearly define and make the appropriate distinctions between the almost imperceptibly different modes of dress. Such aggravated intrenchments upon man's wardrobe—the rapid appropriation of sundry articles of man's apparel had well nigh caused a total and complete revolution—an exchange of our style of dress for theirs.

Now we shall not say another word. The little we had intended to say has already been beautifully and truthfully said by another. Let Philander X. B. W. the author of "Pauea" in the Center College Magazine speak for us.

"There is one fashion, however, which we heartily admire. We admire it because it adds grace and elegance to the appearance. Our meaning is easily divined. Not long since, intelligence came from the court of fashion that the Empress had foresworn the use of hoops as an article of dress. Immediately our fashionable ladies could occupy less space in a church pew; and we thought we might use, with propriety, a couplet of Campbell, parodied:

*Hoops for a season bade the world farewell,  
And Fashion shrieked as Crinolina fell.*

But the capricious Empress could not brook their absence, and "*Quousque tandem abutere 'Crinolina' patientia nostra,*" became the despairing cry of those in whose eyes the "style" found not favor—stage passengers, etc. This act on the part of Eugenie we deem a wise one. We must say, however, that ladies would more properly employ their time by reading standard literary works, than by doting over "the very latest Parisian fashions," in such periodicals as "Peterson's Magazine," and "Godey's Ladies' Book."



We can not better close than by quoting the following striking and truthful pen-and-ink sketch of a modern *fashionable* young lady, from a writer of much wit and spirit:

"Whalebone, cotton, paint and whitewash; slippers *a la* Ellsler, feet *a la* Japanese, dress *a la* Paris, shawl *a la* eleven hundred dollars, parasol *a la* mushroom, ringlets *a la* corkscrew, arms *a la* broomstick, bonnet *a la* Bowery lady, (brought to her in a teaspoon by a little boy in livery, fifteen minutes after entering church; carried in a wheelbarrow in these latter days;) neck *a la* scrag of mutton, complexion *a la* mother of pearl, appearance generally *a la* humbug. Don't know a cabbage from a new cheese, or whether a sirloin steak is beef, chicken, or fresh fish." There, you have a perfect picture.

---

#### JOY TO THE WORLD!—

Hail Brother Eds! be joyous still,  
Right onward! be not weary;  
One more 'tis said, has doff'd his *will*,  
Resigned his *all*, to marry.

We read, with brightened hopes of joys untold, the following, announcing the marriage of one of the *former* editors of the University Magazine: "In New Hanover county, on the 27th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, Owen Fennell, Esq. by Elder B. F. Marable, Mr. C. W. McClammy and Miss Margaret Fennell." Mr. McClammy graduated two years ago; was an active member of college, and labored assiduously for the promotion of our Periodical. He has ever realized that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," which he now most emphatically demonstrates by claiming intelligence and loveliness as his own.

---

DEATH OF AMBROSE DAVIE, JR.—We were grieved, says the Clarksville (Tenn.) Jeffersonian, of Feb. 26, to read the announcement in the Cincinnati Commercial of the probable loss of Mr. Ambrose Davie, Jr. and lady, by the burning of the steamer Charmer, about ten miles below Donaldsville, La. But our grief was allayed by a dispatch received from New Orleans, by a gentleman, a relative of the parties, in this city, stating that they were safe at Donaldsville. However, on last Wednesday night, another dispatch was received, stating that they were lost, and that their bodies had not been found, although a watch was on the alert. Mr. Davie graduated at this University, in June 1859. He had but recently married a daughter of Col. D. W. Jourdan, of Greenville, S. C., and was on a wedding tour through the South with his young and lovely wife at the time of their untimely death. We knew him well, loving him for his many virtues, and admiring him for his gentlemanly bearing. They leave a large concourse of friends and relatives to mourn their early death.

**THE MARCH NUMBER.**—In this number we present our readers with the likeness of the Rev. Chas. F. Deems. It is useless for us to attempt anything in commendation of one so universally distinguished as an orator and a divine. For the foregoing sketch of his life we are indebted to Mr. R. S. Moran, of Goldsboro'.

"Whitmell Hill" will no doubt be read with great interest by all of those who are fond of searching out facts in relation to our revolutionary history.

"Novel Reading" is a well written article, but we do not agree with the author in every particular. We think it needs no stimulus to induce young persons generally, to throw away most of their time in novel reading; for thrown away it is in the majority of cases.

"The Ocean" is a beautiful poem, written by a fair contributor of ours who is yet but a school girl in the female seminary of Mocksville. We advise her to cultivate her talents in this line and if the woman, as it will do, improves upon the girl, we can safely predict a brilliant career. We shall always be glad to hear from one so gifted by the muses and hope that her womanly modesty will not restrain her efforts.

"What can I do?" is very good, and we advise it to the careful perusal of some in our midst, who seem to think they can do nothing.

"Doubt not that I love thee," shows the outpouring of a heart that has been deeply wounded by the arrows of Cupid. "The Stolen Kiss" by the same author goes to prove that he is a perfect "whale" in love affairs. He has so excited our curiosity that we are almost determined to try the next pretty lass we meet, but as we are more bashful than he, we greatly fear of being "snowed under."

"A Romance." This is the first article with such a caption that we have yet had and we sincerely hope that it will be the last. We think the author has the right name; and we very much fear that his imagination will yet carry him so high that in his fall he may break his cranium as we are much disposed to believe he has already cracked it in his last descent.

"Song to the New Year" is written by another of our fair contributors whom we shall ever be glad to hear from.

---

**SURVEYOR'S INSTRUMENTS.**—Maj. Robert D. Lilley, of Staunton, Va., has been in our midst for several weeks, being engaged in teaching a class in surveying. All his scholars express themselves delighted with his instructions. He has a new surveyor's instrument lately patented by his father, Col. J. M. Lilley to which we would call especial notice.

This instrument consists of a semi-circular plate, with a needle and box attached to the diameter, and the circular edge graduated in degrees and a moveable limb or a aliade attached to the centre of the plate, with verniers at both ends; thus the bearing of a line can be read for any number of degrees or minutes. It also gives the latitude and departure of any course run. You can also find heights and distances without the aid of logarithmic tables.

It answers every purpose of the level in such works as running roads or draining land. It is impossible for us to give all the advantages of this instrument. We would add that it has been introduced at the University of Virginia, West Point, and is used in all coast surveys. It is highly recommended by Rev. Charles Phillips, of this University, by Prof. Church of West Point, by Charles Davies and a host of other eminent mathematicians. We would call your attention to a resolution unanimously adopted by our last General Assembly.

“Resolved, That we recommend to Engineers and Surveyors, the ‘improved instrument for surveying and calculating areas,’ of Col. Jas. M. Lilley, of Staunton, Virginia, as well calculated to accomplish the purposes for which it is designed, with facility and accuracy, as it combines the advantages of the Theodolite Level and Compass, besides possessing a combination of useful points not found in any of those instruments. We would also recommend it to Colleges and Schools, as admirably adapted for practicing classes in the practical application of the principles of Mathematics.”

We would add that no man who ever has need of a surveying instrument should do without one of these as it saves an incalculable amount of time and labor and is far more accurate than anything that can be obtained from the common instrument. For further particulars, address R. D. Lilley, Staunton, Virginia.

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COMMENCEMENT.—We are pleased to announce to our friends and especially to the ladies, notwithstanding the hard times, we have the prospect of a very brilliant commencement, at least if fine looking and gentlemanly marshals and ball managers can add anything to our attractions.

Mr. James Exum has been chosen as our chief marshal; his “subs” consist of the following gentlemen: Mr. A. Dupré, of La., Mr. Jas. Adams, of S. C., of the Dialectic Society, and Mr. W. Hunt, of Miss., and Mr. S. Pool, of N. C. of the Philanthropic Society. We think we can safely assert that they are the best looking set of marshals as a body that we have ever had.

Our ball managers are Messrs. Alex. Déjean, La., Julius C. Mitchell, Ala., Ruffin Thomson, Miss., of the Dialectic Society, and Messrs. Samuel Donelson, of Tenn., K. R. Jones, of N. C., and R. H. Smith, of N. C., of the Philanthropic Society.

Knowing the partiality of these gentlemen for the fair sex, we think the ladies will not want for attention. They are the first set of ball managers ever chosen from the Sophomore Class, and we think they speak well for the taste of their classmates. Of course for the sake of their class they will do their best, and knowing their abilities to please, we think we can predict for them a glorious triumph.



## TRIBUTES OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the Senior Class of the University of North Carolina held in Girard Hall, Feb. 14th the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas: our beloved class-mate, Paul Barringer Harris, has been suddenly taken from our midst—he who a few hours ago was the idol of every friendly gathering, therefore be it resolved:

That in the death of Paul Barringer Harris, the Senior class feels the loss of one its most esteemed members. He had endeared himself to us by his generous spirit, by his frank bearing, by his kind heart. His noble characteristics won for him the kind wishes of all who knew him; his genial smile, his pleasant wit, his affable disposition will long be remembered.

Resolved, by his departure from us, we feel as it were the removal of a brother from our ranks, we cherish his memory with love and esteem. A gap has been made in our hearts which no other can fill.

Resolved, that we tender our deepest, sympathies to his bereaved relatives and while we would not intrude upon the sacredness of their grief we would still desire to weep with those who loved him best over the early grave of our common friend.

Resolved, that the Senior class wear the usual badge of mourning as a token of their grief and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased and to the University Magazine Petersburg Express, Columbia Guardian, Lancaster Ledger, and Charleston Mercury, with request for publication.

J. T. MOREHEAD, C. M. STEADMAN, W. VANWYCK, Com.

DIALECTIC HALL, Feb. 18. 1861

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God in his inscrutable wisdom to remove from our midst our late friend and fellow member Paul Barringer Harris, in the vigor and bloom of youth; therefore be it,

Resolved, that the Dialectic Society deeply conscious of her irreparable loss deplore the death of one who by his gentlemanly deportment, generous disposition, and sincere devotion to the Society, had endeared himself to all who knew him.

Resolved, that while we bow to the will of God with humble hearts, we may be allowed to hope that our loss has been his eternal gain; and that the remembrance of his virtues may long be cherished in our grief at his premature death.

Resolved, that this Society tender to the family of the deceased in this hour of trial and affliction her heartfelt sympathy and condolence and in the assurance that religion can afford relief to their earthly sorrows would point them to a Gracious and Heavenly Being.

Resolved, that these resolutions be published in the University Magazine and that copies be sent to the Charleston Mercury, Columbia Guardian and Lancaster Ledger with request for publication.

A. C. WHITNER. J. T. JONES W. C. MICHIE Com.

## PHILANTHROPIC HALL, Feb. 16th, 1861.

With the deepest sorrow the Philanthropic Society has received intelligence of the death of our fellow-member, Thomas L. Armstrong, of Tennessee. Mr Armstrong was a native of this (Orange) county. He graduated here with the class of 1832. In the fall of 1835 he moved to Tennessee, where integrity persevering and industrious habits won for him many warm hearted friends. He fell a victim to "that dire human destroyer" *consumption*. The Somerville Times thus speaks of him.

"In the death of Mr. Armstrong, the community loses a good citizen, the Presbyterian Church a consistent member, and his family a kind husband, a fond parent and a humane master. He leaves a large family to lament his loss—together with a large circle of friends, who will deeply sympathize with them in their loss."

Therefore as it has pleased our Heavenly Father to take him from earth.

Resolved, that we bow with reverent awe to the decree of Him, who reigneth and who ruleth and ordereth all things well, and who, in his infinite wisdom and goodness, has seen fit to remove from earth our worthy and esteemed friend and brother.

Resolved, that while we would not intrude upon the sacredness of domestic grief we tender our warmest sympathy to his bereaved family and friends, and while weeping at the common altar of grief, we would point them to that Eternal Source from which alone flows that balm which can heal the wounded and bleeding heart.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and to the University Magazine, Somerville Times and Hillsbor' Recorder with a request to publish them.

F. T. SEYMOUR, A. P. YOUNG, R. W. JOYNER, Com.

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## PHILANTHROPIC HALL, MARCH 1, 1861.

It is with deep regret that the Philanthropic Society has to announce the death of one of her most esteemed and worthy members, Lyell Smeeds, of Vicksburg, Mississippi, late of Raleigh N. C. Who left us but a few short years ago, in the full bloom of youth. Who by his kind and genial disposition drew around him a large circle of devoted friends, and by his magnanimity endeared himself to all who knew him. Therefore in this hour of her affliction be it,

Resolved, that the Philanthropic Society while she humbly bows to the will of the Almighty disposer, and should not murmur for he doeth all things well, cannot but pause to shed a tear over the untimely grave of a worthy member.

Resolved, that the Society tenders her heartfelt sympathies to his family and friends, and while freely mingling her tears with theirs on a common altar of grief, would point them to that eternal source from which alone the wounded and bleeding heart can derive consolation.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and to the University Magazine, Raleigh Register, and Vicksburg Whig, with request for publication.

T. W. CARR, ED. HINES, J. V. JENKINS, Com.

### Fiske's Metallic Burial Cases.

The undersigned having obtained the exclusive right to sell these CASES in the county of Orange and in the town of Greensboro', would respectfully announce that he is now prepared to fill all orders for the air-tight, indestructible burial cases. A large number of all sizes kept continually on hand.

These cases can be obtained in Hillsborough from Thomas Scarlett, and in Greensborough from J. A. Pritchett.

He would also take this opportunity of informing his numerous creditors that being in straightened circumstances, they would very much oblige him by settling up immediately, as small favors will be thankfully received and large ones proportionably.

K. B. WAITT, Chapel Hill, N. C.



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|         | "Beneficial when compelled to speak, suffering from cold."—REV. S. J. P. ANDERSON, St. Louis.   |
| BROWN'S | "Effectual in removing hoarseness and irritation of the throat, so common with speakers and singers."—PROF. M. STACY JOHNSON, La Grange, Ga.; Teacher of Music, Southern Female College.                                |
| TROCHES | "Great benefit when taken before and after preaching, as they prevent hoarseness. From their past effect, I think they will be of permanent advantage to me."—REV. E. ROWLEY, A. M., President of Athens College, Tenn. |
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The Eleventh session begins on the 14th January 1861. For particulars, address,

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ON THE 1ST OF JUNE, 1859,

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Vol. X.

APRIL.

No. 8.

# NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

## EDITORS:

OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

THOMAS T. ALLEN,  
ROBERT S. CLARK,  
JOEL P. WALKER.

OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

JOHN T. JONES,  
OLIVER T. PARKS,  
DAVID W. SIMMONS, Jr.

FOR SALE BY

W. L. POMEROY, Raleigh, N. C.

CHAPEL HILL:

JOHN B. NEATHERY, PRINTER.

1861.



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## Receipts.

We acknowledge the following receipts since our last issue: Hon. Geo. E Badger, \$4; George P. Bryan, \$2; W. W. Sillers, \$2; A. T. Cole, \$2; P. B. Bacot, \$2; Mrs. Wilson, \$2; J. W. Droughan, 2; T. L. Skinner, \$2; J. McLaurin, \$3.

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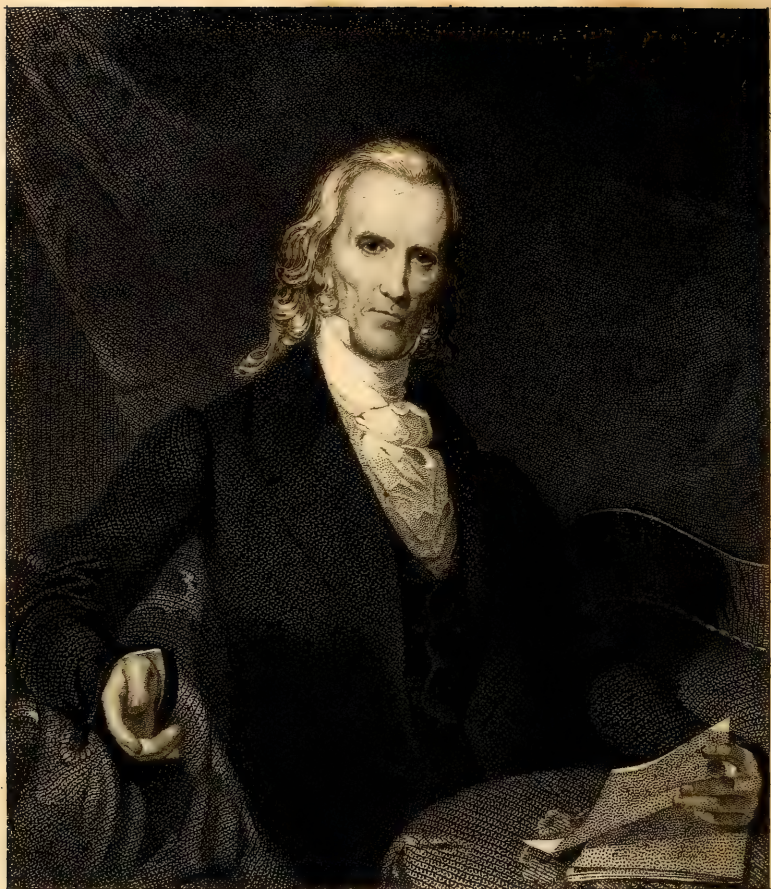
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Engraved by T. B. Welch from a Painting by E. C. Leutze

HUGH LAWSON WHITE

*Hugh Lawson White*



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## HUGH L. WHITE.

HUGH LAWSON WHITE, was born in Iredell county, North Carolina, in the year 1773. He was the son of respectable and influential parentage, of Irish descent. His father, James White, was a soldier in our memorable struggle for independence; afterwards a general of the Tennessee militia, and served with high honor and distinction in the late Creek war. At the close of the Revolution he removed first to Virginia, and then emigrated to Knox county, Tennessee, when Hugh was thirteen years of age. At the time of which we speak, Tennessee was a wilderness; and into this wild abode was the family of Mr. White ushered, with no defence but personal prowess, and no means of subsistence but what were seized in the face of danger and death. But the hardships and perils which the early pioneer had to encounter from the natural obstacles of the unsubdued forest and its terrific inhabitants, have been too often and glowingly described, and are too well known, even to infancy, to need relation here. But in these dangers and perils the family of Mr. White bore no ordinary share. At the age of nineteen Hugh volunteered as a private soldier in the Indian campaigns. In these he was soon distinguished as a brave, vigilant, and untiring soldier. He possessed a constitution peculiarly fitted for rugged duties—a constitution which was preserved in elasticity and firmness, almost in primitive vigor, beyond the boundary of three-score years. These scenes of his early life are interesting only as they were the rough school of discipline in which he acquired and strengthened those hardy Roman virtues which have distinguished his character throughout his whole public career.

The early education of Hugh L. White, was not as thorough and ex-

tensive as he could have wished it, and as it would have been under more favorable circumstances. The refinements of polished scholarship had hardly been introduced into Tennessee at that early day. But of the more practical and useful branches of education, such as qualified him for the discharge of the immediate duties of life, he acquired the utmost that the schools of that day afforded. He was instructed in the ancient languages by the Rev. Samuel Carrick, and Mr. (afterwards Judge) Roane, gentlemen of no mean proficiency in scholarship. To these attainments he afterwards added a course of mathematics, under Professor Patterson of Philadelphia. In 1795 he left Philadelphia for Lancaster, Pennsylvania, where he entered the office of James Hopkins, an eminent lawyer, under whose superintendence he devoted himself with great ardor to the study of the law. Having completed the usual preparatory course, he returned, in 1796, to Knoxville, where he commenced the practice of his profession.

For the five succeeding years Judge White devoted himself unremittingly to the duties of his profession, and rose to high and honorable distinction at the bar. The science of jurisprudence was his especial study; and with such zeal and ability did he enter into the investigation, that he was selected at the early age of twenty-eight from a body of able and experienced lawyers, to fill the office of Judge of the State. This seat he held till 1807, when he resigned.

As a lawyer, Judge White was one of the most distinguished in the early history of Tennessee. Nor was the bar of Tennessee at that time wanting in men of the first order in legal attainments. Jackson, Whiteside, Overton, and G. W. Campbell were then in the prime of their legal celebrity, and with such men was he associated upon the bench. In legal argumentation, Judge White had but few superiors; yet he was always as fair and honest in debate as he was cogent. He never turned aside to take advantage of quibbles, and quirks, and senseless technicalities; but built his premises upon the plain and obvious meaning of the law, and with abstract truth as his guide, he seldom failed to carry his point. He viewed every thing like cunning and subtlety in the pleadings of the bar with detestation, as he always did the tricks and manœuvres, and intrigues of party politicians. There need be no better evidence that Judge White possessed every qualification of the able, profound, and enlightened jurist, than that he was afterwards offered, and would have been appointed on condition of his accepting a seat upon the Supreme Bench of the United States, which distinguished post of honor he declined. When he was elevated from the bar to the bench, he brought to the discharge of its difficult functions all the qualities already enumerated, and superadded to the essential attributes of judicial authority, great mildness and suavity of

manners; yet was he always firm, and dignified, and uncompromising when duty demanded. To maintain such an office with popularity and respect, both from the people and the bar, is the surest test of merit. Spurious talents or superficial learning cannot be displayed off undetected upon the bench. The strict integrity of Judge White was proverbial. His opinions were generally remarkable for perspicuity and strength, and many of them able specimens of judicial acumen and research. His long services in his judicial capacity acquired for him the greatest respect and esteem from the gentlemen of the profession, and conferred lasting honor on the bar of Tennessee. Such ample opportunities as were presented during twelve years' experience on the bench, and especially, when afterwards practised upon and enlarged in the course of his political experience, soon rendered Judge White thoroughly acquainted with the spirit and character of the laws of his country.

An interesting anecdote is told of this period of his life, quite characteristic of his republican simplicity. A student of law came a considerable distance to be examined by him, in order to obtain license. The young man had heard much of his ability and learning as a jurist, and expected to be much embarrassed in his presence; but he mustered courage, visited his residence, and on being informed that the Judge was on his farm, went out, and intercepted a man ploughing, and asked for Judge White. "I am the man," was the reply. "I wish to get license to practice law, and have come to be examined." "Well, sir if you will be good enough to come down into the shade, I will attend to it with a great deal of pleasure." He secured his plough-horse, got over into the cool shade, and took the young man through a most learned and rigid examination—found that he was well qualified, and, after inviting him to his house, and showing him every mark of hospitality and politeness, gave him a license.

In the year 1837 he resigned his judgeship, and retired, in a great measure, to his farm. Agricultural pursuits had always been a favorite occupation, even in the midst of laborious studies; and he would be frequently found in the intervals of his engagements, ploughing in his fields. There appears always to have been a congeniality between great and good minds in the pursuits of agriculture. We pretend not to divine the philosophy of it, or to determine, as has often been contended, why it is that patriotism exists in so much more elevated and fervent devotion in the retirement of the farm than in the busy throng of crowded cities. Whether the fact be so or not, certain it is that many of the noblest instances of sterling patriotism and high-souled principle that have ever figured in the drama of human actions, have been found among those most devoted to agricultural pursuits. Hypocrisy and intrigue, which



are the elements of contracted minds, have little to do in the retirement of the farm; but far removed from the long catalogue of human frailties and vice with which they are so painfully conversant in public life, the good and the great are gratified with the view of the brighter side of humanity, and have there to deal with characters and actions more congenial with the simplicity and greatness of their own natures. Like Jefferson, and Washington, and Madison, Judge White could be induced to leave his farm only when duty, which was the supreme law of his nature, demanded; and when that was performed, he left the rivalries and commotions of public life without a regret, to those whose business it was to foster them.

About this time Judge White was appointed District Attorney for the United States, which station he soon resigned. In 1807 he was elected a senator to the State legislature. While a member of this body he performed many important services to Tennessee, and was the author of a system of land law, for which Tennesseans, who recollect the frauds and controversies of the old system, will ever be grateful. The speech in which he advocated the measure was one of the first which he made as a politician, and was said to have been one of unusual power. In 1809 the judiciary of Tennessee was re-organized, and a Supreme Court instituted. In this high tribunal he was appointed to preside, although he was not a candidate, and was absent from the seat of government two hundred miles when the legislature conferred the appointment. He held this office for six years, and from his faithfulness and ability acquired the utmost respect and popularity from the people, by whose delegated authority he had been appointed. Previous to his resignation in 1815 he was elected President of the State bank. Under his auspices the institution flourished in a high degree, and acquired much character for the prudence and ability of its administration, and the stability of its operations. It obtained a standing in the west equally honorable to the State and beneficial to its financial concerns. He continued twelve years at the head of this institution, including the period of the late war—a period which will be long remembered in the political history of the United States for fiscal distrust, confusion, and difficulty; and which, but for the energies of one man, would have rendered bankrupt the credit of the whole nation.

But while engaged in the double duties of Judge and President of the Bank, he did not forget his country. During the darkest period of the Creek campaign, when General Jackson was surrounded with difficulties such as would have crushed any other man, his brave men contending not only with savages, but with famine and want, and sustaining life on roots and acorns, Judge White left the bench, and with a single companion, Hon. Luke Lea, started for the wilderness, hired an Indian guide, and

after several days and nights of perilous adventure, found the general's encampment. He told the veteran that having heard of his difficulties he had left his business, and come to share his toils and dangers. It was determined after some consultation that the Judge should return through the wilderness to Tennessee, and exert his influence in raising volunteers and procuring provisions for the distressed and famishing army. While absent on this expedition, he missed several terms of his courts, and by the laws of Tennessee the judges were paid only in proportion to duty performed. The legislature, in consideration of the great services he had rendered General Jackson, passed an order that there should be no deduction of his salary. But with characteristic magnanimity he declined the offer and would receive no more than that for which he rendered actual service. He said that his country was in distress, that the aid he had rendered was without the hope of reward, and that he would receive none.

In 1817 Judge White was again elected senator by a majority approaching unanimity; and served with distinction the period for which he had been elected.

But the abilities of Hugh L. White were too distinguished, and too well appreciated by his countrymen, to be confined within the limits of a single State. He was appointed, in 1820, by President Monroe, one of the commissioners under the Spanish treaty, in conjunction with Littleton W. Tazewell and Gov. King. Previous to this time his attention had been confined chiefly to the laws affecting individual rights and property. The rights and laws of nations had little connection with the administration of justice in an interior State; but as the sphere of his operations was widened, he was found to possess mental resources corresponding to the increased demand. With such success did he apply himself to the details of commercial, maritime and international law, that he won the esteem and confidence of his able colleagues—men who had been experienced, and profoundly versed in the science of public law. He held this appointment until 1824, at which time the commission expired. In the same year he was again unanimously appointed a Judge of the Court of Appeals, but he declined the appointment. In 1825 General Jackson resigned his seat in the United States Senate, and Judge White was unanimously elected to fill out the term. In 1827 he was again unanimously elected to serve six years. And yet again, amidst the hottest party rancor, the legislature bestowed their undivided suffrage upon him for another six years, in 1835.

We are now to review the life of Judge White in the most important and interesting scenes of the many in which he took a part. Hitherto we have viewed him chiefly as a jurist and a local politician. But his life and acts became now identified with national history and national interests.

And from the character which he acquired in this political capacity, from the faithfulness with which he discharged the functions of the high stations which he occupied, must he stand or fall to the people of this nation. In the year 1825 Judge White brought into our national councils great weight of character. At that time he had the unlimited confidence of every party in the government. During this era of great achievements in our political history—memorable for the revolutionizing of our national policy, for the demolishing of long-established institutions, and the building up new; for bold and untried adventure in the theory and practice of government—which will distinguish this era in our political history for ages to come—during all this mighty conflict of principle, Judge White was upon the ground. He bore his part in them all, as friend or foe. This period is too fresh in the memory of all, and the measures too notorious to be detailed in this place. But during this comparatively short period of his public career, more weighty subjects were discussed, more doubtful points of national policy settled, more difficulties removed from the free administration of government, more political heresies broached and exterminated, than in any other period of American history of the same length. The whole theory of government was subjected to an inquisition, which spared neither the ancient, nor the venerable, nor the strong, nor the weak. In the scales of justice or honesty they were all weighed, and found the level, or the supposed level, of their merits. Its maritime and commercial policy was revolutionized. Its banking establishments upturned. The powers of the general government, in internal improvements and executive patronage, were scrutinized. The origin and nature of the federal compact was discussed with earnestness and ability; and its value calculated, and its fundamental principles bandied about with the familiarity of toys. With what character Judge White passed through these scenes, is known to every man in the nation.

In 1822 John C. Calhoun resigned the Vice-Presidency of the United States, and the Senate was left without a presiding officer. It was on the eve of that memorable session, when the debate upon the tariff had well-nigh severed the Union. The first talent of the nation was there congregated, and every man had arrayed himself upon one side or the other. The prize at issue was the CONSTITUTION. And the leaders of the respective divisions came armed with the resolution to carry their measures though disunion on one hand and civil war on the other were the consequence. Proud in the strength of conscious greatness, irritated by supposed aggressions or tyranny, and discordant to a degree that almost banished deliberation, they foresaw that troublous times were not far distant. It was seen that no ordinary mind could be able to curb the outbursts of passion, and to maintain its equipoise through so doubtful a contest.



In full view of all these difficulties, Judge White was elected president of the Senate; and how he sustained the exalted expectations of that body and the nation is now a matter of history. The firmness, impartiality, decision and dignity with which he presided over the stormy debate, proved that no false estimate had been placed upon his character.

The intellectual character of Judge White would bear a fair and honorable comparison with the first talent in the Senate. As an orator in the popular acceptance of the term, he was not so distinguished as many members in the house of Congress. He possessed little of that rich profusion of imagination which throws such a charm over the oratory of a Clay, or a Pinkney, or a Wirt. But as a reasoner and debater he exhibited strength and cogency of argument on more than one occasion, which would rank him as one of these able logicians on the floor of Congress. In the discussion upon the Panama Mission he was particularly distinguished; and the combatants in that debate were no striplings in mind and attainments. The profoundest talent of the nation, and the deepest constitutional learning, were brought to bear upon it.

One of the most powerful efforts he ever made in the Senate was on the morning after he received the tidings that the hand of death had torn asunder the tenderest fibres of human affection. It was his speech on the Indian bill. This question had occasioned great embarrassment and concern to President Jackson. Judge White was chairman of the committee; the weight of the measure devolved upon him, and procrastination was certain defeat. But he appeared in his seat, asked no indulgence, made no apology; and, showing a fortitude worthy of his character, made one of the ablest and most successful efforts ever witnessed in that body, and carried the measure. Such lofty and honorable views of the nature and obligation of a trust, such intense devotion to its fulfillment, distinguished him in every station of life. This honorable and enviable fact in his history will be remembered when this generation shall have passed away.

At the election for President of the United States; in the autumn of 1836, Judge White received the votes of the States of Georgia and Tennessee. He retired from the Senate in 1839 to private life, and died at his residence near Knoxville, on the 10th of April, 1841, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

## THE COUNTY OF EDGECOMBE IN 1810.

[THE following "Statistical and Historical account of Edgecombe county" was prepared in the year 1811, and presented first to the "Agricultural Society" of that county, and then sent to the "Editors of the Star." Its author was JEREMIAH BATTLE, M. D., who was a native of the county of which he has given so full and interesting an account. He was one among the earliest students of our University, but as he pursued only a partial course, he left without having taken any degree. He afterwards studied medicine, and practiced his profession first at Tarborough, and afterwards at Raleigh until his death, which occurred at the latter place about the year 1825.

The account is similar in its character to that of the county of Caswell, which was written by the Hon. Bartlett Yancy, and which will be found in the last November number of our Magazine. The present article will, we trust, be found no less interesting than the former, and in that hope we now present it to our readers, omitting, on account of its length, those parts which relate to "Rivers, Waters, Bridges," &c., and to "Diseases."—EDITORS UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.]

1. The county Edgecombe extends about forty miles from north to south, and thirty from east to west. It is generally a level country with gentle elevations, and not destitute of pleasant and healthy situations. The soil is exceedingly diversified, consisting of a gradation from poor piney woods to a rich swamp land lying on the creeks and river; the proportion of these is about three-fourths of the former to one of the latter. The best river land produces abundantly of Indian corn, peas, wheat, rye, oats, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, cotton, flax, &c., and it is believed some spots are well adapted to the culture of hemp. The best piney land produces everything that the river land does, but not in the same degree of perfection; and the most barren piney lands are yet valuable, where they are not too remote from navigation, for the Tar and Turpentine they afford. The lands on the river are valued from ten to twenty dollars per acre: on the creeks from five to ten, and the piney woods from one to five. In the county there is a great variety of excellent timber, viz: on the river and creeks are various species of oak; poplar, hickory, black walnut, mulberry, ash, &c. The swamps afford excellent cypress, juniper and white oak. But the pine timber is perhaps still more valuable, being tall, straight, and well calculated for building. These different situations abound in various other growth, as the cedar, elm, sugar maple, dogwood, sassafras, chineapin, sweet gum, black gum, whortleberry, grape vine &c. The forests, fields and gardens also abound in shrubs and plants that

serve the purposes of medicine and the rural arts, viz: the high and low myrtle, the gall-berry, the several kinds of rhus, particularly the rhus glaburum or common sumach, wild turnip, dock, poke, thorn apples, night shade, Virginia snake root, pocoon &c. The latter appears to be a species of turmeric, growing spontaneously in rich soils; and will, in time, probably become an important article of the *Materia Medica*. The Hortulan plants, roots and herbs are colworts, cabbage, lettuce, spinnage parsley, cresses, onions, celery, radishes, carrots, parsnips, turnips, asparagus &c. There are also fruit trees in abundance, particularly the apple, pear, plum, cherry, nectarine, and peach. The latter comes very soon to perfection, but is subject soon to decay, the owners having never adopted any of the methods that have been discovered for their preservation. There are many good "springs" on the river and creeks, and the 'wells' in the piney woods are generally good.

2. When the county was first settled cannot be well ascertained from any documents here, but it was probably prior to the year 1726, the oldest land patents we have met with bearing this date, as the first settlement of the continent commenced at the mouths of rivers, so these interior settlements commenced at the mouths of creeks, progressing upwards as the natives gave ground. At the mouth of Town Creek, it is believed, was the first settlement in the county. The site of Tarboro' and its vicinity were settled at an early period. The Indians inhabiting these parts were driven by some of the settlers at Bath, across Contentnea, where they made a stand, built forts, and dwelt secure for several years, but were at length besieged and destroyed. The ruins of their forts are now to be seen in Green County. But the greatest number of its early settlers came from Virginia. The principal "object of the first settlers" appears to have been the enjoyment of ease and idleness; and there is not perhaps, a spot in the State where a mere subsistence was, and still is more easily procured than here. The chief, and almost entire occupation was hunting and rearing stock, which consisted principally of horses and cattle. The former ran wild, and were pursued and taken by stratagem when necessity required, cattle were esteemed of more value, and were kept gentle, but subsisted through the year without feeding, except cows and calves. Agriculture was scarcely thought of. The settlers were much of their time under the necessity of eating meat without bread; a horse and plow served a whole neighborhood. About the year 1740 the natives were numerous in this part of the county, and the land being mostly vacant none could be sold except such as had some improvement, and then low. Edgecombe retains one of the most ancient names of any of the counties in the State; it formerly included the counties of Northampton, Halifax, Martin, Nash, and several others. This county affords



but little historical information. It may be worthy of remark, however, and is much to the credit of the county that its inhabitants formerly were, and still are, docile, peaceable and easily governed. This is evinced by adverting to the circumstances of the late revolution. The mandates of a self-created power, termed a committee, which engrossed all the authority, both civil and military, were then as implicitly obeyed as are now the laws of our Legislature. There was no exposition to their orders, and none endeavoured to evade them, except the tories, (who were actuated perhaps, more from cowardice than principle;) a part of these embodied themselves in the south-west part of the county; and also a considerable number in the north-east, for the purpose of resistance. But all were dispersed without bloodshed. In effecting this Colonel Hill and Williams of Martin, were instrumental. A few Scotch merchants resided in the county at the commencement of the revolution; but they preferred remaining subjects of Great Britain, and of consequence left the country under the expulsion law. No part of this county was ever a scene of action during the war. But the inhabitants were not idle spectators. Both officers and soldiers were ready at all times to serve their country. It would be unpardonable on this occasion not to mention the merits of Col. Jonas Johnston, who rose from obscurity, and acted a conspicuous part in our revolutionary struggle. He was born in the year 1740, in Southampton County Virginia, and came with his father to this country when quite young. He was raised a plain, industrious farmer, without education. After one of his speeches in the general assembly, which was more remarkable for the good sense it contained than for grammatical style, he was asked by a professional gentleman 'where he got his education?' he replied, 'at the handle of his plow.' Nor was it discovered that he possessed such eminent talents, until the commencement of the war. He at a very early period stepped forth in the cause of liberty, and ever proved himself the true patriot, the hero and statesman as long as he lived. He from time to time filled every office in the county, both civil and military. He represented our county in the State Convention, and in the Legislature. Although he was almost destitute of education he was a considerable orator; and whenever he rose to speak in those public assemblies the greatest attention was paid to his opinions, as they ever carried the strongest marks of good sense. His language was bold and nervous; well adapted to incite the people to patriotic exertion. He was modest, yet competent, prompt and decisive; ready to stand foremost (if required) in every matter he advised. At a public meeting at Tarboro' not long after the commencement of the war, information was brought that there was an insurrection of tories near Cape Fear, and that assistance was much needed to quell them. Mr.

Johnston being present addressed the people in a speech of considerable length and eloquence, and soon obtained a band of volunteers; who marched with him at their head that same evening. In the year 1776 he went out to Moore's Creek against the tories, and in the same year was a member of the convention that formed the state constitution, after which he was constantly and actively employed as a legislator and military officer until the year 1779, when he took command of a regiment of militia and went to the assistance of South Carolina. As his regiment was a considerable time attached from any other army he had frequent occasion to address, sometimes the legislature of this state, and at others the Governor of South Carolina, by letter—nor would those letters (in matter and diction) have discredited any statesman. He was not long enough in the army to distinguish himself much as a soldier. He was in the battle of Stono, and there conducted himself with the intrepidity and coolness of a veteran. His tenderness and love for the soldiers under his command are spoken of to this day by those who had the pleasure to serve under him. He could not bear to see any soldier suffer more hardship than himself. This was the last service he rendered his country. Then he being in a debilitated state, so exhausted himself, as to hasten the disease of which he died on his return home.

Henry Irwin had long been a resident, and merchant of Tarboro'. He took an active part in our differences with Great Britain; and perhaps no man, according to his situation, made a greater sacrifice to his country. He at an early period of the war obtained a lieutenant-colonel's commission in the regular army. He bade adieu to his family of infant children, and to his ease—and joined the army, alas! to return home no more. He fell in the battle of Germantown, bravely fighting in the cause of his country; and as the enemy ultimately kept the field of battle his body was never recovered that it might receive the honors due to his merits.

Henry Irwin Toole was the first who took a commission in the regular army. He soon received a company, and marched to the assistance of Virginia. He was in the battle fought at the great bridge near Norfolk, where he sufficiently distinguished himself for his bravery. At the discharge of the troops, which were raised only for a given time, he returned to Tarboro' where he pursued the business of a merchant with much credit and success, as long as he lived. His death was an irreparable loss to his young family, a considerable loss to the county in general, and was much lamented by a numerous acquaintance.

Col. Isaac Sessums was a great whig, and very active in the service of his country. He was senator from this county when the legislature sat at New-Berne, and he there died.

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4. The county affords a great variety of productions that are immediately conducive to the comfortable subsistence of man, and it is evident penury cannot exist to any extent where there is a surplus of such commodities as are exhibited in the table annexed; which affords a pretty correct view of the average annual amount of the different kinds of surplus produced that are collected or raised in the county and sent out to foreign markets. In the table it will be seen that naval stores hold a respectable rank as a staple commodity; from which we discover that the pine, which affords one of the most striking marks of sterility of soil, is still entitled to great consideration; more especially when contiguous to rich lands or navigable waters. A large portion of the county abounds with them. They serve for fencing and building better than any other timber; but in addition to these advantages they yield to the laborer a greater profit than our best lands would do by farming. An experienced hand can make from 100 to 120 barrels of turpentine in a year, including the making of barrels to hold it; while the expenses of carrying on the work are extremely small. Tar is also made from old trees that have been lying on the ground long enough to lose the sap. A hand can work to the greatest advantage by making both tar and turpentine during the same year; the former being attended to for the most part in the fall and winter, when from the weakness of the sun's heat the trees will not yield the turpentine. The natives of the county knew but little of these advantages, and would have starved had they been possessed of no other means of subsistence. Emigrants from Virginia and the north-eastern counties of this State settled on these barren lands, and converted the pine into meat, bread and money.

In addition to the foregoing statement it may not be amiss to insert the average annual amount of produce sent out of the county by 75 farmers, which does not pass through any of the above named markets, viz: 150 bushels of wheat, 1,375 barrels of naval stores, 418,900 pounds of live pork, 15,600 pounds of beef, 190 head of sheep, 20,000 pounds of bacon, 1,770 barrels of corn.

Besides these articles for exportation the town is generally well supplied from the country with fresh beef, lambs, pigs, poultry, eggs, butter, honey, fruits, mellons, roots &c. Some of the housekeepers have farms near town, and from these supply their houses with many of these articles. Flour and in the winter firkin butter are obtained from the wagons that come down from the upper counties, notwithstanding every farmer keeps a stock of cattle, and wheat is raised for exportation. There are several bolting mills in the county, but these only serve the convenience of the neighborhood where they are. But we have as yet, neither



learned the advantages of the dairy, nor met with sufficient encouragement in making wheat and flour for market.

5. The inhabitants of the county generally live comfortably; and in proportion to their industry enjoy the luxuries of life. There are no overgrown estates here; and there are comparatively very few oppressed with poverty. Beggars are unknown among us. Those strollers that occasionally visit us are foreigners, who tell us they had fought in the American service. They generally get enough in this way to procure an intoxicating draught every day. In this hospitable county food is always at their service. The poor here, who are disabled by affliction, are liberally provided for. Our poor rates amount to about \$1,000 annually. (This bears no proportion to the five millions sterling that are said to be collected annually in England for charitable purposes; where notwithstanding they have beggars innumerable; and the children of the poor left without education.) A good estate in this county may be estimated at about fifty thousand dollars.

Tarboro' the only town in the county is handsomely situated on the south-west bank of Tar river, just above the mouth of Hendrick's Creek, in lat.  $35^{\circ} 45'$ . It is forty-eight miles west by north from Washington, thirty-six south of Halifax, eighty-three north-west of New-Berne, and sixty-eight east of Raleigh. It was laid off into lots in the year 1760. The streets are seventy-two feet wide, and cross each other at right angles, leaving squares of two acres each. These squares being divided into half acre lots, make every lot front or face two streets. There are about fifty private houses in it; and generally from fifteen to twenty stores, a church, a jail, two warehouses, and a large Court House, which in the year 1785 was used for the sitting of the State Legislature. There are several good springs adjacent to the town, but for culinary uses almost every person or family has a well; and some of these wells afford good water the greatest part of the year. This place affords good encouragement to all industrious persons, particularly merchants of almost every description. Sixty or seventy merchants have had full employment here at one time. But such of them as have emigrated to this place have too soon found themselves in prosperous situations, and have betaken themselves to idleness and dissipation.

Merchants generally do well here; and there has scarcely been an instance of failing in the place. There are a few well built private houses, some of which have lately been finished. The style of building is as it is in the country, generally plain and cheap. The jail and one of the store houses are of brick.

Adjacent to the town is the county seat of Gen. Thomas Blount, where he has lately built a very good house, the best that is in the coun-

ty. This is a beautiful eminence overlooking the town. An extensive green surrounds the houses; back of which is a tract of twenty or thirty acres of rich swamp land well ditched and drained, and is in a high state of cultivation.

7. Agriculture with us is still in its rude state. Lands are too cheap and plenty for farmers to be induced to quit their accustomed plans for the purpose of making the most on a given spot of land. The productions, however, will show that the people are neither very indolent nor entirely ignorant of the advantages of farming. The usual plan appears to be to clear and put into cultivation as large an extent of ground as practicable: and to exhaust it as fast as a series of grain crops can do it. A few years of this mode of culture render it necessary to give it rest every other year; at which times it is either sown in small grain or abandoned to the weeds. It is at length entirely worn out, while other grounds are cleared to supply its place. Manuring and other modes of improving the lands cannot well enter into our methods of tillage, the whole time being spent in extending the space of cultivation. But it must be acknowledged that this mode of farming is very well understood here; and is carried on with considerable energy. A man and horse can with ease tend sixty thousand corn hills, ploughing six thousand a day the crop through; and when the land is tolerably good it will produce from ten to twelve and a half bushels, per thousand corn hills, besides peas, foder &c. But much of the success depends on judicious ploughing. Perhaps the farmer's best judgment would be necessary to enable him to determine how far to abandon this loose mode of culture for the purpose of manuring &c., as it is not well understood here. The fear of ill success prevents many from undertaking it. There have, however, been some small attempts, and it is hoped that the success will induce a continuance.

Although large quantities of grain are produced, which together with the pork that is raised by it form a principal part of our staple commodities, yet we lose much by being illy supplied with food for cattle, the tops and shucks of the corn being insufficient to feed the number usually kept. They are therefore suffered to clear the fields of every vestige of the crop that might, if retained, tend to retard the exhaustion of the land. Indeed the cattle that are raised are considered as a clear gain, being kept alive during winter on that which would otherwise be deemed of little or no value. In the spring they are turned into the woods, where many of them in the course of the summer become good beef, and those which do not may be rendered so at a cheap rate by turning them into a corn field where there are plenty of peas and grass, a few weeks before frost. This is a very effectual method of fattening them, and they will do the

corn no injury. But the most approved method of rearing, and obtaining the benefits of domestic animals cannot well be incorporated with our system of cropping; the time and attention that should be devoted to them being considered as a serious drawback to the cornfield. By giving more attention to the procuring of summer and winter food, and to the best methods of distributing it, the comforts of the farmer would be greatly increased, and ample means thereby afforded for renovating the exhausted lands. But these and other means of improvement that might be mentioned will be reserved for a more systematic era in agriculture. There are but few in the country who undertake to raise clover, and those who do, have of late experienced great evil from its salivating property; this is the case with both the red and white, the worst is the white, in pasture grounds that have not been ploughed up for many years and meadows that are not at all in use with us. Mr. H. a gentleman of considerable experience observes that the cultivation of foreign grass would not be very profitable here. The swamps, though rich are many of them mixed sand and gravel, and produces native grass and weeds so luxuriantly, as would certainly in a year or two perfectly stifle the foreign grass if it did not at its first coming up. Another disadvantage is that the swamps are so flat as not to admit of complete draining; so that if great quantities of rain should happen to fall when the seeds are first put into the ground, or ever after the grass is of some height it would certainly be destroyed. In fact, there is but little need of meadows of foreign grass, for if the farmers would but prepare their swamps as if for these grasses, and let it remain it would produce an abundant crop of crop-grass (vulgarly called here crab-grass) very little, if any inferior to timothy. Even if they would be at the trouble of preparing, some time in summer, a tolerable piece of ground, by once or twice plowing and leveling with a harrow, it would certainly produce as considerable a quantity and as rich hay as most kinds of foreign grass. Very little attention has hitherto been paid to the particular breeds of any of the domestic animals except horses. They have for many years been in a state of tolerable improvement, and are still progressing towards greater perfection. Some of the best running horses on the continent have been bred in this county. There had, however, never been any imported horses here until H. Cotten, Esq., whose zeal for the improvement of these valuable animals prompted him to introduce several of the best imported horses among us. With some of our best farmers oxen and mules have in some degree superseded the use of horses, and are found to answer the purposes at a cheaper rate. The former are used principally for the draught, the latter for the plow. In the adjacent counties mules are used for the wagon, and draw very well, but there are no wagons in this county. It has been represented as a matter



of astonishment that we have so degenerate a race of sheep; few farmers having a sufficiency of wool to supply their families. It would seem that they are most difficult of all the domestic animals to raise. Our home manufactures are carried on to considerable extent, but would be much greater if plenty of wool could be obtained; for want of which large quantities of woollen clothes are imported for servants, although homespun is entitled to a preference in consequence of its greater durability. Notwithstanding the scarcity and meagerness of our sheep in general, there are some among them that would yield four or five pounds of wool at a shearing. Many of the best flocks in the county are found running at large in the piney woods all the year.

Our breeds of hogs have attracted more attention than cattle or sheep. Pork being a more certain money article, the farmer's interest necessarily leads him to greater exertion in its production. Considerable pains have been taken to bring these animals to greater perfection; but there are numerous instances of great deficiency, and it seems difficult to prevent degeneracy when they are doomed to toil a considerable part of the year in the woods for a precarious subsistence. The pork raisers are in a habit of depending greatly on the production of the forest for the subsistence of their hogs. Those on which they subsist and sometimes grow fat are from the different species of oak, pine, beach, chincapin, ground whortleberry, &c. This method of rearing hogs partakes of the manner of the first settlers, who found very little trouble or expense necessary to be bestowed on them. But our forests are now almost totally destitute of their former means of subsistence. These remarks are equally applicable to the manner of rearing cattle. The greatest advantage in raising pork is with those who live remote from market or navigation, and it is an article that never fails to command cash when carried on the foot to the Virginia markets. The farmers who live on the Tosnot and Contentnea give great attention to this and other kinds of stock as being their entire source of wealth. They are an industrious and economical people.

8 The main factories are only such as serve domestic purposes and consist of the following, viz: Looms, 933 in number, in which are woven annually about 150,000 yards of different kinds of cloth, which at an average price of forty cents per yard is worth \$60,000; 159 Distilleries in which are annually distilled 39,000 gallons peach and apple brandy, worth at seventy-five cents per gallon, \$29,250; 439 Tanneries, in which are tanned annually 1,964 hides, worth at four dollars \$7,856. Mechanics—thirty-one blacksmith shops; four hatters' shops; two cabinet shops; six saddler shops. Of these there is only one of the latter kept up throughout the year; in this there is work done to the amount of \$4,000; three carriage shops, only one of which is regularly kept up, in which

there is work done annually to the amount of \$4,500; three shoemakers' shops, one of which sells work to the amount of \$2,000. Besides these there are others of less note, such as turners, coopers, wheelwrights, &c.

Labor saving machines: There are 29 cotton machines, working 508 saws; some of which go by horses, some by hand and some by water.

There are also a few corn shelling machines in the county, and some wheat fans, the latter are in considerable demand, and can be hired for a dollar per day.

There has lately been erected at Tarboro' a turpentine distillery, two stills are employed; each working from 15 to 20 barrels.

As wheat is now raised in greater abundance, than ever in this county before, it would be a great acquisition to have threshing machines constructed, as in other parts. I cannot help recommending to my fellow-citizens, the use of an instrument which has been in use for ages in Italy, and after proper experiments has been approved by an agricultural society in France. The machine consist of a round piece of hard wood, about four feet in length, and one foot in diameter, on which are fastened with wooden pins, eight pieces of timber, of the same length, and about four inches square, so as to make a roller, resembling in some measure a piece of deeply flinted column. Exactly in the central point of each end of this roller, are strong iron pins driven in about one foot (they may also be made fast with a cross, sunk deep into the ends) these serve for the axis on which are fixed a pair of shafts. Or to render the *draught* easier, a frame may be made, the two sides of which are bent upwards, and as a single-tree fastened to the fore-tail, by which means the line of draught is raised so as to be nearly horizontal.

To use this instrument lay the sheaves on the threshing ground, loosen and spread them in a spiral form (perhaps as if to be trodden by horses, but probably not so erect.) The roller is drawn by one horse, beginning at the outermost edge and continuing till you get to the centre, and then in the same direction to the outer edge again, and thence round till you get again to the centre, and so on till the straw ought to be turned over; but that does not require much precaution; then the machine is moved round again until the whole is sufficiently threshed.

According to the report made to the above mentioned society a single horse can thresh perfectly well to the amount of 120 bushels (10 setiers) in a day, working only five hours. Six persons are sufficient to spread, turn over and carry away the straw, &c. The straw is better cleared of the grain than when threshed with a common flail. The effect of the instrument on the straw is to squeeze flatten, and smooth it, so that it is thereby rendered better food for cattle.

This instrument may be used for threshing wheat, oats, peas, &c., and

may be adapted to the threshing of rice, and for separating Indian corn from the cob.

The commerce of this place is carried on to great disadvantage. The navigation is precarious, as there is usually a considerable part of the year that the water is too low for boats to have an easy passage from Tarboro' to Washington. Tarboro' is the principal market for this and some of the adjacent counties, and although considerable quantities of pork and tobacco are taken here, there would be much more were there any opulent merchants who could advance the cash for the whole of these articles. The bank which is about to be established here will aid the merchants greatly in this respect. The farmers pay off their debts contracted with the merchants, with their different kinds of produce, and receive cash for the overplus, or barter for such other articles of merchandise as they need. This produce is carried down the river to Washington in long flat-bottomed boats, carrying from 200 to 400 barrels; and drawing from two to three feet water; a part of this produce is bartered in Washington for West India goods; but the greater part is shipped to the Northern markets, principally to Norfolk, Baltimore and New York, where it is sold for cash or bills, by which means the merchants here are enabled to make remittances to Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York, from whence they receive their dry goods.

The net fishing at the Falls has been already mentioned. Angling is followed principally as an amusement. The fish that are taken in this way are chubs, perch, &c., including in the spring a few rock fish. About a dozen seines are employed in the county, in which are caught some shad and sturgeon, but scarcely enough to serve the owners of the seines. Formerly many more were taken, both by the seines and nets. This defection is attributable to the great number of seines employed below us.

Game is not so considerable an object here now as formerly; not only in consequence of a greater scarcity, but because the people are more disposed to pursue the domestic occupations. Fifty years ago, we are told deer were abundant. It was not uncommon to see twenty or upwards at a time. Their skins afforded considerable traffic here. At present they are rarely met with; and the pursuit of them too precarious to excite any great interest. Those who are fond of the chase prefer to hunt foxes of which we have many. They subsist on partridges, hares, and even on our pigs, lambs and poultry which circumstance renders the hunting them an object of policy as well as amusement. Our hounds, in packs, consisting of ten or fifteen in number, pursue them with great sagacity and eagerness, while the huntsmen perform incredible feats, on horseback, in the pursuit, through our thick forests.

In the swamps there are a few bears and wild cats. Beavers have for



many years been extinct. Musk-rats and otters have become scarce. Raccoons minks and hares seem to be the principal dependence for furs. Formerly wild turkies were in great plenty, and were taken by various stratagems, but in these times we rarely see one of them, those that remain being extremely wild. We have ducks of several kinds, and in considerable numbers, also a great variety of other birds.

We are visited occasionally by flocks of wild pigeons, though seldom in large number. In the year 1807 vast numbers of these birds made their appearance in the autumn—more than had been witnessed for twenty years. They fed on acorns and whatever they could find in the fields. They were thought by some to have been driven here by famine or scarcity of their usual food. Some old people said the circumstance portended much sickness in the country. About the 5th of September the influenza made its appearance. For awhile it was sporadic, but it soon became epidemic and universal as far as we could obtain information.

About this time also was discovered a new kind of catapillar, of a green color, and fed on the blades of green corn. In some places they were so numerous as to devour first the corn blades and then the grass in the fields. They also fed on the fodder that was dry and stacked.

11. The first settlers in this county lived in a state of society not far better than the Indians. If we may divide the stages of society into the savage, the barbarous, and the civilized, we might place them in the second class. So late as fifty years ago there were only a few neighborhoods on the water courses that enjoyed the blessings of a social life. Plantations we few and small, and men would go seven or eight miles to assist each other in heaping logs. These log-heapings were viewed as mere frolics, where the robust, and athletic could meet together and show their manhood. This labor was then performed without the assistance of negroes. A perfect state of equality can well be imagined pervaded the community. Almost the only distinction known or sought after consisted in corporeal exertion. This circumstance led to man a fight between men who had no enmity towards each other. Some champions would travel many miles to meet with a combatant who had been celebrated as a fighter. Their mode of warfare was called "fist and skull," but was too frequently accompanied with biting and gouging, and we are still reproached by foreigners for retaining as they erroneously suppose this barbarous practice.

As to the "progress of civilization," little can be said here. Knowledge is certainly more abundant than formerly. Learning, morality and religion are more encouraged, or at least viewed with more complacency. The peaceful, social and humane virtues, it is believed have more than kept pace with the growth of population. A thirst for knowledge

was never great here. The people are neither aspiring, restless nor basely servile. They are generally satisfied with their political situations, and seldom trouble their minds with politics. There are not more than one hundred and eight newspapers taken weekly in the county. Although learning is not generally diffused, yet since the establishment of the University in this State there are more who possess liberal education now than at any former period.

There is a certain suavity of manners employed in many places by candidates for popular favor very little studied or desired here till within a few years past. It consists in a peculiar shake of the hand, called by our farmers the electioneering shake—in purchasing brandy and drinking with the people—persuading them to get drunk, whereby they may lose sight of the object of an election—flattering and gulling the people with empty professions of extraordinary devotion to their interests, &c. These means when artfully employed generally answer the desired end. Twenty years ago the practice was unknown in Edgecombe, and was considered as the reproach of some of our neighboring counties. It has since those days been introduced as a refinement—but at the first attempts at this innovation it was viewed as an indication of distrust to the sober judgment of the people. But so fascinating was the liquor that its use on these occasions it became fashionable, and popular among all classes, and a liberal distribution of it became necessary to a man's election. But to the credit of the candidates of 1812 they have met in caucus and agreed to renounce this expensive and dangerous mode of electioneering.

There are seventeen county schools in the county, at which are about 400 scholars: nothing more is attempted to be taught in them than the elements of reading, writing and arithmetic, and but few of the teachers are qualified to do justice to those. Notwithstanding this apparently infant state of literature, we may easily discover that it is progressing; for fifty years ago, there was not more than one or two schools in the limits of the whole county. For want of an academy in this county several have sent to those in the adjacent ones; viz: at Westrayville and Vine Hill. It is in contemplation to establish an academy at Mount Prospect in this county, and we cannot account for the delay otherwise than from the general indifference with which learning is still viewed.

It is to be apprehended that in this country general knowledge will never characterize many of its citizens as long as the dead languages are viewed as the basis of a liberal education. This county has never been prolific in men of talents, or they have been obscured for want of opportunities of education. Among the most distinguished characters it has afforded was Jonas Johnston, whose name and character have already

been mentioned. Had he received an education corresponding with his natural talents, he might have done credit to any country.

Thomas Hall was a man who possessed considerable natural talents, with the advantages of a grammatical education. He was quite conversant with the Latin classics, which he made the most of. He represented our county in the state convention, but never offered again for any public office. He was a lawyer of some eminence, and would have made a shining character at the bar had he not been almost led away from his professional studies by a strong poetical genius. He however, continued to practice as long as he lived, and had a considerable share of business in the courts where he practiced. But his mind seemed more frequently engaged in poetry than the laws, and there have been frequent instances, that while his opponent was speaking in a cause in which he was employed, that he was engaged in writing satirical verses. His favorite subject was satire, but he wrote with equal facility on other subjects. He also possessed and indulged in a most biting and ready wit, was never at a loss for repartee; but like most other wits, he generally made fewer friends than enemies. Some few of his pieces are yet in the hands of his friends; but the bulk of them, which would have been sufficient to form a handsome volume are now lost to the world.

We have but few more of literary talents in the county; the means of education having hertefore been much circumscribed; we have more now however than at any former period; and we have never been destitute of men in whom we could confide our interests. Before the establishment of our University no children were sent out of the county to any college or academy.

13. At present there is only one professional law character in the county, and he a native of the county; but there are more physicians than at any former period, who cannot boast however, of great erudition. Quacks are abundant and are privileged to boast.

14. It is believed that about two thirds of the people generally can read; and one half of the males write their names, but not more than one third of the women can write. The girls now at school are learning and are very desirous to write; it is deemed a more important accomplishment in that sex, among the common people now than formerly.

The progress of learning for twenty five years back has been slow, and perhaps has not more than kept pace with the population, till within these two or three years. The people now manifest some disposition to diffuse learning; perhaps from their finding the means of obtaining it more accessible now than heretofore. The custom at the public schools, and in some towns, among those who are desirous of intellectual improvement, has found its way here. Societies have been formed, and



kept up with a tolerable degree of spirit, greatly to the benefit of the members thereof, both in talents and morals. Novelty is a great matter here. We are generally ready to encourage any new institution that promises beauty or utility, but when it becomes familiar we grow indifferent. Three or four years ago a subscription was set on foot for establishing a free school for the education of poor children in the county—two or three hundred dollars were soon subscribed. A few children received the benefits of this subscription (for it never became an institution) but as the matter never got into proper hands it soon languished and died. But unhappily for want of sufficient interest in literary pursuits, and perhaps, for want of a more permanent residence of many who compose these societies, they have generally languished in a few months, and are with difficulty sustained. Some attempts have been made to procure libraries, but this for some of the above reasons, was never effected, except by a society that was in existence about fifteen years ago. On the dissolution of that body the books were scattered abroad, or divided among those who contributed to the establishment. The agricultural society has appropriated a sum of money to procure an agricultural library. Some donations are made of books for this purpose. On the fourth day of July 1810 proposals were made for the establishment of a society for the promotion of agriculture and the arts. The plan has succeeded, so far as to go into operation. It has now upwards of thirty respectable members, whose public spirit is thus manifested, greatly to their benefit, and it is hoped to the benefit of the county. The society convenes on the second day of every court of quarter sessions in the county; adjourning from day to day as they see fit.

17. The only religious denomination in the county are the Methodist and Baptist. The former are not numerous, but they have several places of worship in the county, and frequently hold meetings in town. The number of their communicants is not ascertained.

The Baptists had eight meeting houses in the year 1810, and about five hundred and twenty communicants—since which there have been about two hundred and fifty added, and another meeting house is building near the place called Shell-Banks, and is to bear this name. Under this head the following Biographical sketch is added, as a tribute to the memory of a deceased ancestor.

Elisha Battle was born in Nansemond county Virginia, the 9th of January 1723. In the year 1748 he moved to Tar river, Edgecombe county, North Carolina. About the year 1764, he joined the Baptist church at the Falls of Tar river and continued in full fellowship until his death. He was chosen Deacon of the church, and served in that office about twenty-eight years. He usually attended the associations; at which he

sometimes acted as moderator, and was well suited to the first office. It is well known he was a remarkably pious, zealous member of society, and was always plain and candid in censuring and reproofing vice or folly in all their shapes. He was also very useful as a statesman: about the year 1756 he was made justice of the peace. In 1771, he was elected to represent the county in the general assembly; and he continued to serve the county in that capacity about twenty years successively; until he declined offering himself as a candidate. He was in almost all the state conventions, and was a member at the formation of the state constitution. He was also a member of the convention held for the deliberation of the federal constitution; and when that body formed itself into a committee of the whole house he was appointed chairman. At length the infirmities of age rendered it necessary to resign public life, to which he had devoted himself more from a sense of duty than inclination. About the beginning of the year 1799 he found the powers of life fast exhausting; and soon become so feeble (without any apparent disease) that he was no longer able to help himself. From this state of departing life he seemed to have no desire to recover, nor appeared to have the least doubt of future felicity. He departed this life the 6th. of March 1779, being the 76th. year of his age.

We have been providentially favored with respect to fires except in a few instances, which have been mostly in the country. Several dwelling houses might be enumerated that have been consumed; and a valuable barn with its contents, was lost a few years since by fire from lightning.

We have occasionally been visited by storms. The country suffered much by one which took place on the 7th Sept. 1769. It destroyed crops, mast-trees mills, &c. Five years afterwards was another, which was not so destructive here, but did great damage on sea. The August gust as it was called, which was in the year 1776, destroyed many mills and bridges, crops were also much injured, but the trees were not greatly hurt. In April 1798 a tornado passed through the county, and through Tarboro' which levelled trees and houses as it passed. In Tarboro' several houses and chimneys were blown down. Posts were dislodged and blown many yards from their places. About six years ago, on 22nd August was a storm, which was very destructive to crops and trees in many places.

19. Amusements here are not pursued to any great extent. Hunting and fishing have already been mentioned. In these there has, sometimes been great emulation excited. Two parties of equal numbers contend against each other for the greatest quantity of fish, squirrels and other game. A dinner or barbacue and soforth is provided, to be eaten by the two parties conjointly, but to be paid for by the unsuccessful party.

Shooting matches are somewhat in vogue; which tend to increase the skill in gunning, of those who engage in it. Course-racing is carried on here in a small way, and it may be said purely for the amusement, as very little time is spent in preparing the horses, and very little money adventured. Quarter-racing is carried on with more spirit, and is viewed as a hazardous species of merchandise; where the profit or loss exceeds all proportion to the capital employed. It is not uncommon for these races to be made for a thousand dollars by men in moderate circumstances. We have no sporting clubs.

Card-playing is an amusement confined to a few; and they are not much disposed to make the winning and losing any great object. Gambling under the name of amusement has nearly ceased. The ladies have never been known to play for money. Balls and family tea-parties afford the principal amusements in which the ladies participate, and those are not so common as formerly.



## CHIVALRY.

IN reviewing the history of the past, many pleasant episodes divert the mind, and relieve the monotony produced by the relation of events occurring in every-day life. To the student the perusal of history would be an endless bore unless this were so. The intellectual powers can not be exercised on any one subject for a length of time without becoming fatigued and weakened; and all experience proves that some amusing incident, some humorous anecdote, or some fanciful tale must be interwoven with the plain narration of facts to render the whole interesting as well as instructive to both reader and hearer.

The lawyer, often in cases of the most serious importance, relates at one time a laughable anecdote, or at another, appeals to his jury, in some pathetic story; the poet must be fired by all the warmth of a vigorous imagination, or feel the inspiration of fancy and passion, if he would touch with weird power the chords of the human heart; and the historian, as he holds solitary communion with princes, and potentates; with the renowned heroes of antiquity; with the bones of the illustrious dead, which for centuries have lain mouldering in the dust of the battle-field; has learnt by experience that the interest of his reader must flag, if he does not dispel the dullness of dry narration, by the relation of some romantic event, or thrilling and wondrous adventure.

Hence it is, therefore, that history affords much that is pleasing and interesting as well as instructive to the mind. It should not be inferred, however, that this interest is derived from its fictitious and romantic stories alone. Truth is often stranger and more thrilling than either romance or fiction. Not surprising is it then that some have, with more than usual ardor, devoted themselves to the study and even to the recording of the annals of the past. It is still matter for doubt whether fancy or fable can afford a more intensely interesting fact than the grief of an Alexander, as he wept on the confines of the ocean, over the termination of his magnificent conquests. Where can fiction furnish an incident, which more powerfully rivets the attention and thrills the heart than the sublime death of Socrates? The mighty genius of a Bonaparte, incomprehensible as it was profound, passed beyond the conception of even fancy or fable, and, in the surprising achievements, with which it astonished the world, has furnished to the historian indubitable proof of the strangeness of truth. Hence, it appears that were even naught but truth contained in the pages of history, they would still be interesting in a

great degree. But they become doubly entertaining, when the charms of fiction and romance are added; since then, as has been before intimated, not only is the mind invigorated, but also the imagination is pleased and delighted.

Nothing, perhaps, has contributed in a greater degree to relieve the historic page of its imagined dullness than the romantic stories of Chivalry. As far back as the tenth and eleventh centuries, memory may recall the gay and exciting contests of the tournaments, the plaintive airs of the troubadours, the simple but pleasing ballads of border minstrelsy, the marvelous incidents in the life of some chivalrous knight, or the almost fabulous legends of the crusades. To read the stories of those times is to feast the mind with delight. There is, in human nature, a strong love of the wonderful, and intense interest has always accompanied the narration of whatever may be supernatural. The dark ages were especially a suitable period for either the occurrence or the description of events partaking of this character. At that time ignorance and superstition darkened the mind and prepared the imagination for the belief in the truth of any event, which unenlightened reason might declare credible. Hence the legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table were as universally believed and admired as are now the works of Gibbon or Prescott. Hence it is, too, that the wandering troubadour, or the poor border-minstrel, so often found favor at the courts of princes and princesses—or that many a perilous adventure, or deed of heroic valour was often performed for “fair lady” by her chivalrous knight.

“Nothing was more honorable to a knight,  
Nor better doth beseem brave chivalry  
Than to defend the feeble in their right  
And wrong redress in such as wend awry.”

The story of Abelard and Eloisa yet touches, by its melancholy end, the tenderest feelings of the romance reader. Perhaps the sorrows and sufferings of the lovely Eloisa, have been reënacted a hundred times since the *denouement* of that tragic episode of history. But few, if any, have even shown that fervor of affection, or constancy of spirit, which brought her to an untimely fate.

The history of border-minstrelsy teems with many incidents of a pleasant and romantic character. The story that King Alfred the Great, in the character of one of these wandering harpers, found admittance into the Danish camp, and, whilst amusing the general with his simple ballads, obtained that knowledge of their strength and position which afterwards saved his army, has become identified with the history of England. There are few incidents connected with the crusades of more pleasing interest than the story of Richard *Cœur de Lion's* confinement and the

manner in which it was discovered. It is said that Richard was an ardent patron of music and poetry; and that, on certain occasions, he sang a verse of a particular ballad to his mistress, and she the reply. As the captive monarch sat musing in his cheerless prison, a plaintive song was heard swelling in the distance. He sprung from his seat to the grated window, and, with palpitating heart, sought to catch once more the sound of the singer's voice. Again it came, and, with joyous emotion, Richard recognized the words to be those he had so often sung to his mistress. A moment more, and the King sang the response, and this brought the stranger to the walls of the prison. He proved to be Blondel, a favorite minstrel of Richard, whose joy, at thus unexpectedly meeting his lost master, can be better imagined than described.

Chivalry has often softened the asperities of war, and mitigated many of those sufferings which attend the issue of battle. History relates a thrilling incident connected with the fall of Calais. At the termination of its long and arduous siege, the impatience of Edward the Third had well nigh led him to the execution of a sanguinary threat. So exasperated was he with the unyielding obstinacy of the besieged, that he swore to punish with death, as soon as the city surrendered, a number of their most prominent men. But, when the trembling prisoners were conducted in chains to the tent of the victor, so touched was Queen Philippa with the mournful spectacle, that she besought the King, on her knees, to spare their lives. The tears of his beautiful wife proved effectual, and the generous monarch, unable to withstand her entreaties, reluctantly consented to the release of the unfortunate captives.

The "order of the Garter," so widely known, and embracing at this day so many of the great and noble of the world, owes its origin to the chivalry of the illustrious prince, whose name has just been mentioned. It is related that, "at a court-ball, Edward's mistress, commonly supposed to be the Countess of Salisbury, dropped her garter; and, the King, taking it up, observed some of the courtiers to smile, as if they thought that he had not obtained this favor merely by accident, upon which he called out:—*Honi soit que mal y pense*, evil to him that evil thinks: and gave these words as the motto of the order." This little incident, which gave rise to the "Order of the Garter," has given to it such an air of romance, as to establish for it a greater popularity, than might otherwise have resulted; and the chivalrous spirit which prompted the words of the English King, has made them a proverbial expression, since that time.

Indeed to the imaginative mind the fields of romance and chivalry have an indescribable charm. How pleasant, for instance, is it to wander among the crumbling ruins of the old Moorish palaces, and muse beneath soft summer skies, on festivals where often gay cavaliers and light-hearted



maidens led the merry dance—to review the scenes of some splendid tourney and envy the proud triumph of the victorious knight, as he bore away his honors and laid them with his lance at the feet of his mistress. But if this be pleasant, how much more delightful must it be, to imagine ourselves the invisible attendant of amorous knight and trusting fair, holding sweet converse beneath the silvery light of the moon. List! the strains of a sweet and gentle air charm the ear. Beneath that ivied balcony there sits a handsome youth—or perchance a wandering minstrel with his harp. Now gracefully he touches its responsive chords; and ever and anon as his fingers rest upon them, a wild gush of melody, mingles with the sighing zephyr, and reveals the pent up passion of a lover's soul. Hark! list again! the cadence of that song has softly died away, and the minstrel, as if intently listening, drops the weird harp at his feet. A fairy foot lightly pressed the balcony above, and a gentle maiden, in a garb of snowy whiteness, suddenly appears to the view of the enraptured youth. He whispered a few half-audible words and again, as if in expression of his pent up love, he sweeps his harp, and fills the air with the rich, thrilling music of his voice. Again the song has called, and again with anxious eye, he seeks to catch a glimpse of that lovely being. She is gone! Gone? Ah! see! once more she reappears. In an instant the singer is at her side, and, in another, leaning on his manly arm, she has softly glided into the depths of the forest. Adown its silent aisles now visible in a silvery flood of light, or disappearing in the shade of the dark foliage above, they hold sweet communion together. Not a care disturbs the blissful happiness of their breasts,—oblivious at this sacred hour of life's woes and sorrows. Perhaps, in the ardour of a chivalrous passion, he swears unfailing constancy—or promises, as valorous knight, to avenge, if any she has, her wrongs and suffering. For this she returns a tearful smile, and renews with a fervor that thrills his soul, the proofs of her plighted affections. Ah who can imagine the indescribable happiness of those loving hearts? Who can tell to what deeds of heroic valor, or feats of knightly prowess, chivalry would prompt him for the sake of that frail, yet trustful maiden at his side?

“ Mightier far  
Than strength or nerve or sinew, or the sway  
Of magic potent over sun and star,  
Is love though oft to agony distress  
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.”

The mind pleasantly contemplates the romantic character of the whole scene; yet so strange does it seem, that it has the appearance of a fanciful dream. Years fly by now, without hardly, if ever, producing occurrences of a similar nature. Such could scarcely be expected to happen

in an age, when romance and chivalry had passed away. They are not however, the less credible on that account. Incidents more apparently surprising than that just described, were common in the dark ages of the world; and deeds of courage and perilous adventure were often, in ancient times, performed for woman's sake at the dictation of chivalry. The love of the fair Isabella was the means of giving to the world the famous exploits and romantic wanderings of *De Soto*. That noble cavalier having, on account of his poverty, met with a rude repulse from her father, whilst suing for his daughter's hand, resolved to leave his native land, and seek both a fortune and a name in the El Dorado of the West. As his vessel proudly furloughed the waves of the Atlantic, he fondly dreamed that ere long he would return with his brave compatriots in arms and, wealthy and renowned, claim the hand that should before have been his. Nor did he dream in vain. His famous adventures gained for him wealth honor, distinction, and obtained at last the long cherished object of his desires—his marriage with Donna Isabella. Many a romantic incident, or fanciful pursuit, added interest to the scene of his chequered career. It is related that, hearing from the lips of a beautiful Indian girl the story of the "Fountain of Youth," he long sought it in his travels in the hope that, by bathing in its crystal tide, the vigor and elasticity of youth might be restored. History does not tell the result of his search, yet it may be presumed, that he failed to discover the fabled spot. Enough is known, however, to prove that, mortified by disappointment, and, heart-broken by grief, he died on the banks of that mighty stream, which his wanderings gave him the fortune to discover.

But that age of chivalrous adventure, and minstrel's song has passed away. No more does the daring knight meet the shock of battle, and encounter perilous dangers, as he did in days of yore. No longer the troubadour pours forth his voice in impassioned song. This age is too civilized to tolerate such superstitious customs! No instance happens now of tilts and tourneys, where brave champions may break a lance for the honor of some mistress fair. No! the refinement of the times cannot be rudely shocked, by the restoration of these barbarous practices! But brutal prize-fight takes the place of the tournament; and to sing, as the olden knight, beneath a lady's window, is practiced by but few. There is no border-minstrel now to charm the listening ear with his simple ballad—no venerable bard to sweep the lyre and, by the pathos of his song, to lead to battle, or urge obedience to the laws. Romance is lost, forgotten in the pursuit of fame, or sordid lust of gain. The ideal yields to the actual, the imaginative to the thoroughly practical. Love, if now made, must be made according to theory; poetry, once the embodiment of romance, fancy and passion, is written according to the rules of

science, and he becomes a poet who composes a couplet, or makes a labor-ed rhyme.

“ These are not the romantic times  
So beautiful in Spenser’s rhymes,  
So dazzling to the dreaming boy;  
Ours are the days of fact not fable,  
Of Knights, but not of the round table,  
Of Bailie Jarvie, not Rob Roy.”

L’ETUDIANT.

## CONCERNING COURAGE.

NOT BY THE “COUNTRY PARSON.”

I am no pugilist. Sayers is not my beau ideal of a hero. Heenan is not seen in my gallery of distinguished Americans, and I did not subscribe a copper to purchase for them champion belts. But well do I remember the interest manifested in the international fight, and with what feverish anxiety the arrival of each European steamer was awaited. And when the news did come, when the long suspense was broken and the excruciating agony ceased, when the result was flashed along the telegraphic wires, what a howl of indignation arose from the infuriated Brother Jonathan, and what heavy imprecations were heaped on the hoary head of John Bull, who had with his characteristic meanness cheated the noble “Benicia boy” out of his well earned honors and fat purse. One would have thought that old Buck, would have promulgated his declaration of war, sent the valiant, coercing Scott, plucked the royal crown from Victoria’s head and placed it on the stalwart arm of New York’s worthiest son.

Then the illustrated newspapers reaped a golden harvest, and prints of the contestants, and the battle ground, were scattered throughout the land which now adorn the rustic cabins of the “peculiar institution.” These men had their admirers, and were indeed the idols of many a heart. They stood forth in the ring on an April morning not tugging and striving alone for personal mastery and their own renown; for the time being they were the cynosures of their race, and the two most powerful nations of christendom noted for their civilization and refinement, the firmest upholders, the strongest bulwarks of religion and morality, regarded them as their



representatives and cheered them on. The glorious scene of boxing again came into vogue, mammoth buck-skin gloves supplanted the delicate rose-tinted kid, sparring matches rivalled the attractions of the opera, and the era of fisticuffs began its stately march. Blue eyes were peculiar charms, the swollen nose more to be desired than a seat in the Chicago convention, and a few front teeth missing would have placed a man in the presidential chair. If you went to visit a friend instead of offering the social pipe and the flowing bowl, he proposed a few rounds by way of exercise, felt your muscles, and recommended a regimen worthy of a Yankee Sullivan. The mania ran like wild fire, none were exempt from its ravages, clergymen, lawyers, doctors, professors, farmers and mechanics were all seized with the strange fury.

The world wants an epic; hitherto poets have complained that the theme has been lacking, and that the time has not yet come for the appearance of the second Homer; but here is a subject, and by the revered shades of the departed bruisers I will satisfy the wants of the world and place Heenan and Sayers alongside with Epeus and Eurzalus in the temple of fame. Yes, I will sing of their excellence, relate to admiring generations their valiant deeds, and clothe their Atlantian limbs in the brightest robes of immortality. Publishers wishing to obtain the copyright must make their proposals through the editors of the University Magazine, and must be very liberal in their offers. To satisfy curiosity I will state that this important work will be divided into forty eight cantos each canto consisting of a thousand lines, and Tennyson-like I shall demand the moderate sum of fifty dollars per verse. Without exposing myself to the charge of egotism I can confidently assert that this will be the sensation book of the season, and notwithstanding the wars and rumors of war will pass through innumerable editions. Here is a fortune for some printer, who will be the lucky fellow? The engravings sketched by myself (I am a second Thackeray in this respect) will be of the most unique, rich, magnificent style, and far excelling the wood-cut of Harper's Weekly and Frank Leslie's wonderful sheet. As the Sage of Wheatland declared in his inaugural that he would under no circumstances consent to serve a second term, so I now notify the reader that this will be my first and last poetical production but like the notes of the dying swan it will be truly a remarkable one, and linger among the imperishable monuments of English literature. For the gratification of the impatient public, I will make the necessary arrangements to have it issued in monthly parts, and to supply the unparalleled demand an immense edition will be struck off. I shall discuss in poetical numbers "the manly art of self defence" in its various details, view it externally and internally, and treat it analytically, synthetically, subjectively, and in every other way

which can be conceived of by the crack-brained, hair-splitting metaphysician. The topic shall be exhausted and nothing left to be supplied by my commentators. But this essay is fast converting itself into a full blown puff, and I am sounding my own praise somewhat too loudly; yet is this not the golden age of puffing and has not self-praise been reduced to a science? At an early day therefore, following the general custom, I shall prepare a learned review, culling choice extracts, revealing hidden beauties, setting forth in their grandeur my sublime conceptions, pronouncing the poem emphatically *the epic* and the *only epic*, and enclosing a trifling consideration, send it to the leading Magazines. Soon like another great poet I shall awake some bright morning, and find myself distinguished: verily the thought is pleasant and quite refreshing.

I abominate brutal courage and hold it in utter detestation. The bully is to me the most offensive of mortals, and his appearance has an extremely nauseating effect: he is the pest of the neighborhood, the stirrer up of strife and contention, the oppressor of the weak, and the vilest tyrant that pollutes the earth with his presence. Peace is not in his vocabulary, kindness a trait unknown to him, mercy foreign to his nature, and a gentle word from him is never heard. The court-green is his favorite place of resort, the ring his peculiar domain, the drinking saloon his elysium and the applause of the drunkard and the gambler the sweetest music to his ear. He is readily distinguished by a braggardism of speech, a would-be haughty swagger of gait, and the dictatorial air which he so complacently assumes. The genuine bully has more of the animal than the man in his composition, is the dunce of the school or the sport of the class, possesses none of the qualifications which constitute the true gentleman, has usually a distaste for refinement and seeks amusements in the company of the depraved.

But I do admire that courage which enables an individual to preserve his fair name unsullied, prompts him to maintain his rights at all hazards, teaches him to falter at no obstacle, to quail beneath the glance of no danger, and to strive valiantly against all opposition. The courageous man moves with the dignity, speaks with the firmness of a king, and acts with energy, might and dispatch. He does not coast along the shores; but boldly launches out into the broad ocean of life, unfurls every sail, handles the ruder fearlessly, and laughs at the wind and waves. The magnitude of an object and the difficulties attending its acquisition cannot frighten him, misfortune cannot cool his ardor, despair can never claim him as its victim, and hope glows in his bosom. Nothing deters him from the attainment of his ends, and no sacrifices are so onerous as to turn him away from the accomplishment of his designs. The world owes to him its treasures, the advancement of science is due to his investigations,

the diffusion of knowledge the result of his toil, and the establishment of christianity is attributable to his exertions. In whatever profession placed he quickly asserts his supremacy, establishes his superiority, and is found in the foremost ranks. He never leaves his shield on the field, turns his back to no foe, and owns no one as his master. Calamities may come thick and fast, ill fortune may crush him, success may ever flee his grasp, defeat may trail his banner in the dust, and victory may never flap her wings over his mansion, he cries not for quarters, surrenders not his sword, but gaining strength from discomfiture and rising far above disasters he struggles on and battles valiantly. We gaze with admiration on the towny lion contending with and rending his enemies, but what a noble sight it is to see the strong courageous man striving with his fate and grappling with his evil demon when deserted on every side, forsaken by friends, betrayed by kin, the world in arms against him, the winds dissipating his schemes, disease robbing him of his jewels, death snatching away his support, hope almost gone and life no longer a joy. The merchant beholds his deep laid schemes come to naught, his ships the prey of the storm, his merchandise swept away by the consuming fire, and bankruptcy staring him in the face; the farmer witnesses the blighting frost, the destructive locust, and his grain gasping for the reviving showers; the statesman's measures are failed, his wise proposals defeated; yet courage still animates them on to new efforts, and fills them with inspiring expectations.

Courage is the author of success; its presence is essential in him who would attain any distinctions and reap any rewards. The intellect is not sufficient, ambition cannot supply the deficiency, and the occasion lacks the necessary powers to call forth the genius.

Cowardice paralyzes the mental strength, weakens the stout arm, changes the giant into a pigmy, checks ambition's flight, and lets the occasion pass unseized. It is often manifested in a cringing respect for the opinion of others, a fear of offending a superior, an unwillingness to encounter the belief of the many, an inclination to let things remain as they are, *a horror of all innovators*, a decided opposition to every change whether for the better or for the worse and in a blind adherence to prevailing popular dogmas. The coward does not think for himself, does not act according to the dictates of his own conscience, and does not follow the teachings of his own heart. He shapes his course by the compass of another, creeps along in the path of a more adventurous spirit, gets thoughts second handed, consults some demigod or wiry paint, and with the faith of an idolater offers grateful incense to the object of his worship. He is known by the slavish deference which he pays others, the facility with which he acquiesces in every thing said, the complete absence of all disa-



greement on his part, his frequent ifs, (conditionals being his favorite proposition) and the general instability of his character. Yielding like a reed, no one yields to him, deferring to another, no one defers to him, wishing to gain the good will of others, no one desires his good will.

I have a friend who is unfortunately a coward, though not such an one as described. It is amusing to listen as he relates the many mishaps and the disagreeable predicaments in which his timidity has placed him. He has a fine intellect, a cultivated taste, polished manners, is blessed with a prepossessing appearance, good conversational powers, and amiability of disposition. His aspirations are high, love of the beautiful, hatred of the mean, unbanded and contempt for the foolish without limit. He applies himself closely to his duties, is fond of laborious study, delights in the ancient authors, and has even a partiality for the mathematicians: yet his name is not seen among the mitemen, his fellow students are ignorant of his worth, and the fair sex characterizes him as dull. Having no confidence in himself, distrusting his abilities, giving way to faint heartedness he never expresses his opinions with firmness, is not ready to sustain them by arguments and submits to the false assertions of some blustering blockhead. In the recitation room he trembles beneath the frown of the surly instructor, in debate words fall from lips quivering with excitement, and he simpers like a love-sick girl when in ladies' society.

In marked contrast to this one stands C. an individual of no mental force, endowed with no superior intellectual qualities, ignorant of the rudiments of knowledge, whose acquaintance with general literature extends no farther than the fifth reader, whose thoughts never soar beyond the top of his high crowned hat, and to whom an original idea would be a startling phenomenon; yet full of courage, supported by an extra amount of brazen-faced assurance, he outstrips his timid rival, wears the laurels, acquires a reputation, wields the weapons of disputations successfully, though unskilfully and roughly, wins the smiles of the bewitching damsels by his impudence, passes himself off for a man of wisdom, and is one whom his companions delight to honor.

To say that courage is the crowning virtue of the soldier would be but a trite remark; without it, skill is of no avail and number only an incumbrance. The general, who though perfectly acquainted with the systems of warfare, thoroughly drilled in the tactics, capable of managing an immense army is still a coward, accomplishes no great deed, electrifies by no brilliant move, and no triumphs are erected to his memory. Courage hides a multitude of faults, converts the raw recruits into the hardy veteran, imparts wisdom to the inexperienced, and entrusts the host to the leadership of the untaught. Courage transforms the tiller of the soil into the hero of Bunker's Hill, changes the druggist into a fiery thunderbolt of

war, takes the smith from the forge, and the councillor from his briefs, and immortalizes the name of a Green and a Sullivan. It hurled the advancing column over the narrow bridge of Lodi, pierced the centre of the Austrian mass, rolled back the Old Guard, discomfited on the bloody plain of Waterloo, climbed the steep heights of Inkerman, scaled the frowning walls of Malakoff, chased Bomba from his throne, and is the guardian star of Garibaldi. It kept the fires of liberty burning through those long wearisome eight years, led a Washington over the icy stream of Delaware, steeled the arm of Mad Anthony, surprised the garrison of Ticonderago, opened the pôtals of Stony Point, sent the daring Arnold through Burgoyne's ranks like a destructive comet, and received the colors of the haughty sail on the banks of the York. A Braddock trusting to his Hyde Park powers scorned the advice of the Virginian rifleman, closed his ear to every remonstrance, disdained the rough backwoodsman, marched through the thick forest with the pomp and precision of a royal review, hoped to defeat the wily French and the ambuscading Indian by the regularity of his movements and adherence to the rules of his teachers, and his preference of skill to courage swept away his grenadiers, and mingled his life's blood with the waters of the Monongahula. The proud Gates, the real martinet, despised the undisciplined officers around him, ignored their merits, insulted the gallant Morgan, slighted those who had gathered in his glory, and arrogated to himself all the praise, but "his northern laurels withered fast into southern willows," and he fled a fugitive from Camden's disastrous field.

The campaigns of Napoleon are the most remarkable in the annals of history and were productive of important results. In them are displayed consummate genius, the highest efforts of man's powers, an unceasing diligence, an indomitable perseverance, an energy not to be overcome, and a prudence working wonders. The approved masters were thrown aside by the Corsican, the established modes were done away with, and a new system sprang into existence. Courage was allowed to play its part in the bloody drama, to put forth its might, and no longer to be suppressed. The army was no more viewed as a mass acting like a machine, an automaton in the hand of its leaders; but individuality was established, the soldier was called upon to fight for himself, to exercise his utmost strength and to earn the cross of the Legion of honor. Here was the secret of the success of the imperial captain, and this made him the great conqueror: this shook the throne of Russia, caused the crown of Hapsburg to totter, and reduced Castile to a province.

Courage is one of the principal essentials of true statesmanship, and goes far to constitute the active patriot. The legislator must act independently of personal considerations, resist the insidious advances of the

desire to promote self at the expense of the welfare of the country, withstand the mad populace in its phrenzy, never yield to the clamors of the mob, and have nerve to steer his bark boldly through the stormy seas of politics. Whenever dangers threaten the state he must give no uncertain sound of the trumpet, when treason is undermining the foundations he must reveal the plots, and when the body is becoming unsound he must probe the malady and apply the cure. A race of rulers without the courage to face the storm and struggle with its fury is now the bane of this dissevered Republic, and is hurrying it on fast to destruction; calling themselves statesmen they cower in the hour of danger, quake with strange tremblings, are at their evils' ends, and cry out in plaintive, dolorous tones, "let us watch and wait." Yet in times past there has been a Clay who would rather be right than president, a Calhoun who on the floor of the senate chamber, though encircled with foes panting for his blood, with the charge of treason suspended over his head, inveighed against the wrongs done to his State, and a Randolph who when threats against his life were uttered, when friends besought him not to speak, calmly rose before the citizens of Buckingham county and declared to them that he feared God alone, and not man.

But nowhere is the difference between the temporizing, time-serving politician and the bold, manly statesman shown more clearly than in the history of the administration of Walpole and Chatham. Walpole, weak, vacillating; Chatham, energetic, determined. Walpole sacrificing the best interests of England for the sake of an ignominious peace; Chatham grasping the rattling arms of war with an avenging hand, victoriously representing the insults of enemies, annexing to Britain's dominions extensive provinces, and emblazoning the British banner with resplendent glory: Walpole appealing to the base passions of men, managing petty intrigues, confiding more in the charm of gold than in the justice of his cause for success, and stooping to the lowest acts; Chatham touching the chivalrous chords of the soul, realizing lofty conceptions, scorning tricks, and sustaining himself in authority by integrity of character, love of country and the soundness of his measures: Walpole envious of merit, afraid of rivalry, unwilling to recognize equality at the council board, driving from his cabinet its ablest members, and leaning upon minions for support, Chatham gathering around him a band of stirring spirits, associating with peers, not with inferiors, rewarding worth with honors, seeking out genius, disregarding the claims of seniority, sending Wolfe to the heights of Abraham, and entrusting the reputation of Albion to the most deserving; Walpole hurled from office amid the execrations and rejoicings of the people, Chatham resigning the seals, withdrawing from public service followed by the blessings and deep regrets of his countrymen: Walpole



sinking in the grave unwept, Chatham\*interred in the sacred precincts of Westminster Abby and a grateful nation honoring him with a magnificent mausoleum.

I had intended to have illustrated the influence which courage exerts in the other professions, to have shown that it accompanies the self-denying missionary through foreign climes, upholds the man of science and points out new discoveries, gives weight to the words of the prosecutor, and endows with triple effectiveness the phillipics of the impassioned orator: but I have already transgressed my limits and must forbear.

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On this her fifteenth natal day  
What blessings shall I wish my daughter?  
Gems of serenest, brightest ray?  
Or diamonds of the purest water?

The richest pearl old ocean yields?  
The ruby of most dazzling hue?  
The fairest flowers, that deck the fields—  
Still glittering with the morning dew?

Silver and gold in sums untold?  
Servants in long and proud array?  
Statues and busts of noblest mould:  
And wares of China's finest clay?

Laces from India's fairy loom?  
Shawls from the far off vale Cashmere?  
Spices and myrrh, and ostrich plume?  
And music's voice to charm the ear?

Houses and lands, and flocks and herds?  
Arabian steeds and Persian carriage?  
Grottos, and groves and countless birds?  
All to be hers—on day of \*\*\*\*\*?

'Tis not for these my prayers arise,  
Earth is too small my hopes to measure—  
Above, beyond the upper skies,  
The Christian heart must find its treasure.

## THE TYRANTS WHICH WE SERVE.

BY T.

"WHY, I serve no tyrant, nor have I a master; neither am I a vassal." Thus speaks each and every one for himself, asserting his own freedom. But let us look into this and speak of us all together. For if I approach you individually at the very threshold, I would meet the tyrant Self and his chief supporters Self-charity and Self-glorious Pride forbidding my entrance to do you justice and expose their fellow-tyrants.

Note minutely the actions of yourself and others and you will be astonished to find how few of them are not originated and directed by some tyrant passion. These tyrants in one's own breast are rather friendly among themselves, but deadly enemies to any power which may be exercised with moderation and discretion, and for the good of the person, and they are very jealous of the reign of similar tyrants in other persons, and make it a cause for establishing their own authority. For, when a passion wishes to dethrone and usurp the place of a virtue, he calls a convention of your masters, gives honesty, rectitude and others no seats at all; tells you it is only to devise ways and means of self-preservation, explains the object of the meeting to be that of compelling you to submit, and of giving you some pretext for submitting under which he could hide his power from you, though others would know who held the reins. The convention agrees, you submit and declare your thralldom when you say, "I know I ought not, but others act thus and I must in self-defence."

An inclination for writing too frequently assumes the scepter and shows its power by making us take the pen and expose our inability and presumption. Pride and Envy commend such attempts and seldom lay aside their magisterial robes. They compel us to don the peacock's tail and fret and fume that others keep theirs so easily and becomingly while we only attract attention and merit ridicule by our display. But if we attempt to dethrone them, Pride indignantly appropriates another's garments and with the aid of Benevolence to self soon convinces us that he is some noble spring of action. For Pride, however haughty he may show himself in actions, is slow to own his reign, and we, expecting blustering hurrah and condescending bluffness, are deceived by the sycophancy of this Protean monarch, and leave him stronger than before, thinking him a very proper person of a different praise-worthy nature. And Envy, venom-mouth witch, makes such a chattering complaint of another's good that our attention is directed thither and so she too reigns on.

Though Judgement all the while says that we are going wrong, and Discretion is crying beware; and a generous spirit is prompting us to rejoice in another's good, we heed them not or permit Pride and Envy to interpret and misrepresent. These two are the favorite fellow-tyrants of Ignorance, Idleness, and train, who have lazily crawled into bright-eyed Activity's place and so often nodded assent only to restless Energy's suggestions that he has left us in disgust, and one by one the noble traits of Nature's planting are withering for want of culture, or growing rank only to render foul the fertile soil. Under their rule we advance slowly; the idea of upward and onward leaves us with less breath and is more shocking than a cold bath. Ambition vainly chafes and wars against them, for they assert that humility is a great virtue and say "Peace be still." Though Pride and Envy have the highest seats in their synagogue, their promptings are not always followed. Wealth holds out its glittering jewels; we for them make a painful, feeble effort, and though longing still for the treasure we relapse into listlessness. Industry tells us what she can do; we agree, say it is all very good, yawn and leave her astonished at our composure. Fame attempts to move us, but our tyrants read us a homily on the vanity of human wishes. Gleeful Joy says join its frolicing train but Apathy shakes his head and with croaking spirit talks of the folly of wasting life in frivolous pleasure. Too indolent and cowardly to follow Anger's rousings, we foster hatred, insatiate, deceitful hatred, that "atmosphere of hell" as one of our best nurtured darlings.

We long for everything except time to dispose of which is our heaviest, chiefest, most woeful task, and we too say that "that man is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour." We cannot appreciate innocent pleasure nor enjoy rest for gluttony itself is cloyed. Our proper nature is fast becoming so blighted that meanness, dissipation and attendants ever the hardiest, most thrifty plants will soon run wild in luxurious growth. Think you that you are free when bound in such sluggish chains, while bowing so obsequiously to despicable tyrants? Can you show your liberty you who, fitted and intended for the loftiest actions, are grovelling worms subject to the lowest of human propensities? Was ever the wing and eye of an eagle given, and it not approach and face the sun, or ever a glow-worm made and it not twinkle in tremulous light?

Where's the nightingale that mocks only sorrow-singing birds, or where is the cleanly carrier dove that assumes the habits of the carrion bird? But you whose end is not annihilation, who have an essence of the GREAT I AM, a talent which only a God could give, a plastic possession, capable of unlimited expansion and increasing susceptibility of the purest happiness, of self-made independent pleasure, of ceaseless, untiring, glorious activity and, in its majesty of thought and unbounded grasp equal to the



task of viewing the architecture of the heavens, of divining their design, and of rendering an acceptable offering to the Omnipotent First Cause, but you I say under these tyrants have hidden this talent in an unclean napkin, are mouldering it to meanness, contracting it to littleness, enjoying only sordid selfish happiness entirely dependant upon circumstances for your pleasure, and with an energy torpid or viciously active, comprehending only superficial trifles and having a disposition to stubborn, wilful blindness you smell with sweetest savor to satan; count your many weary seconds extened each to a Methusalah's age, again divide into moments, multiply by your idle words, add your unimproved opportunities, increase it still by your regrets, heap on the disappointments of your well wishers and augment by your declarations of freedom; and you have an exponent of the debasing condition these tyrants are bringing you to, an enumeration of the effects of these upas trees, a statement of the difference of the duties you do with those you neglect, a point to begin to number the decades which your mind is to live and a simple unit in the counting of the joys or woes of that mind which you are now prostituting to momentary, enervating and ruinous gratification. Why is it that you let its wonderful mechanism corrode and canker? why mar its beauty? why turn this telescope from the pure, bright, twinkling stars to earth's disgusting blotches? why let this jewel remain unpolished? why sit quietly by and see your frail bark, unworthy of its freight, rapidly approaching the engulfing maelstrom? It is, because Idleness has chartered your boat and Ignorance prevents you from knowing your reckoning.

And now nearing and whirling in the maelstrom you must become sensible of danger and make an effort ere it be too late; breathe the foul breath of vice, get an insight into dens of dissipation, smell the stench of degraded mortals, realize the beastliness of the debauchee, and I am sure you will place the helm in proper hands, and ride proud and free over life's bright billows to an honored, enviable anchorage.

Fancy and Imagination during the reign of these last lazy dignities seat themselves in gorgeous, fantastic chairs of state. They soon deprive plain, practical reason of its influence, and with perverted activity find great fun in you—fit subjects for their fooleries. They implant an aversion for all things save their own creations and perversions, keep you in a sphere wholly ideal and not revolving in unison with realities, but jostling continually against them, greatly to your discomfiture; and though the hallucination may be pleasant, may be glorious for the time, its dissipation is distressing in the extreme—very similar to "O, but just think of my head in the morning!" They treat you to Sodom's apples, lull you to sleep with syren songs to shear you of your might, gild in glowing colors their own conceptions which are only marsh lights to lure you into

miasmatic sloughs; and to you intent upon "airy nothing," the rest of the world is wrapt in darkness, you stumble over life's checkered course considered fools by most men, pitied by those who know your delusion, ridiculed by the practical, and laughed at by those of similar experience. But still you press on, never tiring, never undeceived till dropped into the cold mud and water, and then with spirits rather dampened you become soured, ill at ease with the world; surrounding circumstances, like wet clothes, are peculiarly stiff and unpleasant, and in your efforts at extricating yourselves, you are soon pursuing some other shining deceptions, taking them to be hospitable habitations, and when disappointed instead of venting your spleen on your enemies you hate your fellow-men for not being what and where you expected. And thus you become misanthropic, see the shady side of everything, consider the world a grand failure, sever all social feelings, think of society as a farce or a combination to promote selfish ends, count chastity only a bar to your lusts, believe law an uncalled for restriction, feel no philanthropic impulses, no charity to men, have no comfort, refuge, hope, or peace, and the wild pleasure of the reckless dare-devil you are too cowardly to have but still hugging your vampires, self-interest keeps you in necessary repulsive intimacy with that which you dispise, with your hate ill-dissembled, your brows arched with contemptuous vengeance, your chilling indifference bluffing every emotion of sympathy toward you and nipping every entwining tendril. Men soon become to you what you believe them to be; and you are left in harmless malice to prey upon and fret yourselves; for your tyrants are now no fairy painters, giving gorgeous hues to all their works, but foul friends who have left their happy spheres and damned other spirits with them and wish all mankind the same. If I give these tyrants power too absolute to suit your cases precisely, do not think it inapplicable in all its degrees. Now, be honest, curtail their power within proper limits and when you make a crusade against idleness take care that imagination does not magnify a state of ease into a Paradise. For you know you believe its suggestions; and therefore men (now here is a cap that will fit you) spot you as liars, the silliest, most provoking of liars, tale-tellers without malice and frequently without an object; for men find some satisfaction and pleasure in detecting and *blessing* a smart malice-aforethought liar, feel that they have "a foreman worthy of their steel," and must praise him for his cunning, tact and daring.

And there is another of Sloth's protégés, Gluttony. Though you feel his filthy weight you still serve on and if your lungs find room, you hurrah for liberty and provided gout will permit to raise on one foot you stamp the other and puff out "*sic semper tyrannis*," and then with a sweating, thick sigh you compose yourselves to submission. "Fat

paunches have lean pates" says the bard of Avon, and experience confirms it, for all you can gain from his gormandizing reign is speed in carving; the knack of arousing sated appetite, and the misery of knowing that "Temperance is true luxury." Your determinations not to submit again, your self-disapprobation on moping from the next hospitable board you may have the ineffable delight of *setting to*; and perhaps the consequent disease will prove your manly spirit under this one without further comment here.

Your Tyrants, to hide your dishonorable incentives and to do away with fearless truth, give despotic power to Deceit, Treachery, &c. These are the most humbling tyrants of them all and have the basest bondsmen. They cause you to deny yourselves, and ass-like assume another's skin, but your ears, or some unmistakable sign, will in time crop out, for no cloak can hide your ungainly figure, and only master minds and those without a spark of principle can succeed in this very intricate policy; and you soon have the philosopher's, to you chagrining wish for a window in his breast. This is the crime of cowards and that no freeman could be guilty of. Your conscious, daring, independence when frank and honest, and your nervous, suspicious dread when deceitful, need only to be mentioned and you see when these tyrants rule and what their power is. Pride blusters noiselessly about. Envy's malice can not be hid. Idleness injures itself most; and Gluttony, if well crammed, is torpid. But Deceit and friends keep you ever in ambuscade to injure the unsuspecting, those who trust you most, your friend, your credulous, guileless, generous companions. In the garb of simple truth, with the winning smile of disinterestedness you plant thorns, sow seed of nauseous, poisonous weeds in the confiding bosom, lull suspicion to sleep only to pierce his temples with a nail. And if after such sacrifice and violence to your better natures you do succeed, these same tyrants will stand behind you in your triumphal cars and whisper, "remember you are our slaves" and make your smiles hollow and strip your many thorns of their few roses.

Those of you who are not men but automatons upon whom tailors may hang their signs and perfumers smear their pomades, art show its massive handiwork in jewelry and around whose fingers little sticks may play and gambol and whose lips are curled by most all sensible things and where for the ladies sake flattery have stored a goodly round of set compliments, you dandies may have no fear of the world's not knowing that you have tyrants.

There are those who think that Flattery plays the tyrant with others than the ladies, for though "'Tis an old maxim in the schools, that Flattery is the food of fools, yet now and then you men of wit will condescend to take a bit." Though it be the verriest of fools or most fawning



sycophant that commands, still you are more self-complacent, think him the wiser and guess him to be the only one so capable of proper appreciation. And if you can see the worthlessness of their flattery, the illusion is too pleasant, it would be too mortifying to think the praise absurd and for once you are sufficiently generous since you wish and believe these self-interested ones to be honest. But you should not be blamed, for as no others perhaps do you reverence, you must receive this homage or none.

Did you ever think of what a ridiculous, and I might say, harmless phase this servitude had taken when two of you slaves of Flattery were in turn tickling each other's presiding genius, swapping compliments and doing many similar silly things? How free you are! when compelled to engage in such business for such an object. But have a care how you flatter others for the great will soon detect and pity your serfdom, and the small because of your flattery, will think himself your better, you beneath him, will scorn you and always demand your praises and if they cease, becomes your enemy.

Mark your swollen views, your demoniacal eyes and dreadful flush of anger. See the direful malice of intemperate wrath, the unjust, brutal act, hear the hideous howl for vengeance and behold a devil's vengeance taken, then the exulting heart-sickening glee of gloated Rage, and now see yourselves sitting clothed and in your minds, your remorse when conscience lashed, your downcast, humbled, averted eyes and then say, if you can, that a tyrant has not ruled, though short his reign, decades perhaps could not mend his breeches.

Often sad, sweet, face tells us that gloomy Melancholy and silent Despondency weigh down the struggling, sensitive heart and keep it to wither under an unobserved cause, in "an unnoticed self-sacrifice, an unaided struggle" with life's rough realities. Prodigality having engulfed some of you, is hurrying you so fast down his rough, rapid stream that you will never think or cast anchor till he lands you naked and deserted to be buffeted about by the merciless wreckers around the barren but populous shoals of bankruptcy.

Self-pompous, dictating, meddlesome busy-bodies soon convince others that Conceit has absolute power in those contemptible realms and when they are fronted for officiousness and you see how quick they become obsequious and curry favor by abusing their mode of gaining an unenviable notoriety, you do suppose that cowardly, poor, unhappy, fellow is in power also.

Formality and Etequette do place strait-jackets upon you all and compell you to screw yourselves to fit the ill-adjusted gear, and instead of leaving you in the natural, pleasant, "perfect ease" of politeness. And you are so prone to obey tyrants that if you revolt from these, you imme-

diately take the oath of fealty to saucy, modesty-slighting Impudence, and this he will demand since he arrogates to himself all things except shame. May the gay modest maidens lend you aid when blushing Timidity hold the reins. We should not intrude upon his bashful power as he is often taken for merits attendant, gets you credit for worth which, perhaps, you have not, makes you easily set right and then he has so few subjects and moreover he is an enemy to most other tyrants, especially Obstinacy, that plagued brother of an ass' foal whom the more you beat the farther back he goes and you submit to this long-ear majesty's riding and beating without even the presumption to ask "am I not thine ass?"

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### "NIL DESPERANDUM."

Though lowering clouds conceal the sky,  
 The sun's bright rays will yet appear;  
 Tis darkest when relief is nigh,  
 Which soon dispels misgiving fear—  
 If then thy soul be filled with care,  
 "Hope on—hope e'er"—nor yet despair!

Though fickle Fortune on thee frown,  
 And Fates adverse disturb thy breast,  
 She yet may smile—again may own,  
 As hers, thy heart with pleasures blest—  
 Then laugh at Fate—aye, banish care  
 "Hope on—hope e'er"—nor yet despair!

But let me cease portraying these,  
 And cease to speak of sorrows woe,  
 I wish that o'er Life's stormy seas  
 Propitious zephyrs e'er may blow,  
 And waft thee *home*—then banish care,  
 "Hope on, hope e'er"—and ne'er despair!

L'ETUDIANT.

## TO MISS JENNIE —.

*"Urit me Glycercæ nilor,  
Splendentis Pario marmore purius—"*  
\* \* \* \* \*

*"In me tota ruens Venus  
Cyprium deseruit!"*

HORACE.

If once, in graphic verse and true,  
Old Homer sang the lovely maid,  
Whose wondrous beauty won all hearts,  
And Troy's proud walls in ashes laid;

If lyric Horace breathed in song  
The praises of some virgin fair,  
And in his keen iambs sought  
To vent a poet's grief—despair;

Or, if the Grecian bard, whose hand  
So sweetly swept the tuneful lyre,  
Portrayed the pow'r of Venus' art,  
And loved to sing of Cupid's ire;

Then surely I may here depict  
In glowing colors Jennie's charms,  
Whose splendor dazzles, captivates,  
With lover's zeal my bosom warms!

A being gentle and so pure,  
As thy sweet self, hath never been;  
Thy worth can ne'er o'ervalued be,  
Since I thy equal ne'er hath seen!

A Byron praised in verse as strong,—  
If not more eulogistic still,—  
The loveliness of one who lived,  
The mistress of his heart and will.

The Irish bard, whose joyous lays  
With Siren power move the breast,  
Was wont to sing of Chloe fair,  
And oft the secret flame confessed.



And Scotland's pride, the artless Burns,  
 In simple strain the beauty sang  
 Of "Highland Mary," or some lass,  
 Around whose waist his arms he "flang."

Then list, nor turn away displeased,  
 Nor wound me by thy coldness now,  
 The bard may sing of beauteous maids,  
 Thou dost excel them all, I vow!

And now—I've told thee o'er and o'er—  
 Believe me, love, I'm only thine,  
*I love thee now—shall love, I swear,  
 As long as fleeting life is mine!*

BY L'ETUDIANT.

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## MARTIAL SONG OF THE SOUTH.

Sound your bugles—mount your horses,  
 Hasten to the battle field,  
 There to strew a thousand corpses,  
 Ere our dearest rights we yield;  
 Hear ye not the tumult rising  
 From the gory field afar,  
 Where our comrades, freedom prizing,  
 Brave their foes in direful war?

### CHORUS.

Let us swear, united all,  
 Now to conquer or to fall,  
 Before submission base in death,  
 To yield our lives and feeble breath!

Shall we, insulted and oppressed,  
 Treated with contempt and scorn,  
 Be loth the storm of war to breast,  
 Though as freemen we were born?  
 No! we answer—never, never!

As a band of brothers brave,  
Though a Union's ties we sever  
We *must* die or Freedom have!  
Let us, &c.

The haughty foe will soon advance,  
O'er our sunny hills and vales,  
Soon his snorting war-horse prance  
O'er our roads and secret trails;  
And proudly will he laugh perchance,  
Thinking soon to conquer all,  
But death will wake him from the trance  
And sudden be his early fall.  
Let us, &c.

Comrades, bravely round us gather,  
Come from mountain, hill, and plain,  
Never let us yield but rather  
Let us fall among the slain;  
For, if we live—our country free,  
Great will be our recompense,  
And thrice immortal shall we be  
If we die in her defence!  
Let us, &c.

L'ETUDIANT.

## HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

BY T. K. B. S.

WHOEVER studies carefully the life and character of Henry Kirke White, is instinctively moved to pay homage at the shrine of genius, sound judgement and spotless integrity. More especially, is our esteem for him increased, when we consider the magnitude and multiplicity of obstacles that everywhere opposed him, and the bitter disappointment that seemed ever hovering about him through his entire career.

By the poverty of his parents and the consequent obscurity of his origin (as wealth seems to constitute at all times and in all places the standard of respectability,) he was deprived in early life of many educational and social advantages. But genius when united with an insatiable thirst for knowledge will be bound by no chain, however strong its links. Chill penury may stare,—the unreflecting multitude may scoff,—the unfeeling critic may deride; but this Heaven-bestowed gift will rise despite opposition in its most terrible form.

At an almost incredible early age young White showed indications of a master intellect. The love of study, even then, was a ruling passion that was to burn on and on until,—

“Science self destroyed her favorite son.”

While other boys of his age were concerned only with their childish sports, he, when, not in the loom, was buried in deep solitude, where unmolested by the turbulent and empty joys of youth, he could,

“Soar on wings of fancy through the air,  
To realms of light and pierce the radiance there.”

Such extraordinary application could not fail of early fruit; and even before he reached his teens his excellency in composition began to spread.

It is needless to say that ambition was one of the most powerful feelings of his nature. But perhaps not altogether, of that character, that has engulfed thousands in the abyss of ruin and despair, when directed by the promptings of a corrupt and unregenerated heart. Already in his solitary reflections had imagination seated him “high on fame’s proud temple.” His little heart beat quick whenever the word of applause fell upon his ear. To most of youths this would have proved a stumbling block; but here it only served to increase his efforts.

Having luckily escaped the butcher’s pen, for which profession his



father had destined him, and secured a situation in the office of some attorney, he immediately began to lay the foundation for the structure of that intellectual edifice, that the vicissitudes of time could never change, nor the blasts of criticism ever overturn.

Solitude was his most agreeable companion; not that he was a misanthrope, for sweetness of disposition was his distinguishing feature; but because his love for the Muse was so powerful as to exclude all things else—

“Beloved moments, then ’twas first I caught,  
The first foundation of romantic thought;  
Then first I shed bold Fancy’s thrilling tear,  
Then first, that Poesy charmed my infant ear.”

While in his hot pursuit after knowledge of a worldly character, he had to a great degree neglected that which is infinitely of more importance. Says he:

“Fame has been my God, and ambition my shrine.”

A happy change however came over him about his fifteenth year. By the conversion of one of his most intimate friends, he was brought to a consideration of his real relation to God. His conversion soon followed and with it his adieu to worldly fame. No longer panting for the applause of men, he only desires to serve his God in the most acceptable manner. That he might have the fewer temptations to estrange him from his Maker, he forsakes for a season his lyre, that most beloved companion of his boyhood. It now became his settled purpose to preach; and that he might be the better prepared for his holy mission, he determined to go to Cambridge, and there graduate. The want of means, together with the advice of friends suggested the necessity of publishing the “Clifton Grove,” the earliest of his now extant poems. This was no sooner done than the critic, ever on the watch for an opportunity of displaying his own powers regardless of the pain it costs others, began his most unmerciful attacks. Without any allowance for youth and inexperience, he would have crushed genius in the very bud had it been in his power. But to a well balanced and strong mind, it, instead of producing the effect doubtless intended, only served to heighten ambition and give energy and caution. By the sale of his poem and the assistance of kinsmen and friends he was supplied with the necessary means of an education. In 1805 he became a member of St. John’s College, Cambridge. Up to this time he had known no rival in the field of learning. His had been a field of his own and the prize to be won set up by himself. But now the race course was changed and around him he sees many struggling hard for the goal. For a moment he seems to have forgotten himself and given full reins to his long curbed ambition. “Excelsior” was written on his very counte-

nance. He reached the goal and was crowned "victor." But, oh! how sad to think that when in the very middle of his brilliant career—when all visible obstacles are surmounted and by his path flowers had begun to blossom, where formerly had only been thorns—

"The spoiler should come, and all his promise fair  
Should seek the grave, to sleep forever there."

Consumption had done its work and he must die. Those sanguine hopes of usefulness, those romantic dreams of happiness must be blighted. Fate had thus decreed it, and he could not complain; but only hoped that it would be the means of drawing him nearer his God. White breathed his last in his 22d year. Though the tablet over his grassy grave tells of a departed soul; yet he lives! for "the great and good can never die." While virtue and learning shall be admired—while poetry, with its agreeable, pathetic and plaintive notes shall inspire, the name of Henry Kirke White will stand forth as an example for the imitation of the civilized world.

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### STANZAS--TO MISS ESTELLE.

'Tis said that solitude has charms  
Of sweet and soothing power,  
To calm the heart which passion warms,  
In some unhappy hour;  
Yet, magic though its power be,  
Without *thee*, life's a curse to me!

In scenes of gayety and mirth,  
In halls of dazzling light,  
The thousands, love, who throng the earth,  
May while away the night;  
Yet, though such scenes attractive be,  
Without *thee*, life's a curse to me!

In friendship refuge some may find,  
Afflicted oft by fate,  
May thus forget a world unkind,  
And smile, though it may hate;  
Yet, though to friendship's self I flee,  
Without *thee*, life's a curse to me!

E'en though I soar aloft, my love,  
On wings of ceaseless flight,  
And through the realms of space I rove,  
With well-surprised delight;  
E'en *there*, without *thee* I would see,  
That life must be a curse to me!

L'ETUDIANT.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Come! my Muse, in spirit free, of some wretch unfold th' awaking dreamings.  
 Thy favor proclaim! to mark thine each saying assistance bear me,  
 In skillful numbers teach me harmoniously to sing  
 Of gnawing canker, the blighting worm—which seizing on the soul,  
 The crackling heart-strings rend, make conscience seem a charnel house to man.  
 Then, to happier lays thy mind attune, cull the bright flow'rs of childhood's  
 hour;

When the golden moments an age of bliss contain, nor grief—nor care.  
 With tender hand, fresh leaves take from boyhood's chaplet, budding roses;  
 And from youth's fair brow, the half-blown blossoms—the sprouting bays.  
 Oh! glowing times, first aspirations! when with emotions strange,  
 Part-daring, half-fearful, from the accustomed path we turn to search,  
 Brave, yet timorous in the out-set—the stretching realms beyond our ken.  
 From early manhood's broad fields, of pleasure unalloyed glean scant sheaves,  
 Such feeling as stirred the heart of old. O Muse uphold me now!

Plodding his way lowering as to brow, eyes down-looking,  
 A traveller, with the dust covered, of many weary miles.  
 The ringing laughter of innocence, joyful falls upon his ear  
 Eager to list the mellow cadence, and to its last echo hearken.  
 His onward footsteps suspended, smoothed away the deep lines of care,  
 Dreamily his eyes, without an object wander to every point,  
 To reality lost, his visions are of—who knows what?  
 Not troubleless surely: even now the flitting shadow mark!  
 Certainly with pleasure conjoint: see, wreathes his faded lips a smile.  
 Mind soaring in mist, he stands erect with white locks bared—an aged man,  
 Yes! an old man, whose harp from rounded shoulders pendant heavily,  
 Of him who bears it the wonted calling tells—a wand'ring minstrel!  
 Borne on the breeze, another burst of glee recalls to life,  
 The forgetful thoughts of present time, crumbles the uprear'd works  
 By fancy's magic wand; the turrets of tow'ring structure lays low;  
 Portcullis and battlement destroys, of each castle in mid-air raised:  
 Nor, rudely does this, but as by rich music 'roused from happy dreams.  
 Now close clustered 'round, youth and maiden vying, each with other,  
 Their glib tongues joining chorus, like swallows in summer time,  
 The high-up evolution, skimming chase o'er calm river's breast,  
 As even-tide merry twitterings on the lazy summer air.  
 Him seated on a neighboring stone, they on friendly turf reclining,  
 Call for stirring knightly theme, or true-love sonnet of olden time:  
 As may-hap, a lad with conscious air the coming man proclaiming;



Fluttering speech of budding woman, fresh from guileless heart  
To love's young voice just warming—for Cupid's bow a glowing mark.  
Before those bright eyes dim—what tears! till the dark curls grey—what  
anguish!

With woman noble thus! the viper to nourish that stings to her death.  
Swept the strings a craftful hand, quav'ring voice joins the sound—gains  
strength anon.

Once more awakes my lyre to the outpouring, rude of troubled dreams,  
Which bespeak my chequered life, as with varied mood come forth the words.  
A joyous thought gush, just now flashed over my throbbing brain,  
Thrilling the heart and trembling soul, nerves wildly touching,  
Seemed as though, about to renew my happy youth, and e'en to fan  
The Promethian fires, which quiet yet lay smouldering in my breast.  
But, in an instant! sullenly and with what vengeful watchfulness,  
Lying in wait for ev'ry flow of fresh and genuine feeling,  
Sad memory rudely burst 'pon the scarce perceivable flame,  
Its dull glow quenched with a chilling stream of realities, mournful,  
That scarcely were a moment hid, for but a moment! by the smoke  
From the closing rents escaping, and chasms of the mountain piled on  
The bound captive—Ambition.

Ever thus has the demon of gloom,  
His presence detested, on life-joying mementos obtruded,  
Which sometimes, alas! flit 'cross my mind, how very seldom!  
Drove them shudd'ring, cringing 'fore his sardonic, smiling triumph.  
Ever thus, so has it been! since when first the paths of virtue left,  
To the false-worded siren, I hearkened, and by her weird notes won,—  
For harmony sweet, sweetest to my perverted senses were they,—  
Listened spell-bound, and but another added to the crowd of those,  
By temptings deluded and allurements, lives of promise  
Have blasted; precious moments misspent never to be reclaimed;  
Experienced a pain to which the horror of death is as nought;  
That acme of all direst tortures felt—a living nonentity.  
Dead, yet alive! to the calls of duty, the plea of virtue deaf!  
Blots on the escutcheon of manhood, upon society stains!  
To themselves a curse, a foul incubus to a nation!  
Thus, alike uncaring of others, themselves uncared for,  
Thrice miserable, a dreadful, weary existence they drag out,  
And then, ah! woe's me! stranger to all good, generative of all ill,  
To awful Judgement call'd—

Pausing suddenly the hoary harper,  
The proud rear'd head drooped upon his breast, which rose and fell as though  
Struggled fiercely, in its depths a mighty giant buried,  
To tear apart his prison walls heaving with pent emotion.

The frenzy passed away—once more he raised his trembling form,  
 While beading his brow the great drops stood thickly, and slowly the big tears,  
 From his dim eyes welling out, rolled down his sunken cheeks silently.  
 His ashen lips parted, and the words reluctant issued, said he:  
 Thy shrinking ears, I'd thought to tell a tale, perchance to bear  
 Warning messages to your hearts, lest lost sheep you strayed the fold.  
 With too much confidence, I find I reckoned on the lapse of time,  
 Of ev'ry grief that vaunted curer: to a subject I turn me now,  
 With young bosoms more consonant, than aught of hopeless woe can be.

\* \* \* \* \*

Of ocean's bosom wide the heavings deep,  
 Nor changed by lapse of time the waves roll on,  
 Fourth pouring in their flowings mystic sound,  
 As they lave the beach with whisperings soft  
 Of music plaintive, steal away our thoughts.  
 Or, when they dash them in fury wild,  
 With sullen roar, hoarse clangs the clash  
 Against harsh cliffs base, their contact spurning.  
 Strength renewed, once more to the charge turned back,  
 They advance—shower in clouds on the air,  
 The sparkling spray, as lashed to foam, in rage  
 They rear impotent on the jutting rocks.  
 Through ages has it been, will continue!  
 Remains man constant—consistent ever?  
 No changes mark the days as they are lost?  
 He obeys the imperious mandate stern,  
 Which raging with pent-up fury as by  
 Rains recent the mountain torrent swollen,  
 Or melted snows from the cloud-piercing crags,  
 Sweeps forward all, and on its surging flood,  
 Towards the broad sea of—Eternity.

Four seasons are there, 'tis decreed by Him,  
 Whose power controverted is by none.  
 Four eras mark the three-score years of man,  
 Of heaven beneficent, provisions wise,  
 Their justice must we not disclaim.

Spring! emblem of innocence childhood's seal,  
 The barren waste of leafless trunks, greets thee!  
 When cheerless all is, comest thou to rouse  
 The drooping hearts grown cold, and nestling close,  
 To the soul proclaim of young mother proud,  
 A new-born love, another tie that binds  
 Us weary, with Gordian knot to mortals.  
 They bear ill, do the tender buds—chill storms,

The blights of adversity destroy them.  
 With fondness use them—how much, instinct tells;  
 Let reason sway the indulgence granted.  
 "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined!"  
 An olden axiom, yet not less true.  
 Nor alone to nature the helpless trust,  
 To stronger frames the young shoot teach to cling;  
 First play of mind the maxim sage to grasp,  
 Th' expansive field of knowledge to explore.  
 The minstrel sang of recollections pure,  
 To bye-gones roamed his theme; right merry too  
 The words trilled out—as gurgling, babbling brook  
 The glittering drops, spatters on black'nd stones,  
 Old bach'lors love-making, with effort vain  
 To seize from the coy, blushing nymph one kiss.  
 She tells to mossy bank, th' outrageous joke,  
 Or, jealous branch of o'ershadowing tree  
 Gives torment, whisp'ring secret of the wrong,  
 As bends he at slightest breath, words to hear.  
 This is youth, before the heart is steeled to  
 Not reckon the well-spring of spirit free,  
 As triflings so gross, it needs not to name,  
 The autumn now has come, the gold to show,  
 And pure gold from the dross corrupt will fly,  
 Youth's mental train is the machine of man,  
 The moral directs the several steps,  
 To place in operation, guides the way.  
 So Winter finds us if remain we true  
 To ourselves, our teachings correct have been—  
 In old age calm, content with present lot;  
 To higher mansions our thoughts up-going,  
 We thankful 'wait the day arriving fast,  
 To mortal things, bid each a glad farewell,  
 And go to solve the myst'ry of a God!

\* \* \* \* \*

Years have come and fled,  
 Roses bloomed, are dead—  
 Since these mem'ries of Spring were discuss'd;  
 Youth and maiden fair,  
 Every-one there,  
 The old harper—are but as the dust.

The arch laugh, the smile,  
 Which wont to beguile  
 The flitting moments each 'parting day,



Made glad all the hours,  
Alas! like the flow'rs,  
They have withered—are passed away.

Now, kind friends and true,  
A last, long adieu,  
For each one, my best wishes ever;  
The broad sea awaits,  
Have hearts for all fates;  
May blessings attend you—grief never.

“Earth’s joys pass away,  
Her treasures decay,  
Her pride is not worth the securing,  
Her pomp will deceive,  
Her flatteries grieve,  
All fading, and nothing enduring.

“But treasures in heaven  
Can never be riven,  
But endure as the throne of Jehovah,  
When all else decay,  
And time passes away,  
And life’s troubled journey is over.”

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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ELECTION OF EDITORS.—On Thursday 4th inst. the following members of the Junior Class were elected for the next year: of the Dialectic Society, Ed. J. Chilton, Haywood county, Tenn., John C. Gaines, Montgomery county, N. C., Matthew J. Moore, Platte county, Mo.; of the Philanthropic Society: John A. Cameron, Harnett county, N. C., James H. Exum, Wayne county, N. C., John K. McQueen, Robeson county, N. C.

We vacate our sanctum, certainly with regret; but in doing so we are confident that the University Magazine will go into the hands of an able and efficient corps, who will make it their first and paramount object to present their readers with a periodical worthy of their patronage. We would bespeak for them the same support and encouragement that the Magazine has uniformly met with at the hands of generous contributors and prompt subscribers.

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REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS TO ALABAMA.—The connection of the subjoined Report of the Commissioners appointed by the last General Assembly to represent this State at Montgomery, with the current history and administration of the University, entitles it to a place in our Editorial Table. The President was absent eighteen days, in performance of duties connected with his mission to the Southern Confederacy:

MONTGOMERY, ALA, 11th Feb., 1861.

SIR: On Wednesday, the 30th ult., we had the honor to receive our Commissions under the resolution of the General Assembly adopted the previous day, appointing us Commissioners to visit Montgomery, for the purpose of effecting an honorable and amicable adjustment of all the difficulties which distract the country, upon the basis of the Crittenden resolutions, as modified by the Legislature of Virginia, and consulting for our common peace, honor and safety. We left Raleigh the following evening, and arrived at this place about noon on Saturday, the 2d inst.

The resolutions of the Convention of Alabama, adopted on the 11th of January, invited the people of the States of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri, to meet the people of the State of Alabama, by their Delegates, in Convention on the 4th day of February, A. D. 1861, for the purpose of consulting with each other as to the most effectual mode of securing concerted and harmonious action on whatever measures might be deemed more desirable for the common peace and security.

The resolutions of the General Assembly from which we derived our authority, were in response to the resolution and invitation from the Convention of Alabama. On our arrival we learned that the Convention had adjourned

*sine die*, and that the Legislature was in session. As we were not delegates to the Southern Congress, and had no authority to participate in any consultation in relation to the contemplated formation of either a provisional or permanent government for the seceding States, we regarded our mission as restricted to the single duty of consulting for our common peace, honor and safety.

On the evening of our arrival here, Saturday, 2nd inst., we waited upon his Excellency, Gov. Moore, and exhibited our credentials. We were received with marked courtesy and kindness, and had satisfactory assurances of his disposition to afford us every facility that we could desire, and that it was in his power to extend, to aid us in the proper discharge of our duties. The Legislative and Judicial departments of the government of Alabama also placed us under grateful obligations by repeated acts of courtesy.

We had expected to meet commissioners from Tennessee and perhaps other States, clothed with like powers and charged with the performance of similar duties with ourselves, and with the hope of consulting and co-operating with them, deferred entering into communication with the Southern Congress until the third day of their session. We then addressed the following note to the Honorable Howell Cobb, the President of that body:

“*Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 6, 1861.*”

“The undersigned have the honor to submit to the consideration of the Southern Congress the accompanying resolutions adopted by the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, on the 29th ult.:

We are, with high consideration, your obedient servants,

D. L. SWAIN,  
M. W. RANSOM,  
J. L. BRIDGERS.”

The following extract from the published journals of the Congress will show the disposition made of the communication, and the course pursued towards us upon its presentation:

“Mr. Toombs.—I have the pleasure Mr. President, of presenting a communication from the Commissioners of the State of North Carolina to this body.

I desire that it be read.” It was read, together with the accompanying resolutions of the General Assembly, “and was, on motion, laid on the table for the present.”

“Mr. Toombs.—I move that the Commissioners from North Carolina be invited to occupy seats on the floor during the open sessions, and that a committee of three be appointed to communicate the invitation to them. Adopted.”

The next morning Johnson J. Hooper, Esq., the Secretary of the Congress, communicated the following resolution:

“Resolved, That the committee who were instructed to invite Hons. David L. Swain, M. W. Ransom, and J. L. Bridgers, to seats on this floor, be instructed to invite them to attend any open or secret session of this body at any time it may suit their convenience, for the purpose of making any communication to this body which they may desire.”

The following day, Friday 8th, we received a similar communication from the Secretary, with the accompanying resolutions, as follows:

“Whereas, The people of the State of North Carolina, and those of the States represented in this Congress, have a common destiny, a common sympathy, a common honor and a common danger; and whereas, it is the opinion and desire of the Congress that the State of North Carolina should be united in government with these States, be it therefore

Resolved, That the Congress receive with pleasure the Commissioners from the State of North Carolina, and hope to pursue such a course of action as shall commend itself to and induce the State of North Carolina speedily to unite in our councils, and in such government as shall be formed by these States.”



We availed ourselves freely of the invitation to attend the open sessions of the congress, and of favorable opportunities to consult with the members of Congress individually, with the Executive, with members of the Legislative and Judicial Departments of the Government of Alabama, and with many prominent citizens of Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, in relation to the general objects of our mission.

The number of native North Carolinians called hither, either as members of, or anxious attendants upon the legislative bodies in session here, have afforded us unusual and most favorable opportunities to ascertain public sentiment in relation to the cause and cure of the evils which threaten the peace and safety of the whole country. These gentlemen have made their homes in the South-West at intervals during the last thirty or forty years, constitute no small proportion of the community, and, in point of wealth, intelligence and respectability, occupy positions in society which entitle them to high consideration in their native as well as their adopted States. So numerous are the instances in which they have approached us, and so full and unreserved have been their communications, that we suppose there is probably no extensive section of North Carolina in which any one of our number, by ten days of like intercourse, could satisfy himself more clearly of the direction and strength of public sentiment.

We regret to be constrained to state, as the result of our enquiries, made under such circumstances, that only a very decided minority of the community in these States are disposed at present to entertain favorably any proposition of adjustment which looks towards a reconstruction of our national Union.

In this state of things we have not deemed it our duty to attend any of the secret sessions of the Congress. The Resolutions of the General Assembly are upon the table of the Congress, and having submitted them as a peace offering, we would poorly perform the duties assigned us by entering into discussions which would serve only to enkindle strife.

We communicate herewith a copy of the "Constitution of the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America," adopted on the 8th inst. Gen. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, was on the 9th elected President, and the Honorable Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice President of the new confederation.

We have the honor to be, with high consideration, your ob't servants,

D. L. SWAIN,

M. W. RANSOM,

J. L. BRIDGERS.

His Excellency, JOHN W. ELLIS, Governor of North Carolina.

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THE BUNYAN TABLEAUX. —This beautiful work of art has been on exhibition here for the last week; we have attended it every night and know that we speak the sentiment of every one who saw it, when we pronounce it magnificent. It has been emphatically the rarest treat that we have had the pleasure of enjoying during our stay on the Hill.

The Washington Tableaux was also exhibited, but as a work of art is far inferior to the former; this is the opinion of our best critics. We would suggest to the proprietor the advantage of exhibiting the Washington Tableaux, first, and then the Bunyan Tableaux, if he would have a larger attendance throughout his exhibition. We think it greatly to be regretted that the events of the Revolution should compare so unfavorably with the mere creations of the imagination; and that one should be so meagerly, and the other so elaborately, executed by the hands of master artists.

**MONUMENT TO DR. MITCHELL.**—We copy from the *Asheville News* of the 16th July, 1857, so much of the proceedings of a public meeting held at that place on Wednesday 8th July as relates to this subject:

“Resolved, that in our opinion no more suitable testimonial of respect to the memory of the deceased could be given than the erection of an appropriate monument upon the mountain, with which his name and sad fate are so intimately associated; and to carry out this purpose we ask the assistance of all good citizens of the State and the friends of education and science generally.”

Messrs. Z. B. Vance, James A. Patton, John A. Dickson, A. S. Merrimon and D. Coleman were appointed a Committee to carry this resolution into effect. The Committee in due time prepared and published the following

#### ADDRESS.

In pursuance of the object expressed in the above resolution the undersigned were appointed a committee to solicit aid from the citizens of North Carolina, and the former pupils and friends of the deceased everywhere. The family of Dr. Mitchell have given their consent to have his remains removed from Asheville and deposited on the highest peak of the Black Mountain, and as soon as the arrangements are all made this will be done. Abundance of granite, capable of being worked, is to be found on the very spot where we propose to erect this monument, and it is thought that \$5, 000 will be amply sufficient to accomplish what we desire.

In view of the fact, that he was the first to visit these mountains and to make known their superior height to any east of the Rocky Mountains, and that he spent a great portion of his time, and finally lost his life in exploring them, we think it will be admitted that no more fitting testimony of esteem could be offered his memory, and no more fitting spot found whereon to erect it. The noble mountains themselves will stand his most worthy and enduring monument, but the State of North Carolina certainly owes him something, who has so long devoted his best energies to the instruction of her youth.

The committee propose by this circular simply to make known what is intended, feeling confident, that to the good people of the State and the vast number of old pupils and personal friends of the deceased, nothing more need be said. The plan of the monument will be discussed when sufficient funds are secured for its completion. They invite the co-operation of the county committees, and of single individuals throughout the State. Contributions can be transmitted to the committee or any one of them, by any means most convenient, who will deposit all such sums in the Bank of Cape Fear at this place to await the making up of the requisite amount. All papers friendly to this project are requested to copy this circular.

On the 16th of June, 1858, the remains of Dr. Mitchell were removed from the cemetery at Asheville to the highest peak of the Black Mountain, and interred with interesting and imposing ceremonies. The funeral oration was delivered by the Rt. Rev. James H. Otey, D. D., LL.D., one of the numerous pupils of the deceased, and this was succeeded by an address from the President of the University, an early pupil, and during many years the colleague of Dr. Mitchell in the Faculty of this Institution. The design of the latter is sufficiently indicated by the title prefixed in the published Memoir of Dr. M., to which it is appended:—“A vindication of the propriety of giving the name ‘Mount Mitchell’ to the highest peak of ‘Black Mountain.’” We copy so much of the opening remarks of the speaker as is suited to our present purpose:

In the year 1825, in the city of Raleigh, while a member of the Legislature from the county of Buncombe, I was introduced to the late John C. Calhoun,

then Vice President of the United States. After a playful allusion to my height, which he said corresponded with his own and that of Gen. Washington he remarked that we could also congratulate ourselves on the circumstance that we resided in the neighborhood of the highest mountain on the continent, east of the Rocky Mountains.

The suggestion took me entirely by surprise, and I inquired whether the fact had been ascertained. He replied, not by measurement, but that a very slight examination of the map of the United States, would satisfy me it was so. That I would find among the mountains of Buncombe, the head-springs of one of the great tributaries of the Mississippi, flowing into the gulf of Mexico; of the Kenhawa, entering the Ohio; and of the Santee and Peedee, emptying into the Atlantic. That these were the longest rivers in the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains, finding their way in opposite directions to the ocean, and that the point of greatest elevation, must be at their sources.

In June, 1830, in company with the late Gov. Owen, and other members of the Board of Internal Improvements of the State, I descended the Cape Fear river from Haywood to Fayetteville. Professor Mitchell, of the University, availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded for a geological excursion and accompanied us. In the course of familiar conversation, I referred to the conjecture of Mr. Calhoun, in relation to the height of our Western Mountains. He intimated then, or at a subsequent interview, his concurrence in opinion with Mr. Calhoun, and mentioned that the distinguished naturalists, the elder and younger Michaux, had arrived at the same conclusion about the beginning of the century, from very different data.—They had found in the Black Mountain, trees and other specimens of Alpine growth, that they had observed no where else South of Canada.

In the summer of 1835, Dr. Mitchell made his first attempt to verify by barometrical measurement, the accuracy of the opinions expressed by these gentlemen. His exploration was laborious, careful and patient. A subsequent explorer remarks "that at the time Dr. Mitchell began his observations, with regard to the height of the Black Mountain, it was much more inaccessible than it has since become, by reason of the progress of the settlements around its base, so that he was liable to be misled, and thwarted, by unforeseen obstacles, in his efforts to reach particular parts of the chain, and when he did attain some point at the top of the ridge, nature was too much exhausted to allow more than one observation, as to the immediate locality." The accuracy of this statement will be most clearly perceived and readily admitted, by those most familiar with the character of this mountainous region, then and now. It is impossible for a stranger to form a clear conception of the obstacles that were encountered and the difficulties overcome.

Dr. Mitchell's account of this exploration was published in due time, and attracted very general attention at home and abroad. There are few, even of the most obscure village newspapers of that day, in which notices of it may not be found. It was the first authoritative annunciation, that the summit of the Black Mountain in North Carolina, was higher than that of the White mountains in New Hampshire, and the highest in the United States east of the Mississippi. The accuracy of the measurement was at first controverted, but subsequently yielded by writers in Silliman's American Journal of Science, and has long since ceased to be the subject of doubt.

The question that remains to be settled is of less importance, but it is believed, that its proper and truthful solution, is no less favorable to the deceased Professor's claim to accuracy as a man of science—was the pinnacle measured by Dr. Mitchell in 1835, the highest peak of the Black Mountain?

Independently of the array of facts produced on that occasion, to which so far as our knowledge extends, no reply has been attempted, the General Assembly at the last session, by repeated acts of legislation, have precluded all further controversy. A new county has been erected out of the most moun-



tainous portions of Yancy, Burke, McDowell and Caldwell, and this the most elevated county on the continent, East of the Rocky Mountains, perpetuates the name of Dr. Mitchell. The boundaries are not defined with such accuracy and minuteness as to enable us to determine how near the highest peak will be to the center. The act supplementary to the act erecting the county appoints commissioners to designate a suitable place for the erection of a court house, and gives the name of Calhoun to the village which is to grow up around it. The names of the great Professor who first ascertained the height of this elevated region, and of the great Southern Statesman whose suggestion in connection with the previous publications of the distinguished French Naturalists, led to the explorations, are henceforth to be permanently and indissolubly connected.

The erection of the less imposing monument proposed by the citizens of Asheville should no longer be delayed. The proprietors of the land have secured a title to the pinnacle where the grave was excavated two years ago to the trustees of the University. Henry E. Colton, Esq., under the authority of the Asheville committee (we suppose) has been soliciting subscriptions through the periodical press, with what success we are not informed. The entire subject calls for, and will doubtless receive the earnest attention of the Alumni Association at the approaching Commencement.

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CONVENTIONS IN NORTH CAROLINA.—The public will be indebted to Gov. Swain, as we are, for the following additional information, and correction of an important error as to a historical fact. The Governor's more extensive information and better memory enables him to name seven other surviving members of the Convention, making 44 living at the date of his letter, out of 120; since which one of the most esteemed and venerable of the 44 [Dr. F. J. Hill,] has gone to his reward:—*Fayetteville Observer*.

"The Convention of 1832 was composed of 120 members instead of 116 as stated in your paper of the 21st instant. You may add to the list of living members of that body, as given in the Standard and corrected in the Observer, the names of James Guder, of Buncombe, Joseph Cathey and William Welsh, of Haywood, Benjamin S. Brittain and James W. Guinn, of Macon, Abner Jarvis and Baccus J. Smith, of Yancy, making the aggregate number 44.

"Mr. Guinn, of Macon, removed to Alabama some years since. I have not heard from him recently but suppose him to be living. There is another name about which I am in doubt, but the publication if erroneous may serve to call forth information that I am anxious to obtain in relation to these and other members of the Convention. The two oldest members, were the President, Nathaniel Macon, and his estimable compeer, Dr. Robert Williams, of Pitt. The two youngest, it is supposed, were Mr. Rayner, of Hertford, and Mr. Smith, of Yancy, now a resident of Asheville.

"The Standard is mistaken in supposing that "the Convention of 1835 was the first and only body of the kind ever assembled in this State." It was the fourth.

"The Convention which framed the State Constitution at Halifax in December 1776, was the first. The Convention which met at Hillsborough in July 1788, and rejected the Federal Constitution by a vote of 184 to 84, was the second. The debates of this body were published in a duodecimo volume of 280 pages, and have since been reproduced in Elliott's collection.

"The Convention which accepted the Federal Constitution by a vote of 194 to 97 was the third. I have before me a printed copy of the Journal of this body and have no knowledge of the existence of another in print or manuscript. The original has probably been preserved, but I have no information in relation to it. This Convention met at Fayetteville on the 16th and adjourned on the 23d of November, 1789. It not merely accepted the Federal Constitution, but amended the Constitution of the State, by conferring the right of representation upon Fayetteville.

"Of this rare pamphlet—a small quarto of sixteen pages, printed at Edenton by Hodge & Wills, the title and preamble are as follows:

"JOURNAL  
OF THE  
CONVENTION  
OF THE

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

"At a Convention begun and held at Fayetteville, on the third Monday of November, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, agreeable to the Resolutions of the last General Assembly, bearing date the seventeenth of November, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight."

"The Convention of 1788 met on Monday the 21st July and adjourned on Saturday the 2d August, making a session of a fortnight's duration. The Convention of 1789 adjourned as we have seen at the end of the eighth day. The published debates of the former, and the journal of the latter, while they show more industry than characterizes the proceedings of legislative bodies at the present day, afford ample evidence of anxious deliberation and unrestrained discussion. North Carolina was one of the few States in which the debates of the Convention upon the adoption of the Federal Constitution were preserved and published. Stenography was little understood at that era, and it is rather remarkable that our Convention was able to secure so competent a Reporter. The late Judge Cameron, whose extent and accuracy of information, in relation to all matters connected with the history of the State, during the long period of his citizenship, was greater than those of any one I have ever known, told me many years ago, that the Reporter was the same person who subsequently reported the proceedings at the trial of Aaron Burr.

"The debates of the Convention of 1788, and the Journal of 1789, have received much less attention among even the best informed of our public men, than they deserve. They reflect very interesting and important light on the construction of the Constitution, and the little understood causes which gave rise to the hesitation, delay and reluctance with which it was adopted on the part of this State."

The names of the surviving members of the Convention of 1835, as far as ascertained by the Standard and Observer are as follows:

A. B. McMillan and George Bower, of Ashe; David Outlaw, of Bertie; D. L. Swain, of Buncombe; B. S. Gaither, of Burke; D. M. Barringer and C. Melchor, of Cabarrus; Calvin Graves, of Caswell; Jeremiah Pearsall, of Duplin; W. P. Williams, of Franklin; R. B. Gilliam and Josiah Crudup, of Granville; John M. Morehead, of Guilford; John Branch, of Halifax; Kenneth Rayner, of Hertford; Henry Cansler, of Lincoln; Asa Biggs, of Martin; James L. Gaines, of Montgomery; Alfred Dockery, of Richmond; E. T. Brodnax, of Rockingham; Thomas I. Faison, of Sampson; H. G. Spruill, of Tyrrell; Kimbrough Jones, of Wake; W. N. Edwards, of Warren; James W. Bryan, of Carteret; John L. Baily, of Pasquotank; Samuel Calvert, of Northampton; S. T. Sawyer, of Chowan; Josiah Collins, Jr., of Washington; Council Wooten, of Lenoir; Joseph White of Anson; Frederic J. Hill and Wm. R. Hall of Brunswick; Henry W. Harrington, of Richmond; John W. Powell of Robeson; Gen. Alexander Gray, of Randolph; J. B. Martin, of Montgomery.

But three of the members of the Convention of 1835, we believe, were chosen delegates to the late Convention, to-wit: W. P. Williams, of Franklin; Edward T. Brodnax, of Rockingham; and Weldon N. Edwards, of Warren.

## UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

We cannot too earnestly commend to the consideration of those who desire the continuance of our Magazine beyond the present volume the following circular, prepared at our instance, and sent to each of our delinquent subscribers on the 12th ult.

*Dear Sir:*—Allow me to make a personal appeal to you in behalf of the Editors of the University Magazine.

The Volume for 1859-'60 contains ten numbers of sixty-four pages each of original matter, making with the title-page and index, something more than six hundred and fifty pages. The work is printed with more than ordinary accuracy and neatness. Each number contains a biographical sketch of some eminent person, a native of North Carolina, a member of the Faculty, or an Alumnus of the University, and this sketch is in every instance illustrated by a steel-plate engraving from the burin of an artist of established reputation. The Magazine has been received with marked commendation by the press of our own and several of the neighboring States and the opinion repeatedly expressed that the letter press, without the engravings, and the engravings alone, were worth more than the price charged for both.

Among the articles which have given character to the literary department, the editors may refer with honest pride to the contributions of Judge Battle, Judge Manly, Hon. William A. Graham, Hon. John H. Bryan, Rev. Dr. Curtis, Rev. Dr. Hooper, Rev. Dr. Hubbard, Rev. Dr. Phillips, Prof. Charles Phillips, William Eaton, Jr., Esq. and R. B. Creecy, Esq. This list may be enlarged hereafter.

The young gentlemen who edit the Magazine assume heavy responsibilities without the smallest expectation or even desire of emolument. So far from receiving any I am sorry to say they are in danger of sustaining inconvenient loss. The subscription list though not so large as it ought to be and might be made with a little exertion on the part of our friends, will justify the continuance of the publication if the subscribers can be stimulated to the observance of the requisite punctuality.

There are nearly one thousand dollars of unpaid subscriptions, and the publisher is in immediate and pressing need of more than half this sum. The editors were compelled to borrow three hundred dollars to enable him to proceed with the work at the beginning of the present year. They have twice sent out bills to their subscribers, and assure me that the amount received in return is scarcely equal to the postage stamps upon the duplicate circulars.

The subscription for ten numbers, making a volume of 650 pages, embellished with ten steel-plate engravings, is \$2. The last volume presented likenesses of Gov. Brown, Chief Justice Henderson and Nash, Judge Hall, the Hon. J. C. Dobbin, late Secretary of the Navy, Professors Fetter, Hubbard and Mitchell, and Presidents Caldwell and Swain. The portraits in the six numbers issued of the present volume are of the late Judge Murphy, Gen. Joseph Lane, Hon. William A. Graham, Judge Gaston, Professor Olmsted, and President Polk.

I hope you will receive kindly a request to obtain one or more new subscriptions. For three dollars remitted immediately, the editors will supply new subscribers with the ten numbers of the current and the ten engravings of the last volume. The entire series will constitute a gallery of North Carolina portraits which it is believed there are few intelligent gentlemen in the State who will not desire to have at their command.

I cherish the hope that the mere statement of these facts will secure a response from those concerned that will not merely indemnify the editors for their outlay, but enable the publisher to continue the Magazine another year.

Yours very respectfully,

DAVID L. SWAIN.



HUGH L. WHITE.—In the present number of the Magazine, our subscribers will have the pleasure of finding a fine portrait of this distinguished individual; and also a short biography of him from the National Portrait Gallery.

We deem it unnecessary to make any comment upon this short sketch of his life and services; for they are a part of the history of our country.

SENIOR SPEAKING.—The exercises of Senior Speaking will begin on the 29th of April. In behalf of the members of our class, we would invite our friends, the ladies especially, to attend on that occasion. We have no doubt but that they will be pleased, and know that their presence will give pleasure.

## “IMPROVED INSTRUMENT FOR SURVEYING AND CALCULATING AREAS,”

*Invented and Patented by Col. James M. Lilley, of Staunton, Va.*

This Instrument is highly recommended by quite a number of the first mathematicians of the country—among others, Rev. Charles Phillips, of the University of North Carolina; Prof. Bache, of the U. S. Coast Survey; Prof. Bledsoe, of the University of Virginia; Prof. Church, of West Point, and is in use at both the last named institutions, besides a number of our best colleges. The Instrument is also being used by a number of our first engineers and surveyors, among others the chief engineer of the Croton Aqueduct, New York city. The Instrument gives the Latitude and Degree for any course and distance run, and heights, distances, horizontal measurements, &c., can be read from the Instrument without the trouble of referring to the logarithmic tables. Oblique triangles can be calculated upon it, and it gives the bearing and distance of the division line in dividing land. Circulars will be forwarded to those wishing them. Address

R. D. LILLEY, Staunton, Va.


## NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

As we receive a good many letters asking the price, &c., of the Magazine, to save time and trouble we publish below all necessary information.

The MAGAZINE is issued regularly at the beginning of each month (excepting January and July.) TERMS: For single copies \$2 per annum *invariably in advance*; six copies \$10; and for clubs of more than ten a reasonable deduction will be made.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING IN THE MAGAZINE:

	ONE MONTH.	THREE MONTHS.	SIX MONTHS.	TEN MONTHS.
$\frac{1}{4}$ page	\$2	\$5	\$8	\$15
$\frac{1}{3}$ page	3	7	12	25
$\frac{1}{2}$ page	4	9	15	30
1 page	5	12	20	40

 All letters should be addressed to the “Editors of the North Carolina University Magazine.”

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Few are aware of the importance of checking a cough or "Common Cold" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," containing demulcent ingredients, allay Pulmonary and Bronchial Irritation.

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# NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

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## EDITORS:

OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

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JOHN T. JONES,  
OLIVER T. PARKS,  
DAVID W. SIMMONS, JR.

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Vol. X.

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No. 9

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## CORRESPONDENCE

IN 1834,

BETWEEN JOHN C. HAMILTON, ESQ.,  
OF NEW YORK,  
AND JUDGE GASTON AND GOVERNOR SWAIN,

IN RELATION TO INTERESTING EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The intent and effect of the last section of the Declaration of Rights adopted on the 17th of December, 1776, in the assertion that "The property of the soil in a free government is one of the essential rights of the collective body of the people," was to confiscate the title of EARL GRANVILLE.\* His patent included the territory between the Southern boundary of Virginia 36° 30' and the parallel line of 35° 34' from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. The area was almost equal to three times the extent of our present domain. It embodied about half the counties and two-thirds of the taxable inhabitants at the era of the Revolution.

An Act of the General Assembly, the first of a series of confiscation acts, passed in 1777 (Chapter XXVII) is entitled "An Act for confiscating the property of all such persons as are inimical to the United States and of such persons as shall not within a certain time therein mentioned appear and submit to the State whether they shall be received as citizens thereof, and of such persons as shall so appear and shall not be admitted as citizens, and for other purposes therein mentioned."

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\* Bayard and wife v. Singleton, 1 Martin's Rep. 48; Hamilton v. Eaton, 2 *idem*, 1; Faris and wife v. Simpson Conf. Rep., 178; Marshall v. Lovelass, *idem*, 217. Judge Cameron's argument in the Granville case, before the Circuit Court of the United States in December, 1804, (M. S.) Judge Potter's published opinion, 1806. We may have occasion hereafter to refer to the very important service rendered to the people of the State by the late Governor Johnston and Judge Cameron, in the successful defence of this case.

At the opening of the Revolution, the monied capital of the State was to a very great extent wielded by Scotch merchants who were almost without exception loyalists. The amount of confiscated property, real and personal, including British debts, was immense. Whig debtors found it much more convenient, and doubtless esteemed it quite as honest and greatly more patriotic, to discharge these liabilities by the payment of depreciated paper money into the public treasury than in gold and silver to Tory creditors. The English Government, nevertheless, with commendable fidelity to her loyal subjects, made ample provision in the treaty of peace for the restoration of their rights. The fourth article stipulates "that creditors on either side shall meet with no lawful impediment to the recovery of the full value in *sterling money* of all *bona fide* debts heretofore contracted," and by the last clause of the fifth article "it is agreed that all persons who have any interest in confiscated lands, either by debts, marriage settlements, or otherwise, shall meet with no lawful impediment in the prosecution of their just rights."

Under the confederation, however, the treaty stipulation was of no avail. No jury would find a verdict, no court render a judgment, in favor of a Scotch tory whose debt had been paid into the treasury and expended in defence of the public liberty. The General Assembly, too, interposed every species of direct and indirect legislation to thwart the recovery of these stale and odious claims.\*

The VI. Article of the Constitution of the United States provided that "All debts contracted, and engagements entered into, before the adoption of this constitution, shall be as valid against the United States under this constitution as under the confederation.

"This constitution, and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, any thing in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

Senators and representatives in Congress, members of the State Legislatures and State Judges were required to take an oath to support the Constitution with these provisions.

With these facts before us, we will feel little surprised at finding the Convention at Hillsboro' in July 1788, declining by a vote of more than two to one (184 to 84) to accept the Federal Constitution, until specific amendments could be obtained to guard against apprehended danger.

When that had been accomplished to some extent a large minority resisted its adoption at Fayetteville in November 1799. The final vote

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\* From the North Carolina Gazette, New Berne, July 25, 1777: "Since our last a large vessel from this port is sailed having on board a good number of Tories with their wives and families, chiefly Scotch gentlemen who have refused to take the oaths of government to the State. They are mostly gentlemen of considerable property, which they have acquired in America, and have it chiefly on board, and choose to risk every consequence, rather than acknowledge the freedom of a country which has been so remarkably propitious to the people of their nation. Among them is Mr. Martin Howard, late chief Justice of the Province, with his wife and daughter."

was 194 yeas, 97 nays. Even then our Senators and Representatives were instructed by a unanimous vote of the Convention, to endeavor to obtain through the intervention of Congress, under the 5th Article of the Constitution, eight amendments, the second of which though perhaps, the least important of all, was most directly connected with subsequent events in our history.

"That Congress shall not directly or indirectly either by themselves or through the judiciary, interfere with any one of the States in the redemption of paper money already emitted, and now in circulation or in liquidating and discharging the public securities of any one of the States, but each and every State, shall have the exclusive right of making such laws and regulations for the above purposes as they shall think proper"

The refusal by the General Assembly in 1789, to permit the United States, to confine prisoners in our jails, the scornful refusal of both houses in the following year to take the oath to support the constitution of the United States; and the simultaneous denial by our Supreme Court, at Edenton of the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of the United States, *are in pari materia*, and admit of easy construction. With the record before him, which is appended to the replies of Governor Swain to Mr. Hamilton, Judge Gaston would not have hesitated in pronouncing that the superintending control of the Federal Judiciary over the decisions of the Supreme Court of the State in cases involving the construction of the Constitution, or a treaty, was denied in the broadest terms.

These preliminary statements may enable the reader to comprehend more clearly and readily the various points presented in the following correspondence. They may prepare him, moreover, for the general and bitter hostility to Jay's Treaty in 1794.—EDITORS UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

NEW YORK, July 28th, 1834.

HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR SWAIN,

Sir:—Mr. Gaston did me the honor some time since to mention that he had asked and received your permission to address you on some points of Historical interest. While this great kindness inspires me with proper feelings, I was nevertheless reluctant to impose upon you the trouble you had expressed a willingness to assume.

The further prosecution of my enquires (the object of which is to illustrate the early history of our country in connection with the life of my father) has compelled me to the conclusion that I must either trespass upon your indulgence or abandon a part of my plan.

Under this alternative I have taken the liberty of submitting some queries, to which I beg to be honored with a reply at your perfect leisure.

Give me leave to add that I should not have availed myself of your



kindness, had I not exhausted all the sources of information both here and at Washington to which I could obtain access.

The New York Historical Society appointed me several months since a sub committee to obtain from the Executives of the several States a copy of their Legislative Journals and Laws. Congress have directed all the public printed Documents to be transmitted to us and we feel that it would be very desirable to concentrate at so central a position as this all the materials that may be useful to some future Historian of our Country.

In fulfillment of the instructions of the Society may I ask you to grant this request. We shall be happy to send to whomsoever you may direct, a copy of our Historical collections which are more curious than valuable.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

JOHN C. HAMILTON.

RALEIGH, 6th September, 1834

*Dear Sir* :—Your favor of the 28th July was received by due course of mail.

A recent press of official duties has induced me to avail myself very fully of your permission to reply at my perfect leisure. I hope my answers however will be in time to suit your purpose, and beg leave to assure you that should they be less full than you desire, or serve to suggest other topics about which information may be deemed necessary, it will afford me pleasure to respond to further interrogatories.

Since my answers were written and copied, I have received a letter from Judge Gaston on the subjects embraced by queries number five and six, which agrees so entirely with my own opinions, and discusses one point (the decision of the Superior Court Judges) so much more fully and ably than I have done, that I am gratified to have it in my power to extract and communicate it :

“ I have recurred to 289th page of 5th Marshall, but do not find there any extract from a speech of Mr. Steele. I presume that you refer to the passage which is in these words : ‘ another circumstance was alluded to but not explained, which was said to exhibit a temper still more hostile to the General Government than either of those which had been stated.’ ”

“ I am entirely at a loss to understand this allusion. It is highly probable that it is connected with something which had occurred in North Carolina. Our State had once rejected the Federal Constitution, and had finally adopted it only as an alternative less fatal than an absolute sever-

ance from the adjoining States. Those who had from necessity yielded their objections to the new plan of Federal Union still regarded it with great jealousy. They had manifested this spirit by the legislative refusal to take the oath to support the Constitution, and to give the use of the State Prisons to the Federal Courts. No doubt this spirit was also discernible in the proceedings respecting the certiorari issued from the Federal Circuit Court. Not having seen the original documents I am at a loss to understand the precise character of this transaction.

"I presume that the writ issued improvidently. A certiorari cannot be addressed, but from a Superior to an Inferior tribunal, and there is no such relation of grades between a circuit court of the United States and a court of one of the States. The Supreme Court of the United States decided in *Diggs v. Walcott*, 4th Cranch, 179, that a Circuit Court of the United States has not jurisdiction to injoin proceedings in a State Court. Now an injunction *proprio vigore* operates only on the suitor—but because of its *indirect* effect upon the Court a jurisdiction to issue it is denied. The jurisdiction to issue a *certiorari* would be more obviously unsustainable."

I regret that it is not in my power to furnish you with the laws and journals of the Assembly, which you requested for the Historical Society of your State. I have failed in an effort to obtain even at a considerable expense by purchasing detached volumes in different Counties, a perfect set for the State Library. I will send you however a copy of Iredell's Revisal, to which I have made such frequent reference, a copy of the Journals of 1776—and the documents connected with the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

Yours very respectfully,

D. L. SWAIN.

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#### QUERIES PROPOUNDED BY MR. HAMILTON.

1. What was the substance of the Revenue Laws of North Carolina prior to 1789—The object to show the conflicting policy of the several and as was claimed "*Sovereign*" States?

2. Were there any laws colonial or State for protection of domestic industry, of what date and affecting what objects? I presume there were none.

3. Was there a direct tax, stamp act or excise in North Carolina, colo-

nial or subsequent—or a poll tax—Was the State system efficient or oppressive—date substance?

4. In the act of Congress making "Provision for the debt of the United States" Aug. 4th, 1790. There is an exception of the certificates issued by the Commissioners of army &c. in North Carolina in 1786—why was this?

5. In the debate on the excise Mr. Steele adverted "to another circumstance *more* hostile to the general good than either of the foregoing" (the rejection of the Oath to support Constitution of United States and refusal to admit continental Prisoners into their goals) which he forebore to mention—Marshall V. 5 p. 289—to what did he allude, and in connection with this, what is the solution of the violent opposition to the Federal System in that State—was it in consequence of a political influence exerted from Virginia—or did it proceed from local causes and what were they?

6. In December 1790—The Senate of North Carolina approved the refusal of a Return by the Judges of the Superior Court of Law and Equity to a writ of certiorari from the Federal Court at Edenton in the case of R. Morris and A. Nesbitt *v.* Allen Black and others of which procedure the reasons and causes were laid before the Assembly and *commenced* on the last day of its Session. Did this involve a broad denial of the Judicial authority of the United States or is it to be explained otherwise and how? Was North Carolina largely indebted to British Merchants at that time?

7. When was the first State Bank established in North Carolina—its name; was there a Branch of the old United States Bank and when established there?

8. What was the course of events after the adoption of the Excise in relation to it?

9. Did North Carolina by any public act concur in the Resolves of Virginia and Kentucky in 1798?

10. What was the provision made by North Carolina for her State Debts prior to 1760?—Were the effects of the Funding system early and beneficially felt there? Were any of the apprehensions as to the assumption verified by the result?

I beg you will pardon the number and extent of these enquiries.

J. C. H.



## REPLIES TO THE FOREGOING ENQUIRIES.

1. 3. Under the Colonial government any other species of taxation than a poll tax, seems to have been rarely resorted to. The Act of 1740 C. 13 "for granting an aid to his Majesty to defray the expenses of transporting the several troops enlisted in his Majesty's service in this Colony, and to ascertain the method of paying all taxes and levies in commodities," provides that three shillings proclamation money be paid for every tithable in the Province; payable in commodities at the following rates. Tobacco 10s. per cwt.; rice 7 & 6d.; Indian dressed deer skins 2 & 6d. per lb; beeswax 10½d. per lb; tallow 4d.; pork in barrels of 220 lbs. £1 7s. 6d. per barrel; beef, same weight, 17s. 6d. per barrel Every white male over the age of sixteen years, negroes and persons of mixed blood over 12 years of age were subject to poll tax (Act of 1760, C. 2. S. 2.)

The Act of 1748 appointing commissioners to revise and print the Statutes Laws imposes a "Duty on wine, rum, and distilled liquors, and Rice imported into this Province" to defray the expenses incident to the work. The impost duties levied by the mother country are matters of general history. (Vide Johnson's Life of Greene, Vol. 1, ch. 7.)

In 1784 a new revenue system was adopted, which has continued with slight variations to the present time. A poll tax was imposed on the same description of persons, as by the Act of 1760; and the same rate paid by each poll, was levied on every 300 acres of land and every \$300 value of town property. A tax of 2½ per cent of the amount of sales was imposed on goods and stock sold at auction:

Various acts were passed authorising the collection of duties on goods imported into this State which never went into effect, because similar enactments were not made by the other States.

2. During the Revolutionary War, various acts and resolutions were passed, offering bounties to encourage the manufacture of saltpetre, gunpowder, salt, iron and munitions of war. In 1788 an act was passed "to encourage the building of iron works in this State" (Iredell Rev., p. 644, C. 34) and in 1789 a few weeks after the adoption by this State of the Federal Constitution. "An Act to encourage the manufacture of potash" (Iredell, p. 690, C. 61.)

4. The Commissioners appointed to settle Military claims at Warrenton, were charged with the commission of numerous frauds. Two of the three who constituted the Board were indicted and one of them convicted, and all their allowances set aside. (Vide Iredell's Revisal, p. 572, C. 2, and references.)

5. 6. I have never seen Gen. Steeles speech on the excise and have endeavored in vain to obtain a copy of it. I have examined the references to 5th. vol. of Marshall's life of Washington, have turned to the Journals of both Houses of the Assembly, and to all other sources of information within my reach, without coming to a very satisfactory conclusion. I presume however that the allusion must have been to the decision of the Judges of the Superior Court in the case to which you refer.

An examination of the debates of the Convention of this State, which rejected the Constitution of the United States in 1788, has satisfied me with respect to the source of the opposition to the Federal Government in North Carolina, and I therefore take the liberty to point to the particular circumstances upon which I rely, rather than a general reference to the work itself. These Debates constitute the first part of the 3d vol. of Elliott's collection of Debates on the Federal Constitution.

The minority in the Convention though consisting of but eighty-four in a body of two hundred and sixty-eight members comprised a very large proportion of the learning and talents of the State. The leading men were Gen. Davie, Gov. Johnston, Judge Iredell, Gov. Spaight, Gen. Steele and Mr. McLaine. Willie Jones was decidedly at the head of the majority, and next to him in point of ability and learning Judge Spencer seems to have been most prominent. Mr. Jones was a member of the Convention that framed the State Constitution in 1776, and from that period until the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1789, wielded quite as much political influence as any individual in the State. He was a man rather of talents than learning, and possessed great tact in the management of men. In his political and religious opinions he coincided with Mr. Jefferson and was at every period of his life, most ardently devoted to him. It is unnecessary to remark upon the history of Gen. Davie:—He married the neice of Mr. Jones, but their opinions were on all subjects at antipodes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Jones had exercised a large share of influence in the Convention of 1776 and has perhaps with the exception of Gov. Caswell, stronger claims to be considered the author of the State Constitution, than any other person. Gov. Johnston was the President of this as well as of the Convention which in November of the following year adopted the Federal Constitution at Fayetteville. He was probably the ablest, and certainly the most influential advocate of the Constitution in either body, and on the present occasion, Mr. Jones' most decided opponent. How far the motives which were attributed to Mr. Jones in debate may have influenced him, I am not prepared to say. He may have been jealous of the increasing reputation of Davie and Iredell, but

I must do him the justice to declare that in my opinion other reasons may be found for his course. After the argument had been exhausted, Mr. Jones (P. 196) makes the following reference to authority. "As great names have been mentioned, I beg leave to mention the authority of Mr. Jefferson whose great abilities and respectability are well known. When the Convention sat in Richmond Virginia, Mr. Madison received a letter from him. In that letter he said he wished nine States would adopt it, not because it deserved ratification but to preserve the Union. But he wished that the other four States would reject it that there might be a certainty of obtaining amendments." The reply of Gov. Johnston; and the rejoinder of Mr. Jones which immediately followed will explain the motive ascribed to Mr. Jones to which reference was first made. Whatever the fact might have been, the result which was predicted speedily followed. With the adoption of the Constitution Davie and Iredell, rose in public estimation, and the influence of their opponent gradually and steadily declined.

Of the Assembly of 1790, Mr. Jones seems not to have been a member. A large proportion of that body however, had served in the Convention of 1788, and those who had opposed the adoption of the Federal Constitution were almost unanimously opposed to the administration. Among these Mr. Macon, Mr. Person, and Mr. McDowell are conspicuous examples. The Governor (Alexander Martin) was obviously of the dominant party; and in his Message at the commencement of the Session protests against the funding system as an usurpation upon "the independence and internal sovereignty of the State." The following resolutions adopted with great unanimity by both houses on the the same day that the Report of the Judges was approved, manifest very clearly the temper of the times.

"Resolved, that the assumption of the State debts by the Congress of the United States, without their particular consent, is an infringement on the sovereignty of this State, and may prove eventually injurious and oppressive to the same, wherefore we view this measure of Congress as dangerous to the interests and rights of North Carolina. Under this impression, we the Representatives of the freemen of North Carolina, in General Assembly, on behalf of ourselves and our constituents do solemnly protest against the proceedings of the Congress of the United States, assuming or providing for the debts of the individual States.

"Resolved, that the Senators and Representatives from this State in the Congress of the United States, be directed to exert their endeavors to prevent as far as possible the evil operations of such acts to the interest and liberties of this country, and prevent as much as in their power as other and further assumptions, until the accounts of the respective States,



and this State in particular, shall be fully adjusted, and the consent of this State shall have been first had and obtained

"Resolved, that the Executive of this State be required, without delay, to demand from the Senators and request of the Representatives of this State in Congress, their intelligence and advice as to the most eligible means of securing the rights and interests of this State, against such injuries as may arise to North Carolina from the aforesaid assumption; and that the Governor, by and with the advice of the Council, in the recess of the General Assembly in this particular may take such measures as to them may be deemed expedient for the purpose aforesaid."

At the same session as remarked by Marshall (5 Vol. P. 289) the proposition to take the Oath to support the Constitution of the United States was "scornfully refused" as had been the session before, the application to confine prisoners of the United States in the State jails.

I apprehend that the same political feeling had too much influence in the determination of the case at Edenton. The decision was unquestionably correct, and the reasons stated by the Judges incontrovertible, if they had been content to rest upon them alone. In the letter of Judge Williams however there is a reference to the disposition of the State Judges to distribute justice impartially "to all, as well citizens of the United States as *foreigners*," that shews, they looked beyond the cause before them. The British debts, were probably in their contemplation. Judge Iredell was one of the parties Plaintiff in this suit, and had been but the February before appointed to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. It is remarkable that he and Judge Spencer (who united in this decision) were opposed to each other in the Convention upon this grant of judicial power to the general government, *the existence* of which the latter disapproved as a legislator but denied as a Judge. Vide Elliott's Debates, 3d. Vol., P. 138 to 141---147.

7. The first Banks established in this State were the Banks of Cape Fear and Newberne, which were chartered in 1804. We never had a branch of the old Bank of the United States in North Carolina.

8. It met with violent opposition at first particularly in the Western part of the State. The name was odious, and the most active efforts were used by partizan politicians, to induce the belief that the author of the system contemplated a gradual return to monarchical institutions. It is apparent however that the *ante federal* party, to use the nomenclature of that day, had greatly declined in strength, and at the close of Gen. Washington's administration, was decidedly in the minority.

9. The Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions, were never submitted in

form to our Legislature. The following were no doubt, regarded, as better suited to the state of political feeling among us at the time.

*Extract from the Journal of the House of Commons, Monday, 24th December, 1798, (Printed Journal, p. 75.)*

"The General Assembly of North Carolina view with pain the Alien and Sedition Acts passed at the last Session of Congress of the United States. They conceive these acts as not only operating a violation of the principles of the constitution but as being altogether improper and unnecessary, therefore

"Resolved, that the Senators of the State in the Congress of the United States, be directed, and that the Representatives of the State be requested to use every endeavor in their power to cause that the above mentioned acts be repealed without delay.

"Resolved, that His Excellency the Governor be requested to forward copies of the foregoing resolution by the earliest conveyance, to the Senators and Representatives of this State in the Congress of the United States.

The yeas and nays on the foregoing Resolutions were called for by Mr. Macon and seconded, which are as follows (omitting the names) yeas 58 nays 21."

*Extract from the Journal of the Senate, Monday, 24th December, 1798, (printed Journal, p. 77.)*

"Received from the House of Commons the following Resolutions, (copied in the extract above from Journal of the House of Commons.)

The foregoing Resolutions being read, it was moved by Mr. Riddick and seconded that it be rejected. This being objected to and the question called and taken, was carried in the affirmative. Whereupon the yeas and nays being required by Mr. Graves, seconded by Mr. McCain are as follows. For the motion 31, against the motion 9, (names omitted.)"

There is no doubt that at this period the politics of a majority of the members of the General Assembly were federal. At page 76 of the Journal of the House of Commons on the same day that the above Resolution was adopted, the following address to President Adams appears to have been adopted by a vote of 51 to 38, in the Senate it was adopted unanimously.

## "TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

*The Address of the Legislature of the State of North Carolina*

At this interesting period of the affairs of the Union, we feel it a duty which we owe to ourselves and to our country, to make to you as the Chief Magistrate, a free and explicit declaration of our sentiments upon the measures which lately have been taken by our General Government, more especially as they regard our foreign relations.

At the commencement and during the progress of the present war in Europe, a war unparalleled almost in the annals of nations, it was to be expected that many difficulties would occur from our connection with the belligerent nations, in establishing and observing that neutrality which both justice and policy pointed out as proper to pursue. We have the satisfaction to declare that we believe a correct outline of our duties and rights in a neutral station was formed by the federal Executive at an early period, in the Proclamation of neutrality; and that since that period no measures have been taken as to foreign powers, not consistent with those duties, and conformable to the indispensable rights of Sovereignty. We lament however that differences, and of a serious nature too, the causes of which it is unnecessary to retrace have arisen between the United States and the Republic of France.

To adjust these by fair and amicable negotiation, the measures taken since your administration, with pleasure we express it, have in our opinion been wisely calculated.

The instructions to our Convoys to France appear eminently to be founded in impartiality, sincerity and candor. In them it is declared if wrong has been done to France and her citizens, it was as well the object of the government to do justice to them as to obtain it for the injuries which had been sustained by the people of these States.

It was not without the utmost astonishment therefore, after the extensive depredations on our commerce, committed by the Citizens of France, and after the repeated overtures for conciliation made by our government, that we heard, not only that redress was denied to our wrongs, but by a procedure as undeserved as unwarranted by the practice of civilized nations, even a hearing to our Messengers of Peace was also refused except on terms totally incompatible with national dignity and honor.

Be assured, that conduct like this in the French Government, has strongly excited in us those feelings which naturally arise in the minds of men conscious of the rectitude of their own intentions, and sensibly alive to injuries committed by those with whom we had indulged the hope of maintaining a long and sincere friendship.



Notwithstanding the strong desire of peace we have hitherto entertained, and still do entertain, we are at the same time profoundly impressed with the fullest conviction, that national honor and national safety are essentially, if not inseparably connected; that the former cannot be in any degree impaired without imminent danger to the latter. If after the moderation almost unexampled which our councils have displayed, after the defensive measures which have been pursued, justice shall not be done to us, but further aggressions shall be attempted, we hope under God, that again it will be reserved to United America to restrain the arbitrary strides of injustice, and curb the unbridled spirit of domination.

Separate from the immediate scenes of contention in Europe by a vast and friendly Ocean, we wish not to be involved in her intrigues and quarrels; but if any train of events shall make it necessary to depart from this desirable policy, and to embark in the conflict, we for ourselves, and coming from different parts of this State, we have full confidence that we express the sentiments of our fellow Citizens and constituents, assure you, that we will not patiently suffer any foreign interference with our national concerns; and we pledge to you our sacred word and honor, that we will with our lives and fortunes to the last extremity, support, maintain and defend all the constitutional measures of our federal Government."

10. A very inadequate and iniquitous one. What the amount of our State debt was at the close of the Revolution, I have no means of discovering. Our financial concerns, were conducted with so little skill and system, that I doubt whether the true state of our accounts with the Federal Government ever was or ever will be ascertained. I am satisfied that great injustice was done us in the settlement made by the Commissioners in 1795.

The debt due to the holders of our paper currency can be computed with remarkable precision. We had at the commencement of the Revolution, some paper currency, but probably a small amount, as it is said to have been equal to gold and silver. (3 Vol. Elliott's Debates, p. 155.)

In August, 1778, the Legislature directed the emission of	- - £212,500
In May, 1779	- - - - - 1,250,000
In May, 1780	- - - - - 3,100,000
In Feb. 1780	- - - - - 26,250,000

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£30,712,000

The first three emissions were made a lawful tender in the payment of debts; the large issue, in 1781, was not, but it bore interest from date. In 1783, Iredell's Revisal p. 463 C. 4 Sec. 11, the General Assembly, repeated all acts of Assembly making paper currency, either State or continental, a tender and established the following scale of depreciation, to ascertain its value in any month from January 1777 to 1782 inclusive.

## SCALE OF DEPRECIATION.

	1777	'78	'79	'80	'81	'82
January,	0	3½	6	32	210	800
February,	0	3½	6½	35	225	800
March,	1½	3¾	7½	40	250	800
April,	1½	4	10	50	260	800
May,	1¾	4	10	60	300	800
June,	2	4	12½	75	350	800
July,	2½	4½	15	90	400	800
August,	2½	4½	18	100	500	800
September,	2½	4½	21	125	550	800
October,	2½	4¾	25	150	600	800
November,	2½	5	27	175	675	800
December,	3	5½	30	200	725	800

In 1783 \$250,000 were issued, and a like sum in 1785. Both these issues were made and continued until the period of their redemption, which, was not entirely completed until 1818, a tender in payment of debt. These emissions (of '83 and '85) notwithstanding they were a lawful tender and constituted almost the only circulating medium, depreciated at once at the rate of four to one. (Gov. Johnston's speech, Elliott's Debates V. 3, p. 89.) It was not until some years after the adoption of the federal Constitution, that they appreciated in value, and two and a half currency became equivalent to two specie dollars. One of the leading objects in the establishment of the State Bank of N. C. in 1810 was to provide the means of reducing this currency. (New Rev., C. 788.)

In 1783 (Iredell's Rev. p. 446 C. 2) the Land office was opened. "for the redemption of specie and other certificates, and discharging the arrears due the army," and individuals having paper currency, or certificates, were permitted to enter lands at 25 cents per acre, and make payment, in this medium at its value as ascertained by the foregoing scale—viz 800 for one. A very large portion of the territory which constitutes the State of Tennessee. was appropriated in this way, and much the

greater part of the paper money debt absorbed by it. In 1790, entries were permitted to be made, within the present limits of this State, at 3c per acre; in 1794 the price was raised to 5c. but the remnant of paper money then in existence, was permitted to be paid in at its nominal amount, with interest on the emission of 1781. (New Rev. C. 416.)

This is not the brightest portion of our history. The blame however rests on those who made the issues, not on those who were unable to pay. The whole value of the lands and houses in this State as assessed for the direct tax of 1789, was \$30,842,372, or something less than half the paper money debt of 1783.\*

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\*The Legislature in 1777, to meet the expenses of the war imposed a tax of half a penny on the pound value of land, lots, houses, slaves, money at interest stock in trade horses and cattle, and a poll tax of four shillings on all persons worth less than £100 in lieu of a property tax. In 1782, horses and mules, were exempted from taxation and the poll tax on white males, confined to unmarried men not in military service and over twenty one years of age.

To mitigate the severity of this enactment, it was provided that one half the amount of each assessment might be paid in specific articles, necessary for the sustenance of our armies corn for instance at 33 $\frac{1}{4}$ , wheat 43 $\frac{1}{4}$ , clean rice at 81 $\frac{1}{2}$  cents per bushel; pork 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ , beef 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  salt 2 $\frac{1}{4}$  cents per pound.

Onerous as this direct tax may seem to have been to us and as our fathers felt it to be, it was light in comparison with the indirect tax levied in the guise of paper money as will be perceived by reference to the above table. The paper currency was a lawful tender in the payment of debts, it was an indictable offence to refuse to receive it as such, it was declared unpatriotic to speak of it in disparaging terms and it was death to counterfeit it.

The laws of trade however founded on the laws of nature, are not to be controlled by human enactments. On the 1st January 1777, the paper currency was at par; in 1778, at the rate of three and a half for one in 1779 six for one; in 1780 thirty two for one; in 1781 two hundred and ten for one; and on the first of January 1782, it settled down to eight hundred for one at which rate it was ultimately redeemed, so far as redemption was demanded. We have a very pretty sum, at its nominal value, now in our possession which we preserve as a memorial of the past and a warning for the future.

The public domain and the paper currency enabled us to achieve our independence. The prohibition to emit bills of credit contained in the constitutions of the United and the Confederate States strips us of the latter, and the cession of Tennessee to the General Government at the close of the Revolution denuded us of the former resource.

At the rate of eight hundred to one, the whole amount issued was not equal to one hundred thousand specie dollars. It had purchased all the supplies for our armies nevertheless and paid all the wages received by our officers, and soldiers, during the seven years war for independence.—For fuller and more precise information on this subject we may refer the reader to the Revolutionary History of North Carolina.—Three Lectures compiled by W. D. Cooke p. 142-145.



This statement of facts, renders comment upon the effect of the funding system unnecessary. Too large a portion of the certificates allowed to be subscribed at the loan office of the United States, passed into the hands of speculators, many of them Virginia merchants. From this source our citizens as individuals cannot be said to have derived much relief. But the general effect was here as every where else, of immense importance. Public credit was placed upon a stable foundation, and universal confidence succeeded universal distrust.

#### PROCEEDING ON THE REPORT OF THE JUDGES OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

North Carolina. In Senate Dec. 15th, 1790. The Judges of the Superior Courts of Law and Courts of Equity in this State, having laid before the General Assembly a letter informing of their having refused to obey a writ of certiorari issued by the Federal Judges of the Circuit Court for the district of North Carolina, relative to a suit depending in the Court of Equity for the District of Edenton, in the State aforesaid, in which Robert Morris, John Alexander Nesbit and others are complainants and Nathaniel Allen, Alexander Black, William Scott and others are defendants; and the said Judges having together with their letter laid before the two houses the reasons and causes of their refusal, it is therefore, Resolved, That the General Assembly do commend and approve of the conduct of the Judges of the Courts of Law and Courts of equity in this particular.

This Resolution being read, the question was put "Will the house concur with the resolution of the Senate" and carried in the affirmative, and the yeas and nays thereupon called for by Mr. Jones, which are as follows (to wit) names omitted) yeas 46—Nays 29.

The following is a copy of the representation of the Judges ordered to be entered on the Journal, to wit,

"Edenton, November 19th, 1790.

On Saturday last the term of the Superior Court of law and Court of law Court of Equity for Edenton District was closed, wherein many causes at Law, both civil and criminal, as well as sundry suits and matters in equity, were heard and determined.

In the course of the term a writ of certiorari, issuing out of the Circuit Court for the the District of North Carolina, in the Southern circuit of the United States, commanding the Judges of the Court of Equity for the District of Edenton, to certify, an original Bill of Complaint, exhib-













